



THE GREAT HISTORIANS

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THE GREAT HISTORIANS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF BRITISH HISTORY
ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

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NOTE

THE purpose of this book is to introduce readers and students to some of the more important books and essays about English history written during the last century and a half. The works of living authors have been excluded. The book is meant to prove to those who do not know it already that history can also be literature. We have tried in selecting our excerpts to keep four objects before us, giving due emphasis to each.

First, we have aimed at illustrating well-known scenes, which cannot be treated in detail in a text-book, in the hope that we may thus help to vivify the teaching of history.

Secondly, we have chosen passages which are characteristic of the method and style of some of the chief historians, both English and foreign, to give some idea of how history has come to be written. We have added a chronological table of the dates when our excerpts were published, to act as a guide to the development of historical writing.

Thirdly, we have tried to secure that part at least of our book should consist of masterpieces of prose style as applied to the writing of history. Passages of considerable length have been included for fear of spoiling them by curtailment.

Fourthly, we have quoted from a sufficient number of authors to show something of the vast extent of the work done for English and American history during the last one hundred and fifty years by men of very various gifts, interests and training: lawyers, soldiers, journalists, literary critics, and churchmen, as well as professional historians.

So we have given much space to the reigns of Henry II.,

Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, to the Puritan Revolution, and to the Napoleonic Wars, because these periods have long attracted historians. Conversely, we have felt obliged to neglect the Hundred Years' War, the Wars of the Roses, and the Indian Mutiny, because none of these happen to have been made the theme of a great book from which we could quote. Constitutional history we have also touched but little, because works dealing with this and similar subjects do not lend themselves to the quotation of striking or picturesque passages.

On the other hand, we have tried to include something at least from the great books or from their authors' other writings. Some of these authors, like Ranke and Hallam, and to a lesser degree Gardiner, do not, so to speak, "cut up well," but we have not liked nevertheless to omit them from a book of this sort. We have, it is true, left out, among others, Palgrave, Gneist and the elder Maitland, but it has been very unwillingly. We have not always succeeded in selecting a passage at once characteristic of its author and complete in itself; but we hope that our introductory sketches of the various historians may help to bring out traits which we have not been able to illustrate more adequately. Again, we have given long passages from Macaulay, Carlyle, Prescott, Motley, Froude and Parkman, from Michelet and Thierry, because of their literary merit. Carlyle's account of Dunbar and Froude's of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, may not be free from bias and inaccuracy, but they are among the greatest pages of English prose.

Lastly, we have thrown our net wide in the hope of pleasing many tastes. Like Autolycus, we have tried "to sing as if we had eaten ballads" and to have "ribbons of all colours in the rainbow." Those who cannot digest Stubbs may be tempted by our pedlar's box of samples to read Bagehot. Corbett or Kinglake may attract those whom

Hallam and Ranke repel. Others may be surprised to find that Dicey and T. H. Green have written history, or what good work was done long ago, each in his own way, by Lingard, Thierry and Stephen.

We must confess to having sometimes taken the liberty with our texts of breaking up a long paragraph. Our obligations to the Dictionary of National Biography and to Mr. G. P. Gooch's "History and Historians of the Nineteenth Century" will be obvious to those who know these most valuable works. French historians we have quoted in their original language. German, however, we have thought it better to give in translation.

No one can be more conscious than we are of the imperfections of this book. To carry out our idea adequately would require encyclopædic knowledge, faultless taste, long experience of teaching, and a lifetime's reading. We can only say that we have honestly tried to do honour to the memory of our authors by introducing others to their works. Every reader who throws down our book to turn to the shelves of a library will at least have paid us the compliment of understanding our purpose.

K. N. BELL.

G. M. MORGAN.

INTRODUCTION

THE historians quoted in this book fall into three main groups. The first group contains Gibbon and Ranke, the two founders of modern history-writing. The one was a great Englishman, with many of the gifts characteristic of the master minds of his race, the other a great German, with almost as rich a combination of the distinctive marks of the German genius in its fullest development. But both were something more: they were citizens of Europe. Although only the former lived and died in the eighteenth century, yet both may be said to have belonged in spirit to that age. That is to say, neither of them felt in its full force the modern spirit of nationality; they stood outside and above the passions and enthusiasms of the nineteenth century. With a detachment and a philosophical calmness of mind rare in later days, they surveyed, full of curiosity and without rancour, the various States of Europe. Both had their prejudices, but they were not the prejudices of nationalists.

The second group contains those contemporaries of Ranke and their pupils on whom fell the impact of the French Revolution. Of these Michelet and Macaulay are types. It was France, her past and her destiny, which enthralled the imagination of Michelet; it was the past of England, of her institutions and her society, which drew Macaulay away from politics and administration. The greatest members of this group were artists and poets before they became students, and it was patriotism which inflamed their genius.

The third group are men of the last two or three generations, and might be called the scientific school. They have gone back in a sense to the point of view of Gibbon and Ranke, and made, as these did, their main object the pursuit of objective truth. The vast mass of new material which

has been unearthed by the enthusiasm of the patriotic school has, most of it, been worked over again in a calmer and more judicial spirit, and the methods used by Gibbon and Ranke have been applied by armies of lesser men with even greater precision than their masters were able to use. Historical science has benefited by the progress of all the other sciences, and it is now much easier than it has ever been before to discover not only what happened, but exactly what was thought and believed, in times and under circumstances far remote from those of our own day. Men of relentless energy and sound judgment like Gardiner, and of fine critical insight like Maitland, have helped to build up a picture of the England of the past which is as accurate as a photograph and as true as a great portrait.

This is only a rough classification, and some of the greatest names refuse to be fitted into it. Stubbs belongs to both of the last two groups, and it would be difficult to fit Carlyle into any of the three. But, roughly speaking, they correspond to three main stages in the development of the modern spirit: the eighteenth century attitude, the romantic and nationalist epoch, and the scientific age.

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF

WORKS QUOTED OR MENTIONED IN THE TEXT

1776. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" (completed 1787).
1824. Ranke's "Latin and Teutonic Nations."
1825. Thierry's "Conquête de l'Angleterre."
1827. Hallam's "Constitutional History."
1828. Guizot's Lectures at the Sorbonne begin.
Napier's "Peninsular War" (completed 1840).
1833. Michelet's "Histoire de France" (completed 1867).
1836. Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella."
1841. Macaulay's "Warren Hastings."
1843. Church's "Life of Anselm."
Carlyle's "Past and Present."
1845. Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell."
Spedding's "Evenings with a Reviewer."
1848. Macaulay's "History of England" (Vol. IV., 1855).
1849. Stephen's "Ecclesiastical Biography."
1855. Milman's "Latin Christianity."
Prescott's "Philip II." (incomplete at Prescott's death,
1859).
1856. Brewer begins to calendar State papers.
Bagehot's article on "Peel."
Froude's "History of England" (completed 1870).
1858. Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" (completed 1865).
1859. Ranke's "History of England" (completed 1867).
Masson's "Life of Milton" (completed 1880).
Macaulay's "William Pitt."
1860. Motley's "United Netherlands."
1861. Spedding's "Life of Bacon" (completed 1874).
1863. Gardiner's "History of England" (incomplete at Gar-
diner's death, 1901).
Taine's "English Literature" (completed 1865).
Kinglake's "History of the Crimea" (completed 1887).
1865. Freeman's "Norman Conquest" (completed 1869).

- 1865. Bagehot's "English Constitution."
- 1867. Seebohm's "Oxford Reformers."
Morley's "Burke."
T. H. Green's "Lectures on the English Revolution,"
given at Edinburgh.
- 1871. Lecky's "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" (Revised
Edition).
- 1873. Stubbs' "Constitutional History" (completed 1878).
- 1874. Green's "Short History."
- 1877. Dixon's "History of the Church of England" (completed
1900).
- 1878. Lecky's "History of England" (completed 1890).
Walpole's "History of England" (completed 1890).
- 1881. Green's "Making of England."
- 1882. Leslie Stephen's "Swift."
Creighton's "History of the Papacy" (completed 1894).
- 1883. Green's "Conquest of England."
- 1884. Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe."
- 1888. Houssaye's "1814."
- 1891. Mahan's "Sea-power."
Church's "Oxford Movement."
- 1894. York Powell Professor at Oxford.
- 1895. Seeley's "Growth of British Policy."
Acton Professor at Cambridge.
- 1896. Gardiner's "Cromwell."
- 1898. Maitland's "Township and Borough."
Corbett's "Drake."
- 1900. Lang's "History of Scotland" (completed 1904).
- 1903. Morley's "Life of Gladstone."
Maitland on Queen Elizabeth ("Cambridge Modern
History").
- 1905. Dicey's "Law and Opinion."

PART I
FROM THE ROMANS TO THE TUDORS
449—1485

THE GREAT HISTORIANS

1. THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN

From *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, by EDWARD GIBBON (Professor Bury's Edition), Vol. I., Chapter I.

[EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794).—The year 1776 is famous for the appearance of two books: Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and the first volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Gibbon was the founder of modern history, just as Adam Smith was the founder of modern economics. But Gibbon's book, when it was finished, proved to be greater than Adam Smith's; it is one of the great books of the world. Gibbon spent all his early years in half-unconscious preparation for writing it, its production absorbed almost all his energy for twenty years, and when it was finished he died. A fat and placid bachelor, who loved good food and drink and pleasant society, he was a loyal son and a staunch friend. He led a most tranquil and easy life, the happiest part of it at Lausanne, in Switzerland (where he lived for many years without ever climbing a mountain), devoting the whole of an immensely powerful mind and rich gifts of language and imagination to a single purpose.

By modern politics, the politics of the Seven Years' War and the American Revolution, he was bored; when they became the politics of the French Revolution, he was disgusted and alarmed. The one time that he came out of his shell was when, as a young man, he joined the Militia and, for two years, 1761-1762, held a responsible command as a captain in the Hampshire Grenadiers. This experience, he admits himself, was of great service to him in dealing in his History with military events. But besides a thorough grasp of tactics, he had a consummate lawyer's grasp of law and a consummate theologian's grasp of theology. He knew as much about geography and held its detail as vividly in his mind as if he had been a geographer and nothing else, and he wrote with such ease and grandeur, with such skill in arrangement, and such a mastery of narrative, that he is as much a man of

letters as a historian. But his greatest quality is his uncanny power of sifting evidence, of detecting what is trustworthy and what unreliable in a great mass of authorities, of keeping clearly before him the historian's most obvious but most difficult duty—the telling of the truth. He was almost entirely self-taught, for the only schoolmasters he had seemed more interested in beating than in teaching him, and when, at the age of fifteen, he went to Magdalen College, Oxford, he found that his tutor was fonder of port than of history.

He, himself, had only one passion—the desire to know about the past. He once fell half-heartedly in love, but when his father protested, “I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son,” and gave up the lady. Before he was sixteen he became for about fifteen months a Roman Catholic, but he soon recovered from both these youthful escapades, and when he found himself at last in Rome, “sitting musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while barefooted friars were singing Vespers in the temple of Jupiter,” he was suddenly seized with a desire to write the story of the decline and fall of the Empire. Once he had begun this tremendous task, which involved the history of European civilisation for fourteen hundred years, he pursued it with unflagging zest and determination, till, between eleven and twelve at night on June 27th, 1787, in a little summer house on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, he wrote the final words of his sixth volume. “After laying down my pen,” he adds, “I took several turns in a berceau or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.” Our excerpts show signs of Gibbon's one serious defect, his failure to appreciate enthusiasm, especially the enthusiasm of early Christianity. But how well he understands the great work of Rome, how clearly he sees the fine character of the Arthurian legend, and how judiciously he sums up the character of Gregory !]

THE only accession which the Roman Empire received, during the first century of the Christian æra, was the province of Britain. In this single instance the successors of

Cæsar and Augustus were persuaded to follow the example of the former, rather than the precept of the latter. The proximity of its situation to the coast of Gaul seemed to invite their arms; the pleasing, though doubtful, intelligence of a pearl fishery attracted their avarice; and as Britain was viewed in the light of a distinct and insulated world, the conquest scarcely formed any exception to the general system of continental measures. After a war of about forty years, undertaken by the most stupid, maintained by the most dissolute, and terminated by the most timid of all the emperors,¹ the far greater part of the island submitted to the Roman yoke. The various tribes of Britons possessed valour without conduct, and the love of freedom without the spirit of union. They took up arms with savage fierceness, they laid them down, or turned them against each other with wild inconstancy; and while they fought singly, they were successively subdued. Neither the fortitude of Carac-tacus, nor the despair of Boadicea, nor the fanaticism of the Druids, could avert the slavery of their country, or resist the steady progress of the Imperial generals, who maintained the national glory, when the throne was disgraced by the weakest or the most vicious of mankind. At the very time when Domitian, confined to his palace, felt the terrors which he inspired, his legions, under the command of the virtuous Agricola,² defeated the collected force of the Caledonians at the foot of the Grampian Hills;³ and his fleets, venturing to explore an unknown and dangerous navigation, displayed the Roman arms round every part of the island. The conquest of Britain was considered as already achieved; and it was the design of Agricola to complete and ensure his success by the easy reduction of Ireland, for which, in his opinion, one legion and a few auxiliaries were sufficient. The western isle might be improved into a valuable possession, and the Britons would wear their chains with less reluctance, if the prospect and example of freedom was on every side removed from before their eyes.

¹ Claudius, Nero, and Domitian.

² A.D. 37-93, the father-in-law of the historian Tacitus.

³ Probably incorrect: the place of the battle is unknown.

But the superior merit of Agricola soon occasioned his removal from the government of Britain; and for ever disappointed this rational, though extensive, scheme of conquest. Before his departure the prudent general had provided for security as well as for dominion. He had observed that the island is almost divided into two unequal parts by the opposite gulfs or, as they are now called, the Friths of Scotland. Across the narrow interval of about forty miles he had drawn a line of military stations, which was afterwards fortified, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, by a turf rampart, erected on foundations of stone. This wall of Antoninus, at a small distance beyond the modern cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, was fixed as the limit of the Roman province. The native Caledonians preserved, in the northern extremity of the island, their wild independence, for which they were not less indebted to their poverty than to their valour. Their incursions were frequently repelled and chastised; but their country was never subdued. The masters of the fairest and most wealthy climates of the globe turned with contempt from gloomy hills assailed by the winter tempest, from lakes concealed in a blue mist, and from cold and lonely heaths, over which the deer of the forest were chased by a troop of naked barbarians.

2. KING ARTHUR

From *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. By EDWARD GIBBON (Professor Bury's Edition). Vol. IV., Chapter XXXVIII.

IN a century of perpetual or at least implacable, war, much courage, and some skill, must have been exerted for the defence of Britain. Yet, if the memory of its champions is almost buried in oblivion, we need not repine; since every age, however destitute of science or virtue, sufficiently abounds with acts of blood and military renown. The tomb of Vortimer, the son of Vortigern,¹ was erected on the margin

¹ Vortigern, who lived about A.D. 450, was the prince of south-east Britain, said to have fallen in love with the Saxon maiden Rowena.

of the sea-shore, as a landmark formidable to the Saxons, whom he had thrice vanquished in the fields of Kent. Ambrosius Aurelianus was descended from a noble family of Romans, his modesty was equal to his valour, and his valour, till the last fatal action, was crowned with splendid success.¹

But every British name is effaced by the illustrious name of ARTHUR, the hereditary prince of the Silures, in South Wales, and the elective king or general of the nation. According to the most rational account, he defeated, in twelve successive battles, the Angles of the North and the Saxons of the West ; but the declining age of the hero was embittered by popular ingratitude and domestic misfortunes. The events of his life are less interesting than the singular revolutions of his fame. During a period of five hundred years the tradition of his exploits was preserved, and rudely embellished, by the obscure bards of Wales and Armorica,² who were odious to the Saxons, and unknown to the rest of mankind. The pride and curiosity of the Norman conquerors prompted them to enquire into the ancient history of Britain : they listened with fond credulity to the tale of Arthur, and eagerly applauded the merit of a prince who had triumphed over the Saxons, their common enemies. His romance, transcribed in the Latin of Jeffrey of Monmouth,³ and afterwards translated into the fashionable idiom of the times, was enriched with the various, though incoherent, ornaments which were familiar to the experience, the learning, or the fancy, of the twelfth century. The progress of a Phrygian colony, from the Tiber to the Thames, was easily engrafted on the fable of the *Æneid* ; and the royal ancestors of Arthur derived their origin from Troy, and claimed their alliance with the Cæsars. His trophies were decorated with captive provinces and Imperial titles ; and his Danish victories avenged the recent injuries of his country. The gallantry and superstition of the British hero, his feasts and

¹ He drove the Saxons back to the Isle of Thanet.

² Brittany.

³ Died 1154 ; a bishop who compiled a history of Britain tracing the descent of its princes back to the Trojans. It was soon translated into Norman French.

tournaments, and the memorable institution of his Knights of the *Round Table* were faithfully copied from the reigning manners of chivalry ; and the fabulous exploits of Uther's son appear less incredible than the adventures which were achieved by the enterprising valour of the Normans. Pilgrimage and the holy wars introduced into Europe the specious miracles of Arabian magic. Fairies and giants, flying dragons and enchanted palaces, were blended with the more simple fictions of the West ; and the fate of Britain depended on the art, or the predictions, of Merlin. Every nation embraced and adorned the popular romance of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table ; their names were celebrated in Greece and Italy ; and the voluminous tales of Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristram were devoutly studied by the princes and nobles, who disregarded the genuine heroes and historians of antiquity. At length the light of science and reason was rekindled ; the talisman was broken ; the visionary fabric melted into air ; and, by a natural, though unjust, reverse of the public opinion, the severity of the present age is inclined to question the *existence* of Arthur.

Resistance, if it cannot avert, must increase the miseries of conquest ; and conquest has never appeared more dreadful and destructive than in the hands of the Saxons, who hated the valour of their enemies, disdained the faith of treaties, and violated, without remorse, the most sacred objects of the Christian worship. The fields of battle might be traced, almost in every district, by monuments of bones ; the fragments of falling towers were stained with blood ; the last of the Britons, without distinction of age or sex, were massacred in the ruins of Anderida ; ¹ and the repetition of such calamities was frequent and familiar under the Saxon heptarchy. The arts and religion, the laws and language, which the Romans had so carefully planted in Britain, were extirpated by their barbarous successors. After the destruction of the principal churches, the bishops, who had declined the crown of martyrdom, retired with the holy relics into Wales and

¹ A Roman fort, probably at Pevensey, in Sussex, mentioned in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" as having been destroyed by the South Saxons in 491.

Armorica ; the remains of their flocks were left destitute of any spiritual food ; the practice, and even the remembrance, of Christianity were abolished ; and the British clergy might obtain some comfort from the damnation of the idolatrous strangers. The kings of France maintained the privileges of their Roman subjects ; but the ferocious Saxons trampled on the laws of Rome and of the emperors. The proceedings of civil and criminal jurisdiction, the titles of honour, the forms of office, the ranks of society, and even the domestic rights of marriage, testament, and inheritance, were finally suppressed ; and the indiscriminate crowd of noble and plebeian slaves was governed by the traditionary customs, which had been coarsely framed for the shepherds and pirates of Germany. The language of science, of business, and of conversation, which had been introduced by the Romans, was lost in the general desolation. A sufficient number of Latin or Celtic words might be assumed by the Germans, to express their new wants and ideas ; but those *illiterate* Pagans preserved and established the use of their national dialect. Almost every name, conspicuous either in the church or state, reveals its Teutonic origin ; and the geography of *England* was universally inscribed with foreign characters and appellations. The example of a revolution, so rapid and so complete, may not easily be found ; but it will excite a probable suspicion that the arts of Rome were less deeply rooted in Britain than in Gaul or Spain ; and that the native rudeness of the country and its inhabitants was covered by a thin varnish of Italian manners.

3. GREGORY THE GREAT

From *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, by EDWARD GIBBON (Professor Bury's edition), Vol. V., Chapter XLV.

THE pontificate of Gregory the *Great*,¹ which lasted thirteen years six months and ten days, is one of the most edifying periods of the history of the church. His

¹ Pope from A.D. 590-604.

virtues, and even his faults, a singular mixture of simplicity and cunning, of pride and humility, of sense and superstition, were happily suited to his station and to the temper of the times. In his rival, the patriarch of Constantinople, he condemned the antichristian title of universal bishop, which the successor of St. Peter was too haughty to concede, and too feeble to assume; and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Gregory was confined to the triple character of bishop of Rome, primate of Italy, and apostle of the West. He frequently ascended the pulpit, and kindled, by his rude though pathetic eloquence, the congenial passions of his audience; the language of the Jewish prophets was interpreted and applied; and the minds of the people, depressed by their present calamities, were directed to the hopes and fears of the invisible world. His precepts and example defined the model of the Roman liturgy, the distribution of the parishes, the calendar of festivals, the order of processions, the service of the priests and deacons, the variety and change of sacerdotal garments. Till the last days of his life, he officiated in the canon of the mass, which continued above three hours; the Gregorian chant has preserved the vocal and instrumental music of the theatre; and the rough voices of the barbarians attempted to imitate the melody of the Roman school. Experience had shewn him the efficacy of these solemn and pompous rites, to soothe the distress, to confirm the faith, to mitigate the fierceness, and to dispel the dark enthusiasm, of the vulgar, and he readily forgave their tendency to promote the reign of priesthood and superstition.

The bishops of Italy and the adjacent islands acknowledged the Roman pontiff as their special metropolitan. Even the existence, the union, or the translation of episcopal seats was decided by his absolute discretion; and his successful inroads into the provinces of Greece, of Spain, and of Gaul, might countenance the more lofty pretensions of succeeding popes. He interposed to prevent the abuses of popular elections; his jealous care maintained the purity of faith and discipline; and the apostolic shepherd assiduously watched over the faith and discipline of the subordinate

pastors. Under his reign, the Arians of Italy and Spain were reconciled to the catholic church, and the conquest of Britain reflects less glory on the name of Cæsar than on that of Gregory the First. Instead of six legions, forty monks were embarked for that distant island, and the Pontiff lamented the austere duties which forbade him to partake the perils of their spiritual warfare. In less than two years he could announce to the archbishop of Alexandria, that they had baptised the king of Kent with ten thousand of his Anglo-Saxons, and that the Roman missionaries, like those of the primitive church, were armed only with spiritual and supernatural powers. The credulity or the prudence of Gregory was always disposed to confirm the truths of religion by the evidence of ghosts, miracles, and resurrections; and posterity has paid to *his* memory the same tribute which he freely granted to the virtue of his own or the preceding generation. The celestial honours have been liberally bestowed by the authority of the popes, but Gregory is the last of their own order whom they have presumed to inscribe in the calendar of saints.¹

4. THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE

From *The Making of England*, by JOHN RICHARD GREEN (Eversley Edition), Vol. I., Chapter V.

[JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-1883).—Born just a century later than Gibbon, Green is the most lively and picturesque of British historians as Gibbon is the most majestic. In appearance they were very different: Gibbon stout, placid and self-confident, Green fine-drawn, delicate, intense and sensitive. Their lives, too, were very different, for Green was the only son of an Oxford robe-maker; his father died while the boy was at school, and when Green left Oxford full of literary ambitions it was not for the snug life of a recluse, but to struggle for nine years with poverty and ill health as a curate in the slums of East London. It was only by overworking himself cruelly that he was able to find the time to keep up his history and to supplement the family income by journalism. In 1865 he was appointed to St. Stephen's, Stepney, a huge parish, and for the first time had enough money to be able

¹ This is no longer exact; several popes have been canonised since.

to afford holidays abroad, but before he was thirty-three his health had given way altogether. So he resigned his living and with broken strength and hardly any settled income, he at last had time to write. "I shall never be content," he said, "till I have superseded Hume," whose "History of England" was then the most popular on the market. By 1874 he had superseded Hume with a vengeance. In that year was published his "Short History of the English People," which was at once recognised as a masterpiece. It has never been surpassed as a piece of vivid narrative and skilful grouping. As its title shows it is not a record of politics and wars, but of the growth of a people. Literature, Art, Scholarship, Religion, Economic Changes, and the History of Ideas are all given more space than is the usual material of history books. Green himself wrote that it was "full of faults, unequal, careless, freakish, with audacity often instead of a calm power," and with the indelible mark of the essayist upon it. But as Stubbs, then the most learned English historian, said of it, it was "all real and original work; few people besides those who knew him well would see, under the charming ease and vivacity of his style, the deep research and sustained industry of the laborious student."

Green had only nine more years of life, and these were cut into by lengthening spells of illness. But he managed to write two more books, from one of which we quote, to help lay the foundations of the English Historical Review, and to edit a very useful set of text-books. He died when a third work, "The Conquest of England," was almost completed.

Green was a sentimentalist who often let his imagination run away with him; he had the temperament of a Radical, and nearly always backed rebels against rulers, and men of ideas against men of common sense. He was far indeed from making Gibbon's mistake of belittling enthusiasm, for he burned with it himself and instinctively sympathised with it in others.

So his "Short History," perhaps the best summary in any language of the past of a nation, still lives and will go on living because it vibrates through its whole length with the fine, keen and generous spirit of its author.]

WHEN Æthelfrith, on the death of Æthelric, became king of Northumbria, in 593, this threefold division¹ of Britain must have been fairly established; and of its three powers that of Æthelberht² was the widest and the most

¹ Into Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex.

² King of Kent.

important. The fame of it indeed crossed the seas, and woke to fresh life the mission projects which had never ceased to stir in the mind of Gregory from the day when he pitied the English slaves in the market-place of Rome. Only three or four years after his converse with them in the Forum Gregory became bishop of the Imperial city, and thus found himself in a position to carry out his dream of winning back Britain to the faith. The marriage of Bertha¹ with the Kentish king, and the rule which Æthelberht had since established over a large part of the island, afforded him the opening he sought; and after cautious negotiation with the Frankish rulers of Gaul who promised to guard his missionaries on their way, and to provide them with interpreters, Gregory sent a Roman abbot, Augustine, at the head of a band of monks to preach the Gospel to the English people. The missionaries landed in 597 on the spot where Hengest had landed more than a century before in the isle of Thanet; and the interpreters whom they had chosen among the Franks were at once sent to the king with news of their arrival, as well as with promises of things strange to his ears, of joys without end and a kingdom for ever in heaven.

Æthelberht cannot have been taken by surprise. He had married Bertha on the condition that she should remain a Christian; her chaplain, Bishop Liudhard, formed a part of the Kentish court; and a ruined church, now known as that of St. Martin, outside the new Canterbury, had been given him for his worship. Negotiations with Bertha and with the king himself had probably preceded the landing of Augustine; and after a few days' delay Æthelberht crossed into Thanet to confer with the new comers. They found him sitting in the open air on the chalk down above Minster, where the eye nowadays catches miles away over the marshes the dim tower of Canterbury; and the king listened patiently to the sermon of Augustine as the interpreters whom the abbot had brought with him rendered it in the English tongue. "Your words are fair," he answered at last with English good sense; "but they are new and of doubtful

¹ Daughter of the Frankish King Charibert.

meaning." For himself, he said, he refused to forsake the gods of his fathers; but with the usual religious tolerance of the German race he promised shelter and protection to the strangers within his own king's tun. The band of monks entered Canterbury bearing before them a silver cross with a picture of Christ, and singing in concert the strains of the litany of their Church. "Turn from this city, O Lord," they sang, "Thine anger and wrath, and turn it from Thy holy house, for we have sinned." And then in strange contrast came the jubilant cry of the older Hebrew worship—the cry which Gregory had wrested in prophetic earnestness from the name of the Yorkshire king in the Roman market-place, "Alleluia."

It was thus that the spot which witnessed the landing of Hengest became yet better known as the landing-place of Augustine. But the second landing at Ebbsfleet was in no small measure a reversal and undoing of the first. "Strangers from Rome" was the title with which the missionaries first fronted the English king. The march of the monks as they chanted their solemn litany was in one sense a return of the Roman legions who withdrew at the trumpet call of Alaric. It was to the tongue and the thought not of Gregory only but of the men whom his own Jutish fathers had slaughtered and driven over sea that Æthelberht listened in the preaching of Augustine. Canterbury, the earliest city-centre of the new England, became the centre of Latin influence. The Roman tongue became again one of the tongues of Britain, the language of its worship, its correspondence, its literature. But more than the tongue of Rome returned with Augustine. Practically his landing renewed that union with the Western world which the landing of Hengest had all but destroyed. The new England was admitted into the older commonwealth of nations. The civilisation, arts, letters, which had fled before the sword of the English conquerors returned with the Christian faith. The fabric of the Roman law indeed never took root in England, but it is impossible not to recognise the influence of the Roman missionaries in the fact that codes of the customary English law began to be put into writing soon after

their arrival. Of yet greater import was the weight which the new faith was to exercise on the drift of the English towards national unity. It was impossible for England to become Christian without seeing itself organised and knit together into a single life by its Christian organisation, without seeing a great national fabric of religious order rise up in the face of its civil disorder.

5. CUTHBERT

From *A Short History of the English People*, by JOHN RICHARD GREEN (Edition of 1877), Book I., Chapter II.

IN Northumbria the work of his fellow missionaries has almost been lost in the glory of Cuthbert. No story better lights up for us the new religious life of the time than the story of this Apostle of the Lowlands. Born on the southern edge of the Lammermoor, Cuthbert found shelter at eight years old in a widow's house in the little village of Wrangholm. Already in youth his robust frame had a poetic sensibility which caught even in the chance word of a game a call to higher things, and a passing attack of lameness deepened the religious impression. A traveller coming in his white mantle over the hillside and stopping his horse to tend Cuthbert's injured knee seemed to him an angel. The boy's shepherd life carried him to the bleak upland, still famous as a sheepwalk, though a scant herbage scarce veils the whinstone rock. There meteors plunging into the night became to him a company of angelic spirits carrying the soul of Bishop Aidan ¹ heavenward, and his longings slowly settled into a resolute will towards a religious life. In 651 he made his way to a group of straw-thatched log-huts in the midst of untitled solitudes where a few Irish monks from Lindisfarne had settled in the mission-station of Melrose. To-day the land is a land of poetry and romance. Cheviot and Lammermoor, Ettrick and Teviotdale, Yarrow and Annan-water are musical with old ballads and border minstrelsy. Agri-

¹ D. 651 ; first Bishop of Lindisfarne.

culture has chosen its valleys for her favourite seat, and drainage and steam-power have turned sedgy marshes into farm and meadow.

But to see the Lowlands as they were in Cuthbert's day we must sweep meadow and farm away again, and replace them by vast solitudes, dotted here and there with clusters of wooden hovels and crossed by boggy tracks, over which travellers rode spear in hand and eye kept cautiously about them. The Northumbrian peasantry among whom he journeyed were for the most part Christians only in name. With Teutonic indifference they yielded to their thegns in nominally accepting the new Christianity as these had yielded to the king. But they retained their old superstitions side by side with the new worship ; plague or mishap drove them back to a reliance on their heathen charms and amulets ; and if trouble befell the Christian preachers who came settling among them, they took it as proof of the wrath of the older gods. When some log-rafts which were floating down the Tyne for the construction of an abbey at its mouth drifted with the monks who were at work on them out to sea, the rustic bystanders shouted, " Let nobody pray for them ; let nobody pity these men ; for they have taken away from us our old worship, and how their new-fangled customs are to be kept nobody knows." On foot, on horseback, Cuthbert wandered among listeners such as these, choosing above all the remoter mountain villages from whose roughness and poverty other teachers turned aside. Unlike his Irish comrades, he needed no interpreter as he passed from village to village ; the frugal, long-headed Northumbrians listened willingly to one who was himself a peasant of the Lowlands, and who had caught the rough Northumbrian burr along the banks of the Leader. His patience, his humorous good sense, the sweetness of his look, told for him, and not less the stout, vigorous frame which fitted the peasant-preacher for the hard life he had chosen. " Never did man die of hunger who served God faithfully," he would say, when nightfall found them supperless in the waste. " Look at the eagle overhead ! God can feed us through him if He

will"—and once at least he owed his meal to a fish that the scared bird let fall. A snowstorm drove his boat on the coast of Fife. "The snow closes the road along the shore," mourned his comrades; "the storm bars our way over sea." "There is still the way of heaven that lies open," said Cuthbert. . . .

6. ALFRED

From an article in the *North American Review* by
FREDERICK YORK POWELL.

[FREDERICK YORK POWELL (1850-1904).—York Powell succeeded Froude as Regius Professor of History at Oxford in 1894. He was a man of fine judgment and wide learning, an expert in early Scandinavian history and literature, one of the founders of the "English Historical Review," and a rare source of inspiration to great numbers of friends and pupils. But he was too unambitious and prodigal of his own time, and he had too many interests to write much himself beyond short articles and reviews, text-books (when he needed money), and editorial comments. He had the tastes of a Bohemian, loved the sea and the country, was full of strange and accurate information about prize-fighting, the different ways of making cider, landscape painting, small boat sailing, and Portuguese literature; he cultivated odd acquaintances in every walk of life, from Verlaine, the French poet, to Hines, the Radical chimney-sweep, and threw so much of his vivid personality into his talk that, as was said of him, "he must have been one of the few learned men who never bored any one—not even an undergraduate." So he was even more sterile as a writer than Acton, though, as this excerpt shows, he carried his learning far more lightly, and if he was less erudite was far more human.]

OF the young prince's early life a few significant facts are noted. He came of a fine stock on his mother's side, for Osburh, the daughter of Oslac, the king's cup-bearer, was well born, and a good woman. He was born at the royal estate of Wantage, in Berkshire, 848, not many miles from Oxford. His childhood was remarkable. He was first sent at the age of five to Rome to Leo IV. by his father,

probably with the idea that the special papal benediction and consecration of this, his favourite and most promising son, would mark him out by evident tokens for the eventual succession, and so secure that the brothers should succeed each other rather than that the realm should fall into the hands of a child-king. The boy was but seven years old when he journeyed home with his father, who had brought him out a second time in 855 to the Pope, his kindly god-father. They passed through Gaul and visited the western emperor, and at Verberie Alfred saw Ethelwulf¹ take the child Judith² to wife as a pledge of alliance between him and the King of the Romans. Alfred had looked on much that was noteworthy at an age when clever children will notice much—the visible splendour of papal and imperial majesty, the sacred and strange glory of the great stone palaces and basilicas of Italy and Gaul, the stately etiquette and affluence of the foreign courts, the orderly array of imperial and papal hierarchy, the mighty works of the warrior Pope, his benefactor, the hosts of Italy and Gaul and Germany, armed and disciplined after the Roman traditions of New Rome, wonders of art, a multitude of things that contrasted with the circumstances in which his own life was to be passed. These he could hardly forget, and his love of the arts and crafts, the ready welcome he gave to strangers, his generous acknowledgement of his debt to the churches abroad for the prayers and skill and learning with which they endowed Christendom, his eager willingness to learn and teach, his conviction of the necessity of knowledge and thought for the nobles and prelates, leaders temporal and spiritual, of his people, his broad prudence and just foresight, seem to be the final fruits of impulses set going by this memorable time. Cadwalla³ and Ine³ had gone to Rome to learn to die, as many more English pilgrims had done; Rome helped Alfred to learn to live.

¹ Alfred's father died 858, succeeded by his elder son, Ethelbald, who also married Judith. Verberie is about thirty-five miles north-east of Paris.

² Daughter of Charles the Bald, the grandson of Charlemagne.

³ D. 689, King of Wessex. Ine d. 726, also King of Wessex.

That he loved the old songs and traditions of his own people, that he was original enough to try and make his own speech a classic tongue instead of trying to force Latin upon an unwilling people as a vehicle for knowledge, that he ever busied himself much with hounds and horses and hawks, that he was keenly interested in art and handicrafts and those that exercised them, that he made himself skilful in law and good at his weapons :—shows that he had a bent of his own. The fatherless child of ten throve under the care, probably, of his mother's kin. His own estates were in the south-west, but we know he must have moved about from place to place, whether he dwelt with his brethren the kings or no. By the time he had reached his twentieth year and took to himself a wife, Ealswith, daughter of Alderman Ethelred Mucil of the Gainas,¹ a woman of Mercian royal blood on the side of her mother, Eadburh, he was already apt for the duties of his rank as a big landowner and a gentleman of the blood royal. His biographer and friend tells us that he was already of a pious and dutiful mind, and that he had been for some years sorely afflicted by a tiresome and painful chronic malady that troubled him most by threatening to hinder him in his life's work ; but (as he believed in answer to his prayers), this disease now passed from him to give place to another that, though it gave him pain, did not interfere with his daily business. The call to the active public life for which he had prepared came very soon after his wedding, and from this year, 868, till he died, thirty-two years after, Alfred was ceaselessly busy.

It is not easy to overrate Alfred's achievements as commander. The conditions of the Danish war were such as the English organisation was ill-fitted to meet ; the heathen fleets composed of scores of boats, manned by forty or fifty warriors each, could move far faster along the coast with a fair wind than the English levies could follow. The crew of such a fleet, disciplined, hardy, veteran fighters, accustomed

¹ Ethelred Mucil was alderman of the Gainas—a tribe of Saxons who settled in Lincolnshire and whose name survives in Gainsborough.

to face emergencies deftly and to act swiftly at word of command, were more than a match for the disorderly and unskilled levies of any single shire. These fleets could combine and separate easily, their captains could plan simultaneous attacks on various quarters at a given time. They would land in a convenient estuary, run up a stockade to defend their ships, raid the neighbourhood of horses and cattle, slaves and spoil, sally forth mounted on the stolen English horses, riding by night and day along their chosen roads, to fall upon defenceless districts and outflank the slower defenders. They were hard to fight with, difficult to keep in touch with, dangerous to attack. By means of two or three fortified stations on the coast they were able to master broad stretches of country, whence they could draw supplies in safety, while they were able at any time to sally forth swiftly and silently upon the lands beyond. They were as bad to treat with as to fight with. They broke again and again the solemn oaths they had sworn. They found well-wishers among the jealous Welsh and traitors even among the despairing English, some of whom chose rather to obey a Danish king than risk all they had in a struggle they had begun at one time to look upon as hopeless. The Danes lived on the country and made great profit out of the war, trading away cargoes of slaves and loads of precious booty to the Jewish merchants in Gaul, who supplied them with arms and cloth and wine and ornaments. They were traders as well as fighters, they struck money in great quantities, and they were well served by their agents and spies, who profited by the commerce they created. In skill and courage, infinite sailorly resource and cool contempt of death, they were beyond any fighting men of their day; they were, indeed, the very flower of the finest of the Teuton race. A spirit of adventure akin to that of the Crusaders, of the *Conquistadores*,¹ of the Elizabethan seamen, filled their souls; but they had another side to their minds, and it was on their practical wisdom and shrewd grasp of fact that Alfred based his hopes when he treated with Guthrum. The Danes could

¹ The Spanish explorers and conquerors, like Cortez and Pizarro.

see the advantage of strong, orderly rule; they frankly acknowledged the English as their closest kinsmen. Both sang of the same heroes and traced their royal blood back to the same gods. They were not averse to the manifold attractions of the new faith and accepted it readily, as sensible men awake to the advantages it offered. In a few generations they became good Englishmen, though they kept their own names and their own peculiar laws and customs, which, after all, were as close as possible to those of the English themselves. They feared and respected the spiritual power and order which was the greatest legacy that pagan Rome left the Western world. To many a settled Northman it seemed easier to live under a West-Saxon king than under Fairhair. The third choice was a far voyage and a rough life in unknown lands. Most of those who were not of noble blood preferred the strong peace of the West-Saxon king, and many of high rank were won over by the wisdom of Alfred, by the possibilities that opened before them in the new England which he was building up, and by the manifold attractions of the Christian civilization of Western Europe.

7. THE END OF THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

From *The Norman Conquest*, by EDWARD FREEMAN.
Vol. III., Chapter XV.

[EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN (1823-1892).—Freeman was fourteen years older than Green, and two years older than the third great Oxford historian, Stubbs. The following excerpts are all taken from his famous work on "The Norman Conquest," which is his chief contribution to English history. Freeman's knowledge was wider than Stubbs, and deeper than Green's; he was passionately interested in the past of Sicily and of Switzerland, in Architecture and in Politics. His academic career was not a success, and all through life, partly through his own over-eagerness, he met with many discouragements, but he was a man of tremendous energy with enough money to give him plenty of leisure. He travelled widely, read voraciously, and wrote innumerable articles on a wide variety of topics. As Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, 1884-1892, he did his utmost, in face of much indifference and many difficulties,

to stir up interest in world-wide history, insisting on its unity and continuity from the days of Thucydides down to the present. But it was almost exclusively political history which interested him ; he cared little for the social, religious, and economic sides which appealed to Green, and used to chaff " Johnny," as he called him, about his broader view of the business of a historian. Freeman's passion was for the events of public life and military achievements, so that though his knowledge was vast his scope was narrow. He had little power, either, of selecting material, and his style was wordy and prolix ; he worked almost entirely from printed sources, and though he had a high standard of care in the use of authorities, he did not always live up to it ; he aimed at telling everything that happened as far as it was known, so that his written works cover very little ground. Three hundred pages go to the Battle of Hastings. Moreover, he held with characteristic vehemence strong political views, and his enthusiasm for democracy and self-government coloured his view of early history ; he idealised the Anglo-Saxons, refused to admit that Harold was a usurper, regarded the Norman Conquest as a disaster to freedom, and did not fully appreciate what mediæval Europe owed to the Church. But, as is shown by the excerpt which follows, Freeman had a power of re-telling the stories of the chroniclers with a fascinating wealth of detail and great vigour of style. His enthusiasm for history was infectious, he was a fine judge of character, a laborious, if not very accurate, scholar, and, in his life as in his books, warm-hearted, generous and manly.]

IT was a strange warfare, where the one side dealt in assaults and movements, while the other, as if fixed in the ground, withstood them. The array of the English was so close that they moved only when they were dead, they stirred not at all while they were alive. The slightly wounded could not escape, but were crushed to death by the thick ranks of their comrades. That is to say, the array of the shield-wall was still kept, though now without the help of the barricades ¹ or the full advantage of the ground. The day had now turned decidedly in favour of the invaders ; but the fight was still far from being over. It was by no means clear that some new chance of warfare might not again turn the balance in favour of England.

¹ The existence of this palisade or barricade has been questioned by some later writers and denied by others.

It is hard to tell the exact point of time at which the Normans gained this great advantage. But it was probably at about three in the afternoon, the hour of vespers. If so, the fight had already been raging for six hours, and as yet its result was far from certain. But the last stage of the battle was now drawing near. The English, though no longer entrenched, had still the fortress of shields to trust to, but gradually the line became less firmly kept, and the battle seems almost to have changed into a series of single combats. It is probably at this stage that we should place most of the many personal exploits recorded of various warriors on both sides. The names of the Normans are preserved, while the English, though full justice is done to their valour, remain nameless. Of Harold himself, strange to say, we hear nothing personally, beyond the highest general eulogies of his courage and conduct. His axe was the weightiest; his blows were the most terrible of all. The horse and his rider gave way before him, cloven to the ground by a single stroke.

He played the part alike of a general and of a private soldier. This is a praise which must have been common to every commander of those times; still it is given in a marked way both to William and to Harold. But the two rivals never actually met. William, we are told, sought earnestly to meet his enemy face to face, but he never succeeded. . . .

But at last the effects of this sort of warfare began to tell on the English ranks. There could have been no greater trial than thus to bear up, hour after hour, in a struggle which was purely defensive. The strain, and the consequent weariness, must have been incomparably greater on their side than on that of their assailants. It may well have been in sheer relief from physical exhaustion that we read, now that there was no artificial defence between them and their enemies, of Englishmen rushing forward from their ranks, bounding like a stag, and thus finding opportunity for the personal encounters which I have been describing. Gradually, after so many brave warriors had fallen, resistance grew fainter; but still even now the fate of the battle seemed

doubtful. Many of the best and bravest of England had died, but not a man had fled ; the Standard still waved as proudly as ever ; the King still fought beneath it. While Harold lived, while the horse and his rider still fell beneath his axe, the heart of England failed not, the hope of England had not wholly passed away. Around the two-fold ensigns the war was still fiercely raging, and to that point every eye and every arm in the Norman host was directed. The battle had raged ever since nine in the morning, and evening was now drawing in. New efforts, new devices, were needed to overcome the resistance of the English, diminished as were their numbers, and wearied as they were with the livelong toil of that awful day. The Duke ordered his archers to shoot up in the air, that their arrows might, as it were, fall straight from heaven. The effect was immediate and fearful. No other device of the wily Duke that day did such frightful execution. Helmets were pierced ; eyes were put out ; men strove to guard their heads with their shields, and, in so doing, they were of course less able to wield their axes. And now the supreme moment drew near. There was one point of the hill at which the Norman bowmen were bidden specially to aim with their truest skill. As twilight was coming on, a mighty shower of arrows was launched on its deadly errand against the defenders of the Standard. There Harold still fought ; his shield bristled with Norman shafts ; but he was still unwounded and unwearied. At last another arrow, more charged with destiny than its fellows, went still more truly to its mark. Falling like a bolt from heaven, it pierced the King's right eye ; he clutched convulsively at the weapon, he broke off the shaft, his axe dropped from his hand, and he sank in agony at the foot of the Standard. The King was thus disabled, and the fate of the day was no longer doubtful. Twenty knights now bound themselves to lower or to bear off the ensigns which still rose as proudly as ever while Harold lay dying beneath them. But his comrades still fought ; most of the twenty paid for their venture with their lives, but the survivors succeeded in their attempt. Harold's own Standard of the Fighting Man

was beaten to the earth ; the golden Dragon, the ensign of Cuthred and Ælfred, was carried off in triumph. But Harold, though disabled, still breathed ; four knights rushed upon him and despatched him with various wounds. . . .

The deeds of the four are enumerated, but we know not how to apportion them among the actors. One thrust pierced through the shield of the dying King and stabbed him in the breast ; another assailant finished the work by striking off his head with his sword.

8. WILLIAM RUFUS

From *The Norman Conquest*, by EDWARD FREEMAN, Vol. V., Chapter XXIII.

WITH the personal character of William Rufus we are less concerned than with the political character of his reign. But the character of the man was one which had no small effect on the character of his reign. No man ever had a more distinct personality of his own. The impression which he made on the minds of his contemporaries is borne witness to by a store of personal anecdotes larger perhaps than is to be found of any King before or after him. We can see the Red King, in his figure a caricature of his father, short in stature, with projecting stomach, ruddy face, and restless eye. We can hear him, in his merriment or in his anger, casting about his impious jests and shameless mockery of his own crimes, or else in his fierce wrath stammering out his defiance of God and man. His bodily strength, his love of the chase, his military skill and daring, we may add his real gifts as a ruler whenever he chose to put them forth, all come from his father. But all that ennobles the character of the elder William is lacking in the younger. William the Great ever kept a real feeling of religion, a real respect for law, however easy he might find it to turn law and religion to his own ends. But William the Red knew no law but his own will. Instead of the austere personal virtues of the Con-

queror, William Rufus was given up to every kind of riotous living, even to forms of vice which are sheltered by their own foulness. Instead of the more than ceremonial religion of his father, he was a mocker and a blasphemer, not so much, it would seem, a speculative unbeliever as one who took a strange pleasure in dealing with his Maker as with a personal enemy. The man who gathered together Jewish Rabbis and Christian Bishops and offered to embrace the creed of the best disputants, the man who undertook to convert back again the Hebrew youth who had forsaken the Synagogue for the Church, may not have intellectually cast aside the faith which he never cast aside formally, but he had bidden farewell to the commonest decencies of his time and office. Strange to say, the King who surpassed all his fellows in vice and blasphemy was never cut off from the communion of the Church. And occasional appearances at ecclesiastical ceremonies, occasional grants to ecclesiastical foundations, show that the open blasphemer had still not separated himself by any formal act from the fellowship of Christian men.

Yet it is clear that in the character of William Rufus there was a side which, at any rate in his own age, was not wholly repulsive. He had at least the virtues of a son. Dutiful in all things as long as his father lived, he cherished his memory with all reverence when he was gone. This feeling comes out in more than one shape. The few churches towards which Rufus appears, not as a spoiler but as a benefactor, are those which owed their foundation to his father. And in his wars he makes it a kind of point of honour to keep or win whatever had been a possession of his father. But the phrase which I have just used, the fact that we can speak of a point of honour, opens to us that side of the Red King's character which is in every way the most instructive. William Rufus, like Richard the Lion-Hearted, is one of the heroes of chivalry. His reign indeed marks a great developement, a developement which we can hardly doubt that his personal character greatly helped, of all those ideas which, for want of a better name, we may speak of as chivalrous. For William Rufus

the law of God and the law of right were words which had no meaning ; but he fully understood and obeyed the law of honour. The virtues of the Christian man, the virtues of the ruler ruling according to law, the virtues of the subject obeying according to law, were of no account in his eyes. But the virtues of the knight, the gentleman, and the soldier he could both honour in others and practise in his own person. Like other chivalrous Kings, he thought but lightly of the coronation oath which bound him to his people, of the promises which he made them in his own time of need, or of the treaties by which he bound himself to other princes. He did not scruple to purchase the help of men who were bound by every tie of allegiance to the cause of his enemies ; but his engagements in actual war time, the engagements which bound him personally as a soldier and a knight, were always strictly kept. As the King sworn to do justice and mercy, he did not shrink from visiting innocent men with barbarous punishments ; but when he acted as the knight in arms, the life and limb of the prisoner of war was safe in his hands, and, when he granted a truce to a besieged place, his word remained unbroken. What he practised himself he looked for from others. He refused to hearken to the suggestion that knights to whom he had granted their freedom on parole might possibly betray the faith which they had plighted. We hear much of his magnanimity and his liberality ; but his magnanimity has little in common with any true greatness of soul. It was rather an overbearing personal arrogance, which made him too proud to hurt those whom he deemed personally beneath him, and which thus often led him into acts which had at least the outward look of generosity. The liberality of Rufus gathered around him the choicest soldiers of all lands ; but the means for this bounty was found in sacrilege and oppression, in keeping churches void of pastors and in wringing tax upon tax from every class of his subjects. His hand was heavy on the robber and on the murderer, save when they could either purchase their safety by a bribe, or when they belonged to his own personal following. When we read of the court of Rufus, of the

effeminate dress and manners and the base vices of the young nobles who surrounded him, and yet when we remember that these same men were the first in every feat of arms in the battle or the siege, we seem to be carried on over a space of five hundred years. We seem to have suddenly leaped from the grave and decorous court of the Conqueror to the presence of the minions of the last Valois.¹

9. ANSELM'S PROMOTION

From *Life of St. Anselm*, by R. W. CHURCH, Chapter VIII.

[*RICHARD WILLIAM CHURCH* (1815-1890).—Dean Church, who was the son of a Quaker merchant baptised in middle life, was born in Lisbon, and lived as a boy in Florence. He had a brilliant career at Oxford and followed Newman in winning the great academic prize of the day, a fellowship at Oriel. What has been described as his "large, clear and delicate mind" and his sweet nature made him naturally sympathetic to the leader of the Oxford Movement, whose character we shall see him describing with such insight and subtlety (p. 323), and whose friend he remained through life. But he did not follow Newman in going over to the Church of Rome, though in 1844, as Junior Proctor, he urged on the Senior Proctor to join him in publicly refusing to allow the University to censor Newman's "Tract 90," in which he revealed his approaching conversion to Rome. In 1852 Church settled down to read and to look after two hundred parishioners in the little village of Whatley. Gladstone, who would have liked to see him a Bishop, made him in 1871 one of Milman's successors as Dean of St. Paul's.

He wrote studies of Spenser and Bacon besides the book from which we quote here, and his "Oxford Movement"; he was engaged on the last chapter of the "Oxford Movement" when attacked by his last illness. He was a singularly lovable, wise and temperate man, an Anselm of the nineteenth century.]

THERE was one more matter to be settled: the king,² who believed himself and was believed by others to be dying, was dying with the vacant archbishopric in his

¹ Henri III. (1551-1589), the effeminate French King, who was succeeded by Henry of Navarre.

² William II.

possession and on his conscience. There could be no question now with him about getting free from the perilous load. But who was to be archbishop? All waited for the king to name him. He named Anselm. Anselm, he said, was most worthy of it.

And now ¹ followed a scene, which we read with different feelings, according as we are able to believe that a great post like the archbishopric may have had irresistible terrors, overwhelming all its attractions or temptations, to a religious mind and conscience in the eleventh century. If Anselm's reluctance was not deep and genuine, the whole thing was the grossest of comedies; if his reluctance was real, the scene is one of a thousand examples of the way in which the most natural and touching feelings may be expressed in shapes, which by the changes of times and habits come to seem most grotesque and unintelligible. But if it was a comedy, or even if he did not know his own mind, then the whole view which was taken of Anselm in his own time was mistaken, and the conception of his character on which the present account is written, is fundamentally wrong. His writings, the picture of the man shown in his letters, and the opinion of those who knew him by reputation and of those who knew him best and wrote of him, have conspired to lead us wrong.

When the king's choice was announced to Anselm, he trembled and turned pale. The bishops came to bring him to the king, to receive the investiture of the archbishopric in the customary way, by the delivery of a pastoral staff. Anselm absolutely refused to go. Then the bishops took him aside from the bystanders, and expostulated with him. "What did he mean? How could he strive against God? He saw Christianity almost destroyed in England, all kinds of wickedness rampant, the churches of God nigh dead by this man's tyranny; and when he could help, he scorned to do so. Most wonderful of men, what was he thinking about! Where were his wits gone to? He was preferring his own ease and quiet to the call which had come to him to raise up

¹ In 1093, Lanfranc having died in 1089.

Canterbury from its oppression and bondage, and to share in the labours of his brethren." He insisted, "Bear with me, I pray you, bear with me, and attend to the matter. I know that the tribulations are great. But consider, I am old and unfit for work : how can I bear the charge of all this Church ? I am a monk, and I can honestly say I have shunned all worldly business. Do not entangle me in what I have never loved, and am not fit for." But they put aside his plea. Only let him go forward boldly and be their guide and leader, and they would take care of the temporal part of his work. No, he said, it could not be. There was his foreign allegiance, his foreign obedience to his archbishop, his ties to his monastery, which could not be dissolved without the will of his brethren. These matters, they answered naturally enough, could easily be arranged ; but he still refused. "It is no use," he said ; "what you purpose shall not be." At last they dragged him by main force to the sick king's room : William, in his anguish and fear, was deeply anxious about the matter, and entreated him with tears, by the memory of his father and mother, who had been Anselm's friends, to deliver their son from the deadly peril in which he stood. The sick man's distress moved some of the bystanders, and they turned with angry remonstrances on Anselm. "What senseless folly this was ! The king could not bear this agitation. Anselm was embittering his dying hours ; and on him would rest the responsibility of all the mischiefs that would follow, if he would not do his part by accepting the pastoral charge."

Anselm in his trouble appealed for encouragement to two of his monks, Baldwin and Eustace, who were with him. "Ah, my brethren, why do not you help me ?" "Might it have been the will of God," he used to say, speaking of those moments, "I would, if I had the choice, gladly have died, rather than been raised to the archbishopric." Baldwin could only speak of submitting to the will of God ; and burst, says Eadmer,¹ into a passion of tears, blood gushing from

¹ Died about 1124, a monk of Canterbury, and Anselm's confidential adviser, who wrote "*Historia Novorum*," and a life of Anselm.

his nostrils. "Alas ! your staff is soon broken," said Anselm. Then the king bade them all fall at Anselm's feet to implore his assent ; he, in his turn, fell down before them, still holding to his refusal. Finally, they lost patience ; they were angry with him, and with themselves for their own irresolution. The cry arose, "A pastoral staff ! a pastoral staff !" They dragged him to the king's bed-side, and held out his right arm to receive the staff. But when the king presented it, Anselm kept his hand firmly clenched and would not take it. They tried by main force to wrench it open ; and when he cried out with the pain of their violence, they at last held the staff closely pressed against his still closed hand. Amid the shouts of the crowd, "*Long live the Bishop,*" with the *Te Deum* of the bishops and clergy, "he was carried, rather than led, to a neighbouring church, still crying out, It is nought that ye are doing, it is nought that ye are doing." He himself describes the scene in a letter to his monks at Bec. "It would have been difficult to make out whether madmen were dragging along one in his senses, or sane men a madman, save that they were chanting, and I, pale with amazement and pain, looked more like one dead than alive." From the church he went back to the king : "I tell thee, my lord king," he said, "that thou shalt not die of this sickness ; and hence I wish you to know how easily you may alter what has been done with me ; for I have not acknowledged nor do I acknowledge its validity." Then, when he had left the king's chamber, he addressed the bishops and nobles who were escorting him. They did not know, he said, what they had been doing. They had yoked together to the plough the untameable bull with the old and feeble sheep ; and no good could come of the union. The plough was the Church of God ; and the plough in England was drawn by two strong oxen, the king and the Archbishop of Canterbury : the one, by his justice and power in things of this world ; the other, by his teaching and governance in things divine. One, Lanfranc, was dead, and in his room, with his fierce companion, they had joined the poor sheep, which in its own place might furnish milk and wool and lambs

for the service of the Lord, but now could only be the victim of violence which it was helpless to prevent. When their short satisfaction at the relief which they had gained had passed, they would find that things would become worse than ever. He would have to bear the brunt of the king's savage temper : they would not have the courage to stand by him against the king ; and when he was crushed, they would in their turn find themselves under the king's feet. Then dismissing them, he returned to his lodging. He was almost overcome and faint with distress ; they brought him holy water and made him drink it. This happened on the First Sunday in Lent, March 6, 1093. The king immediately ordered that he should be invested with all the temporalities of the see, as Lanfranc had held them.

There was plainly no escape. His acceptance was the one chance open for better things. If there was to be an archbishop, it must be Anselm. On cooler thoughts, he recognised what had happened as the will of God ; though, as he said, whether in mercy or wrath, he could not tell : and he bowed to it. There were still many steps between him and the archbishopric. The consents of the Duke of Normandy, of the Archbishop of Rouen, and of the monks of Bec were necessary, in order to release Anselm from his existing obligations. From the Duke and the Archbishop the requisite consent was easily obtained. The monks of Bec were more difficult. It is a curious feature in the monastic discipline, that while the abbot was supreme over the monastery, the monastery as a body had the right to command the abbot on his obedience to bow to their claims on his service. At Bec, they were disposed to insist on this right. They did not like to lose their famous abbot. Some were deeply attached to him. There were some who whispered complaints of his ambition and self-seeking. They refused at first to set him free. At the solemn chapter held to decide on the matter, there was an obstinate minority which refused to concur in relieving him from his duties to Bec. Their discontent was shared by others. Duke Robert¹

¹ Robert II. of Normandy, William II.'s elder brother, who died in 1134.

spoke disrespectfully of Anselm's motives. Gilbert, Bishop of Evreux, the diocese in which Bec was situated, who had given to Anselm the consecration of abbot, expressed himself unfavourably to Anselm's honesty in taking the archbishopric. It is plain that, as was natural enough, there was a good deal of talk in Normandy and the neighbourhood about the motives which had drawn away the Abbot of Bec to England.

10. THE ONLY ENGLISH POPE

From *The History of Latin Christianity*, by HENRY MILMAN (Edition of 1854), Vol. III., Bk. VIII., Chapter VII.

[HENRY HART MILMAN (1791-1868).—Milman was the son of George III.'s physician; he was educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford, and first attained distinction as a poet; he won the Newdigate Prize as an undergraduate, and became Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He then took Orders, and after being for some time a Fellow of Brasenose became Rector of St. Mary's, Reading, and in 1849 Dean of St. Paul's. It was in 1830 that he first turned seriously to history and produced the "History of the Jews," which, however, was condemned as unorthodox, and, after causing a considerable sensation, was suppressed. In 1855 he brought out his great work "The History of Latin Christianity," which covered the period from Theodosius to the eve of the Reformation. It is from this work that our quotations come, they illustrate his liberality of mind and candour of judgment. Though he had, of course, none of Gibbon's hostility to Christianity, his outlook was not unlike that of his great predecessor; he arranged his material and told his story with great skill and a fine sense of historical continuity.

He was not much interested in movements of thought and had little sympathy for enthusiasm, his heroes were men like Innocent III., who had helped to build up the great institutions on which he conceived that civilisation rested. He had the mind of a lawyer and the outlook of a statesman rather than the sympathies of a religious enthusiast. The historian Lecky, who belonged to a later generation, saw in him a kindred spirit and praised him for the "harmony and symmetry of his mind." Though it is not lit up by any flashes of genius, or of intuitive sympathy

with the past, his work still lives as a solid contribution to knowledge and a sound and sensible guide through a complicated period.]

ON the death of Anastasius, after, it should seem, a peaceful rule of one year and five months, the only Englishman who ever filled the papal chair was raised to the supremacy over Christendom.¹

Nicolas Breakspeare, born, according to one account, at St. Albans, wandered forth from his country in search of learning; he was received into a monastery at Arles;² became a brother, prior, abbot. He went to Rome on the affairs of the community, and so won the favour of the Pope Eugenius that he was detained in his court, was raised to the cardinalate, undertook a mission as legate to Norway, and, something in the character of the old English apostles of Germany, confirmed that hard-won kingdom in its allegiance to the see of Rome. Nicolas Breakspeare was a man of exemplary morals, high fame for learning, and great eloquence; and now the poor English scholar, homeless, except in the home which he found in the hospitable convent; friendless, except among the friends which he has made by his abilities, his virtues, and his piety; with no birth or connections to advance his claims; is become the Head of Christendom—the Lord of Rome, which surrenders her liberties before his feet; the Pontiff from whose hands the mightiest and proudest Emperor is glad to receive his crown! What pride, what hopes, might such a promotion awaken in the lowest of the sacerdotal order throughout Christendom! In remote England not a youthful scholar but may have had visions of pontifical grandeur! This at all times wonderful, how much more so in the age of feudalism, in which the pride of birth was paramount!

Nor did Hadrian IV. yield to any of his loftiest predecessors in his assertion of the papal dignity; he was surpassed by few in the boldness and courage with which he maintained it. The views of unlimited power which opened before the

¹ Hadrian IV., elected Pope 1154.

² Near the mouth of the River Rhone.

new pontiff appear most manifestly in his grant of Ireland to Henry II. of England. English pride might mingle with sacerdotal ambition in this boon of a new kingdom to his native sovereign. The language of the grant developed principles as yet unheard in Christendom. The Popes had assumed the feudal sovereignty of Naples and Sicily, as in some vague way the successors to the power of Imperial Rome. But Hadrian declared that Ireland and all islands converted to Christianity belonged to the special jurisdiction of St. Peter. He assumed the right of sanctioning the invasion, on the ground of its advancing civilisation and propagating a purer faith among the barbarous and ignorant people. The tribute of Peter's pence from the conquered island was to be the reward of the Pope's munificence in granting the island to the English, and his recognition of Henry's sovereignty. The prophetic ambition of Hadrian might seem to have anticipated the time, when on such principles the Popes should assume the power of granting away new worlds.

11. ABBOT SAMSON

From *Past and Present*, by THOMAS CARLYLE, Book II., Chapters VIII. and XV.

[THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881).—Carlyle we shall meet again as the master of Froude and the bugbear of Lord Acton. He was a far greater man than either. Born the same year as Ranke, three years before Michelet, he belonged to the generation of Keats, Shelley and Byron, though he outlived them all by half a century; like them, he had a spring of poetry in his soul which made him, too, a rebel against the sordid times in which he grew up. The son of a small Scottish border farmer, whose mother never learnt to read and write, he knew the life and understood the faith of the Calvinistic peasantry of Scotland, and when he rose to be a prophet and a lion in the fashionable world of London he never lost the Scottish peasant's piercing shrewdness of judgment nor his broad accent, nor his deep sense of human responsibility. His genius expanded, too,

like Coleridge's, under the stimulus of German thought; he was an enthusiastic student of German literature, and a fervent admirer of the great Goethe, who used to send him presents and encouragement. Out of these influences Carlyle built up a highly original point of view, in sharp contrast with the easy optimism of the Whigs, typified by Macaulay. Carlyle was a pessimist who covered with scorn the idea of progress through democracy; he disbelieved in Parliament, despised politicians and statesmen as the victims of compromise, and as he grew older came more and more to glorify strong men of action who knew their own minds and got their own way. He never lost his power of judging character and his mastery of vivid portraiture, both of men and of scenes.

His first and greatest piece of historical work was his "History of the French Revolution" which appeared in 1837 and, though full of mistakes and misconceptions, still lives by virtue of the burning life and dazzling vividness there is in it. Then Carlyle turned to the seventeenth century, to study the career of Cromwell, in whom he detected a strong man after his own heart. His "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," from which we quote later, came out in 1845, and at once created a sensation by painting Cromwell, through his own words with comments by Carlyle, as a sincerely religious man. This upset the old view of Cromwell, to be found for instance in Scott's "Woodstock," as a cunning hypocrite. Though Carlyle, naturally enough, did not bring out Cromwell's respect for Parliament and the sincerity of his desire to rule constitutionally, he gave a much truer and fuller picture of the Protector than had appeared up till his day and re-made Cromwell's historical reputation. His last great work was a huge "History of Frederick the Great."

Carlyle was a strange, cantankerous man, tormented physically by indigestion and spiritually by a contempt for his fellow men and for the enthusiasms of his day. As a historian he was prejudiced and wrong-headed, careless of details and loathing drudgery. He could be taken in by transparent forgeries, as he was by the "Squire Papers," made up for a joke by a contemporary of his own and sent to him as having been written in Cromwell's day. He saw history far too much as the record of the folly and wickedness of ordinary men and the heroic struggles of a few favourite individuals. But he made the past live by insight into character, instinctive sympathy with religious enthusiasm, and a rare power of scene-painting.]

"Past and Present" was written by Carlyle in seven weeks in 1843. The idea came to him from a visit of his to the paupers in the poor-house of St. Ives, and from reading the chronicle of

Jocelin de Brakelond, the twelfth century monk of Bury-St.-Edmunds, who wrote the history of the Abbey, between 1175 and 1202. His object was to show that under the strong rule of their Abbot the monks of Bury-St.-Edmunds were a great deal better off than the modern factory worker; he thought that modern statesmen had a great deal to learn from the methods of the mediæval abbot, and modern methodists and radicals from his religion. Our first excerpt deals with the election of a new Abbot after the death of Hugo. Twelve monks are nominated by the Prior, the second in command of the monastery, to appear with him at Waltham before King Henry II. to proceed with the election. On the suggestion of Samson, the sub-sacristan, one of the thirteen, they carry with them a sealed paper which contains the names of three candidates for the post of Abbot, chosen by six of the most venerable monks. If the King allows a free choice, the thirteen will select one of those three.

BUT now, sure enough, at Waltham 'on the second Sunday of Quadragesima,' which Dryasdust¹ declares to mean the 22d day of February, year 1182, Thirteen St. Edmundsbury monks are, at last, seen processioning towards the Winchester Manorhouse; and, in some high Presence-chamber, and Hall of State, get access to Henry II. in all his glory. What a Hall,—not imaginary in the least, but entirely real and indisputable, though so extremely dim to us; sunk in the deep distances of Night! The Winchester Manorhouse has fled bodily, like a Dream of the old Night; not Dryasdust himself can show a wreck of it. House and people, royal and episcopal, lords and varlets, where are they? Why *there*, I say, Seven Centuries off; sunk *so* far in the Night, there they *are*; peep through the blankets of the old night and thou wilt see! King Henry himself is visibly there, a vivid, noble-looking man, with grizzled beard, in glittering uncertain costume; with earls round him, and bishops and dignitaries, in the like. The Hall is large, and has for one thing an altar near it,—chapel and altar adjoining it; but what gilt seats, carved tables, carpeting of rush-cloth, what arras-hangings, and huge fire of logs:—alas, it has Human Life in it; and is not that the grand miracle, in what hangings or costume soever?—

¹ Carlyle's nickname for the laborious and pedantic student.

The *Dominus Rex*, benignantly receiving our Thirteen with their obeisance, and graciously declaring that he will strive to act for God's honour and the Church's good, commands, "by the Bishop of Winchester and Geoffrey the Chancellor,"—*Galfridus Cancellarius*, Henry's and the Fair Rosamond's¹ authentic son present here!—commands, "That they, the said Thirteen, do now withdraw, and fix upon Three from their own Monastery." A work soon done; the Three hanging ready round Samson's neck, in that leather pouch of his. Breaking the seal, we find the names,—what think *ye* of it, ye higher dignitaries, thou indolent Prior, thou Willelmus *Sacrista* with the red bottle-nose?—the names, in this order: of Samson *Subsacrista*, of Roger the distressed Cellarer, of Hugo *Tertius-Prior*.

The higher dignitaries, all omitted here, 'flush suddenly red in the face;' but have nothing to say. One curious fact and question certainly is, How Hugo Third-Prior, who was of the electoral committee, came to nominate *himself* as one of the Three? A curious fact, which Hugo Third-Prior has never yet entirely explained, that I know of! However, we return, and report to the King our Three names; merely altering the order; putting Samson last, as lowest of all. The King, at recitation of our Three, asks us: 'Who are they? Were they born in my domain? Totally unknown to me! You must nominate three others.' Whereupon Willelmus *Sacrista* says, 'Our Prior must be named, *quia caput nostrum est*, being already our head.' And the Prior responds, 'Willelmus *Sacrista* is a fit man, *bonus vir est*,'—for all his red nose. Tickle me, Toby, and I'll tickle thee! Venerable Dennis too is named; none in his conscience can say nay. There are now Six on our List. 'Well,' said the King 'they have done it swiftly, they! *Deus est cum eis*.' The Monks withdraw again; and Majesty revolves, for a little, with his *Pares* and *Episcopi*, Lords or 'Law-wards' and Soul-Overseers, the thoughts of the royal breast. The Monks wait silent in an outer room.

¹ Mother of Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, the illegitimate son of Henry II.

In short while, they are next ordered, To add yet another three ; but not from their own Convent ; from other Convents, ' for the honour of my kingdom.' Here,—what is to be done here ? We will demur, if need be ! We do name three, however, for the nonce : the Prior of St. Faith's, a good Monk of St. Neot's, a good Monk of St. Alban's ; good men all ; all made abbots and dignitaries since, at this hour. There are now Nine upon our List. What the thoughts of the Dominus Rex may be farther ? The Dominus Rex, thanking graciously, sends out word that we shall now strike off three. The three strangers are instantly struck off. Willelmus Sacrista adds, that he will of his own accord decline,—a touch of grace and respect for the *Sacrosancta*, even in Willelmus ! The King then orders us to strike off a couple more : then yet one more : Hugo Third-Prior goes, and Roger *Cellerarius*, and venerable Monk Dennis ;—and now there remain on our List two only, Samson Subsacrista and the Prior.

Which of these two ? It were hard to say,—by Monks who may get themselves foot-gyved and thrown into limbo, for speaking ! We humbly request that the Bishop of Winchester and Geoffrey the Chancellor may again enter, and help us to decide. ' Which do you want ? ' asks the Bishop. Venerable Dennis made a speech, ' commending the persons of the Prior and Samson ; but always in the corner of his discourse, *in angulo sui sermonis*, brought Samson in.' ' I see ! ' said the Bishop : ' We are to understand that your Prior is somewhat remiss ; that you want to have him you call Samson for Abbot.' ' Either of them is good,' said venerable Dennis, almost trembling ; ' but we would have the better, if it pleased God.' ' Which of the two *do* you want ? ' inquires the Bishop pointedly. ' Samson ! ' answered Dennis ; ' Samson ! ' echoed all of the rest that durst speak or echo anything : and Samson is reported to the King accordingly. His Majesty, advising of it for a moment, orders that Samson be brought in with the other Twelve.

The King's Majesty, looking at us somewhat sternly, then says : ' You present to me Samson ; I do not know him : had it been your Prior, whom I do know, I should have

accepted him : however, I will now do as you wish. But have a care of yourselves. By the true eyes of God, *per veros oculos Dei*, if you manage badly, I will be upon you ! ' Samson, therefore, steps forward, kisses the King's feet ; but swiftly rises erect again, swiftly turns towards the altar, uplifting with the other Twelve, in clear tenor-note, the Fifty-first Psalm, '*Miserere mei Deus*,'

' After thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me ; '

with firm voice, firm step and head, no change in his countenance whatever. ' By God's eyes,' said the King, ' that one, I think, will govern the Abbey well.' By the same oath (charged to your Majesty's account), I too am precisely of that opinion ! It is some while since I fell in with a likelier man anywhere than this new Abbot Samson. Long life to him, and may the Lord *have* mercy on him as Abbot !

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¹ Nay, next year, there came to the same spot four-and-twenty young men, sons of Nobles, for another passage of arms ; who, having completed the same, all rode into St. Edmundsbury to lodge for the night. Here is modesty ! Our Lord Abbot, being instructed of it, ordered the gates to be closed ; the whole party shut in. The morrow was the Vigil of the Apostles Peter and Paul ; no outgate on the morrow. Giving their promise not to depart without permission, those four-and-twenty young bloods dined all that day (*manducaverunt*) with the Lord Abbot, waiting for trial on the morrow. ' But after dinner '—mark it, posterity !—' the Lord Abbot retiring into his *Thalamus*,² they all started up, and began carolling and singing (*carolare et cantare*) ; sending into the Town for wine ; drinking, and afterwards howling (*ululantes*) ;—totally depriving the Abbot and Convent of their afternoon's nap ; doing all this in derision of the Lord Abbot, and spending in such fashion the whole day till evening, nor would they desist at the Lord Abbot's order ! Night coming on, they broke the bolts of the Town-

¹ Chap. XV.

² Private chamber.

Gates, and went off by violence!’ Was the like ever heard of? The roysterous young dogs; carolling, howling, breaking the Lord Abbot’s sleep,—after that sinful chivalry cock fight of theirs! They too are a feature of distant centuries, as of near ones. St. Edmund on the edge of your horizon, or whatever else there, young scamps, in the dandy state, whether cased in iron or in whalebone, begin to caper and carol on the green Earth! Our Lord Abbot excommunicated most of them; and they gradually came in for repentance.

Excommunication is a great recipe with our Lord Abbot; the prevailing purifier in those ages. Thus when the Townsfolk and Monks-menials quarrelled once at the Christmas Mysteries in St. Edmund’s Churchyard, and ‘from words it came to cuffs, and from cuffs to cuttings and the effusion of blood,’—our Lord Abbot excommunicates sixty of the rioters, with bell, book and candle (*accensis candelis*), at one stroke. Whereupon they all come suppliant, indeed nearly naked, ‘nothing on but their breeches, *omnino nudi praeter femoralia*, and prostrate themselves at the Church-door.’ Figure that!

In fact, by excommunication or persuasion, by impetuosity of driving or adroitness in leading, this Abbot, it is now becoming plain everywhere, is a man that generally remains master at last. He tempers his medicine to the malady, now hot, now cool; prudent though fiery, an eminently practical man. Nay sometimes in his adroit practice there are swift turns almost of a surprising nature! Once, for example, it chanced that Geoffrey Riddell Bishop of Ely, a Prelate rather troublesome to our Abbot, made a request of him for timber from his woods towards certain edifices going on at Glemsford. The Abbot, a great builder himself, disliked the request; could not however give it a negative. While he lay, therefore, at his Manorhouse of Melford not long after, there comes to him one of the Lord Bishop’s men or monks, with a message from his Lordship, ‘That he now begged permission to cut down the requisite trees in Elmswell Wood,’—so said the monk: *Elmswell*, where there are no trees but scrubs and shrubs, instead of *Elmset*, our true *nemus*, and high-towering oak-wood, here

on Melford Manor ! Elmswell ? The Lord Abbot, in surprise, inquires privily of Richard his Forester ; Richard answers that my Lord of Ely has already had his *carpentarii* in Elmset, and marked out for his own use all the best trees in the compass of it. Abbot Samson thereupon answers the Monk : ‘ Elmswell ? Yes surely, be it as my Lord Bishop wishes.’ The successful monk, on the morrow morning, hastens home to Ely ; but, on the morrow morning, ‘ directly after mass,’ Abbot Samson too was busy ! The successful monk, arriving at Ely, is rated for a goose and an owl ; is ordered back to say that Elmset was the place meant. Alas, on arriving at Elmset, he finds the Bishop’s trees, they ‘ and a hundred more,’ all felled and piled, and the stamp of St. Edmund’s Monastery burnt into them,—for roofing of the great tower we are building there ! Your importunate Bishop must seek wood for Glemsford edifices in some other *nemus* than this. A practical Abbot !

We said withal there was a terrible flash of anger in him : witness his address to old Herbert the Dean, who in a too thrifty manner has erected a windmill for himself on his glebe-lands at Haberdon. On the morrow, after mass, our Lord Abbot orders the Cellerarius to send off his carpenters to demolish the said structure *brevi manu*, and lay up the wood in safe keeping. Old Dean Herbert, hearing what was toward, comes tottering along hither, to plead humbly for himself and his mill. The Abbot answers : ‘ I am obliged to thee as if thou hadst cut off both my feet ! By God’s face, *per os Dei*, I will not eat bread till that fabric be torn in pieces. Thou art an old man, and shouldst have known that neither the King nor his Justiciary dare change aught within the Liberties without consent of Abbot and Convent : and thou hast presumed on such a thing ? I tell thee, it will *not* be without damage to my mills ; for the Townsfolk will go to thy mill, and grind their corn (*bladum suum*) at their own good pleasure ; nor can I hinder them, since they are free men. I will allow no new mills on such principle. Away, away ; before thou gettest home again, thou shalt see what thy mill has grown to !’ The very reverend the old Dean

totters home again, in all haste ; tears the mill in pieces by his own *carpentarii*, to save at least the timber ; and Abbot Samson's workmen, coming up, find the ground already clear of it.

Easy to bully down poor old rural Deans, and blow their windmills away : but who is the man that dare abide King Richard's anger ; cross the Lion in his path, and take him by the whiskers ! Abbot Samson too ; he is that man, with justice on his side. The case was this. Adam de Cokefield, one of the chief feudatories of St. Edmund, and a principal man in the Eastern Counties, died, leaving large possessions, and for heiress a daughter of three months ; who by clear law, as all men know, became thus Abbot Samson's ward ; whom accordingly he proceeded to dispose of to such person as seemed fittest. But now King Richard has another person in view, to whom the little ward and her great possessions were a suitable thing. He, by letter, requests that Abbot Samson will have the goodness to give her to this person. Abbot Samson, with deep humility, replies that she is already given. New letters from Richard, of severer tenor ; answered with new deep humilities, with gifts and entreaties, with no promise of obedience. King Richard's ire is kindled ; messengers arrive at St. Edmundsbury, with emphatic message to obey or tremble ! Abbot Samson, wisely silent as to the King's threats, makes answer : ' The King can send if he will, and seize the ward : force and power he has to do his pleasure, and abolish the whole Abbey. But I, for my part, never can be bent to wish this that he seeks, nor shall it by me be ever done. For there is danger lest such things be made a precedent of, to the prejudice of my successors. *Videat Altissimus*, Let the Most High look upon it. Whatsoever thing shall befall I will patiently endure.'

Such was Abbot Samson's deliberate decision. Why not ? Cœur-de-Lion is very dreadful, but not the dreadfullest. *Videat Altissimus*. I reverence Cœur-de-Lion to the marrow of my bones, and will in all right things be *homo suus* ; but it is not, properly speaking, with terror, with any fear at all. On the whole, have I not looked on the face of ' Satan with

outspread wings'; steadily into Hellfire these seven-and-forty years; and was not melted into terror even at that, such the Lord's goodness to me? Cœur-de-Lion!

Richard swore tornado oaths, worse than our armies in Flanders, To be revenged on that proud Priest. But in the end he discovered that the Priest was right; and forgave him, and even loved him. 'King Richard wrote, soon after, to Abbot Samson, That he wanted one or two of the St. Edmundsbury dogs, which he heard were good.' Abbot Samson sent him dogs of the best; Richard replied by the present of a ring, which Pope Innocent the Third had given him. Thou brave Richard, thou brave Samson! Richard, too, I suppose, 'loved a man,' and knew one when he saw him.

No one will accuse our Lord Abbot of wanting worldly wisdom, due interest in worldly things. A skilful man; full of cunning insight, lively interests; always discerning the road to his object, be it circuit, be it short-cut, and victoriously travelling forward thereon. Nay rather it might seem, from Jocelin's Narrative, as if he had his eye all but exclusively directed on terrestrial matters, and was much too secular for a devout man. But this too, if we examine it, was right. For it is *in* the world that a man, devout or other, has his life to lead, his work waiting to be done. The basis of Abbot Samson's, we shall discover, was truly religion, after all. Returning from his dusty pilgrimage, with such welcome as we saw, 'he sat down at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine.' Not a talking theory that; no, a silent practice: Thou, St. Edmund, with what lies in thee, thou now must help me, or none will!

12. BECKET

From *L'Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands*, by AUGUSTIN THIERRY, Vol. III.

[AUGUSTIN THIERRY (1795-1856).—Fortunately for us, French historians have given much attention from time to

time to English history. Here is an excerpt from the great work of Augustin Thierry, who takes us back to a time before the Oxford School began, when the splendid traditions of the French School were being founded in Paris. Thierry was born in the same year as Ranke, his greater German rival; as we shall see, he is himself a sharp contrast to that patient, level-headed and profound student and observer. Thierry was an enthusiast, a romantic, who when he first read Chateaubriand's "Martyrs" leapt to his feet and marched up and down the room shouting "Pharamond, Pharamond,¹ nous avons combattu avec l'épée!" He dates from this moment his devotion to history, though he did not begin systematic study till ten years later. By then he had fallen under the spell of Sir Walter Scott, who strengthened and deepened his passion for the past. But unlike Scott, he was also an enthusiast for the ideas of the French Revolution in the midst of which he had been born; fanatically he believed in liberty and hated oppression. So, when he took up English history, he saw, as Freeman was to do later, in the defeat of the Anglo-Saxons by the Normans a victory for the forces of reaction and the beginning of the tyranny over a once free people of an alien race. Fascinated by this theory, he twisted his sources to prove it, and, as we shall see in the following excerpt, made even Thomas à Becket the champion of the down-trodden English against their foreign rulers. He was wrong, of course, but so great a master of style can touch nothing that he does not adorn; he was a born artist in words, and his noble enthusiasm and glowing imagination roused, all over the civilised world, a new interest in our country's history. Like Ranke, but much earlier in life (in 1826), he lost his sight. He was soon also paralysed, and all his later work was produced under great difficulties, lightened by the devoted service of his wife, whom, however, he lost twelve years before his death. With Michelet and Guizot, both of whom we shall meet later, he is one of a great trio of French historians, and his work, small as it necessarily was in bulk, has a romantic charm and candour which neither of the others achieved.]

DANS les divers entretiens qu'ils avaient eus ensemble, le jour de la réconciliation, Henry II. avait promis d'aller à Rouen, à la rencontre du primat, de l'y défrayer de toutes les dettes qu'il avait contractées dans l'exil, et de l'accompagner ensuite en Angleterre, ou, tout au moins, de le faire accompagner par l'archevêque de Rouen. Mais, à

¹ The legendary King of France who appears in the Arthurian legend.

son arrivée à Rouen, Becket ne trouva ni le roi, ni l'argent promis, ni aucun ordre de l'accompagner transmis à l'archevêque. Il emprunta trois cents livres, et, au moyen de cette somme, se mit en route vers la côte voisine de Boulogne. On était alors au mois de novembre, dans la saison des mauvais temps de mer ; le primat et ses compagnons furent contraints d'attendre quelques jours au port de Wissant, près de Calais. Une fois qu'ils se promenaient sur le rivage, ils virent un homme accourir vers eux, et le prirent d'abord pour le patron de leur vaisseau, venant les avertir de se préparer au passage ; mais cet homme leur dit qu'il était clerc et doyen de l'église de Boulogne, et que le comte, son seigneur, l'envoyait les prévenir de ne point s'embarquer, parce que des troupes de gens armés se tenaient en observation sur la côte d'Angleterre, pour saisir ou tuer l'archevêque. " Mon fils, répondit Thomas au messenger, quand j'aurais la certitude d'être démembré et coupé en morceaux sur l'autre bord, je ne m'arrêtera point dans ma route. C'est assez de sept ans d'absence pour le pasteur et pour le troupeau." Les voyageurs s'embarquèrent ; mais pour tirer quelque profit de l'avertissement qu'ils venaient de recevoir, ils évitèrent d'entrer dans un port fréquenté, et prirent terre dans la baie de Sandwich, au lieu qui offrait le moins de distance de la mer à Canterbury.

Malgré leurs précautions, le bruit courut que l'archevêque avait débarqué près de Sandwich. Aussitôt le Normand Gervais, vicomte de Kent, se mit en marche vers cette ville avec tous ses hommes d'armes, accompagné de Renouf de Broc et de Regnauld de Garenne, deux seigneurs puissans, et les plus mortels ennemis de Becket. Ce qu'il y a de remarquable, c'est qu'à la même nouvelle, les bourgeois de Douvres, hommes de race anglaise, prirent les armes de leur côté pour secourir l'archevêque, et que ceux de Sandwich s'armèrent aussi quand ils virent approcher les cavaliers normands. " S'il a eu l'effronterie d'aborder, disait le vicomte Gervais, je lui coupe la tête de ma propre main." L'ardeur des Normands fut un peu ralentie par l'attitude du peuple ; ils s'avancèrent cependant l'épée nue, et Jean, doyen

d'Oxford, qui accompagnait le primat, courut au-devant d'eux en criant : " Que faites-vous ? Remettez vos épées, voulez-vous que le roi passe pour un traître ? " La multitude s'amassant, les Normands remirent l'épée au fourreau, se contentèrent de visiter les coffres de l'archevêque pour y chercher des brefs du pape, et retournèrent à leurs châteaux.

Sur toute la route de Sandwich à Canterbury, les paysans, les ouvriers et les marchands vinrent audevant de l'archevêque, le saluant, criant et s'attroupant en grand nombre ; mas pas un riche, pas un personnage honoré, pas un homme de race normande, ne félicitait l'exilé sur son retour : au contraire, ils s'éloignaient des lieux de son passage, se renfermaient dans leurs maisons fortes, et faisaient courir d'un château à l'autre le bruit que Thomas Becket déchaînait les serfs des champs et les tributaires des villes, et qu'il les promenait à sa suite ivres de joie et de frénésie. De sa ville métropolitaine, le primat se rendit à Londres pour saluer le fils de Henry II. Toute la bourgeoisie de la grande cité descendit dans les rues à son passage ; mais un messenger royal vint lui barrer le chemin, au nom du jeune roi, et lui signifier l'ordre formel de retourner à Canterbury, avec défense d'en sortir. Dans ce moment, un bourgeois de Londres, enrichi par son commerce, malgré les exactions des Normands, s'avancait vers Becket, pour lui tendre la main : " Et vous aussi, lui dit le messenger, vous allez à l'ennemi du roi ? "

L'archevêque reçut avec dédain l'injonction de retourner sur ses pas, et dit qu'il ne repartirait point, s'il n'était d'ailleurs rappelé à son église par une grande solennité prochaine. En effet le temps de Noël approchait ; Thomas revint à Canterbury, entouré de pauvres gens qui, à leur propre péril, s'armèrent d'écus et de lances rouillées et l'escortèrent. Ils furent plusieurs fois insultés par des hommes qui semblaient chercher l'occasion d'engager une querelle, afin de fournir aux soldats royaux un prétexte pour intervenir et tuer l'archevêque sans scandale au milieu du tumulte. Mais les Anglais essayèrent toutes ces provocations avec un sang-froid imperturbable. L'ordre signifié

au primat de se renfermer dans l'enceinte des dépendances de son église fut publié à son de cor dans les villes, comme édit de l'autorité publique ; d'autres édits déclarèrent ennemi du roi et du royaume quiconque lui ferait bon visage ; et un grand nombre de citoyens de Londres furent cités devant les juges normands pour répondre sur la charge de trahison envers le roi, à cause de l'accueil fait à l'archevêque dans leur ville. Toutes ces manœuvres des gens en pouvoir firent pressentir à Thomas que sa fin était proche ; et il écrivit au pape pour lui demander de faire dire, à son intention, les prières des agonisants. Il monta en chaire, et, devant le peuple assemblé dans la grande église de Canterbury, prononça un sermon sur ce texte : " Je suis venu vers vous pour mourir au milieu de vous."

Il faut dire que la cour de Rome, suivant sa politique constante de ne jamais laisser complètement s'éteindre les querelles où elle pouvait intervenir, après avoir envoyé à l'archevêque l'ordre d'absoudre les prélats qui avaient sacré le fils du roi,¹ lui avait donné de nouveau la permission d'excommunier le prélat d'York et de suspendre tous les autres. C'était Henry II. qui cette fois était joué par le pape ; car il ignorait entièrement qu'à son départ pour l'Angleterre Thomas fût muni de pareilles lettres. Ce dernier s'était d'abord proposé de les employer comme un simple moyen comminatoire pour contraindre ses ennemis à capituler. Mais la crainte qu'on ne saisisse ces papiers à son débarquement le décida plus tard à les faire partir avant lui ; et ainsi la lettre du pape et les nouvelles sentences d'excommunication devinrent trop tôt publiques : le ressentiment des évêques, frappés comme à l'improviste, s'irrita au-delà de toute mesure. Celui d'York et plusieurs autres, se hâtant de passer le détroit, allèrent trouver Henry II. en Normandie, et se présentant devant lui : " Nous vous implorons, lui dirent-ils, pour la royauté et pour le sacerdoce ; vos évêques d'Angleterre sont excommuniés parce qu'ils ont, d'après

¹ The young Prince Henry was crowned in Becket's absence by Roger of York and other bishops, in spite of Pope Alexander III.'s prohibition, in 1170.

vos ordres, couronné le jeune roi votre fils.—Si cela est, répondit le roi avec un ton qui marquait la surprise, si tous ceux qui ont consenti au sacre de mon fils sont excommuniés, par les yeux de Dieu je le suis aussi.—Sire, ce n'est pas tout, reprirent les évêques, l'homme qui vous a fait cette injure va mettre le royaume en feu ; il marche avec des troupes de cavaliers et de piétons armés, devant et derrière lui, rôdant autour des forteresses et cherchant à se les faire ouvrir.”

En entendant cette relation exagérée, le roi fut saisi d'un de ces accès de colère frénétique auxquels il était sujet : “ Quoi ! s'écria-t-il, un misérable qui a mangé mon pain, un mendiant qui est venu à ma cour sur un cheval boiteux, et portant tout son bien derrière lui, insulte son roi, la famille royale et tout le royaume, et pas un de ces lâches chevaliers, que je nourris à ma table, n'ira me délivrer d'un prêtre qui me fait injure ! ” Ces paroles ne sortirent point en vain de la bouche du roi, et quatre chevaliers du palais, Richard le Breton, Hugues de Morville, Guillaume de Traci, et Regnault, fils d'Ours, qui les entendirent se conjurant ensemble à la vie et à la mort, partirent subitement pour l'Angleterre le jour de Noël. On ne s'aperçut point de leur absence, la cause n'en fut nullement soupçonnée, et même, pendant qu'ils galopaient en toute hâte vers la mer, le conseil des barons de Normandie, assemblé par le roi, nomma trois commissaires chargés d'aller saisir légalement et emprisonner Thomas Becket comme prévenu de haute trahison ; mais les conjurés, qui avaient le devant, ne laissèrent rien à faire aux commissaires royaux.

Cinq jours après la fête de Noël, les quatre Normands arrivèrent à Canterbury. Cette ville était alors en rumeur, pour de nouvelles excommunications que venait de prononcer l'archevêque contre des hommes qui l'avaient insulté, et notamment contre Renouf de Broc, qui s'était diverti à mutiler un de ses chevaux en lui coupant la queue. Les quatre chevaliers entrèrent à Canterbury avec une troupe de gens d'armes qu'ils avaient rassemblés dans les châteaux sur leur route. Ils requièrent d'abord l'officier municipal de la ville, que les Normands appelaient le *maire*, et qui peut-être

était alors un homme de race anglaise,¹ de faire marcher les citoyens en armes pour le service du roi à la maison de l'archevêque ; le maire refusa, et les Normands lui enjoignirent de prendre au moins ses mesures pour que, de tout le jour, aucun bourgeois ne remuât, quoi qu'il pût arriver. Ensuite les quatre conjurés, avec douze de leurs amis, se rendirent à la maison et à l'appartement du primat.

Thomas Becket venait d'achever son dîner et ses serviteurs étaient encore à table ; il salua les Normands à leur entrée, et demanda le sujet de leur visite. Ceux-ci ne lui firent aucune réponse intelligible, s'assirent, et le regardèrent fixement pendant quelques minutes. Regnault, fils d'Ours, prit ensuite la parole : " Nous venons, dit-il, de la part du roi, pour que les excommuniés soient absous, que les évêques suspendus soient rétablis, et que vous-même rendiez raison de vos desseins contre le roi." " Ce n'est pas moi, répondit Thomas, c'est le souverain pontife lui-même qui a excommunié l'archevêque d'York, et qui seul, par conséquent, à droit de l'absoudre. Quant aux autres, je les rétablirai, s'ils veulent me faire leur soumission.—Mais de qui donc, demanda Regnault, tenez-vous votre archevêché, est-ce du roi ou du pape ?—J'en tiens les droits spirituels de Dieu et du pape, et les droits temporels du roi.—Quoi, ce n'est pas le roi qui vous a tout donné ?—Nullement, répondit Becket." Les Normands murmurèrent à cette réponse, traitèrent la distinction d'argutie, et firent des mouvemens d'impatience, s'agitant sur leurs sièges, et tordant leurs gants qu'ils tenaient à la main. " Vous me menacez, à ce que je crois, dit le primat ; mais c'est inutilement : quand toutes les épées de l'Angleterre seraient tirées contre ma tête, vous ne gagneriez rien sur moi.—Aussi ferons-nous mieux que menacer," repliqua le fils d'Ours, se levant tout à coup ; et les autres le suivirent vers la porte, en criant aux armes !

La porte de l'appartement fut fermée aussitôt derrière eux ; Regnault s'arma dans l'avant-cour, et prenant une hache des mains d'un charpentier qui travaillait, il frappa contre la porte pour l'ouvrir ou la briser. Les gens de la

¹ Notice this conjecture of Thierry's.

maison, entendant les coups de hache, supplièrent le primat de se réfugier dans l'église, qui communiquait à son appartement par un cloître ou une galerie ; il ne le voulut point, et on allait l'y entraîner de force, quand un des assistans fit remarquer que l'heure de vêpres avait sonné. " Puisque c'est l'heure de mon devoir, j'irai à l'église," dit l'archevêque ; et faisant porter sa croix devant lui, il traversa le cloître à pas lents, puis marcha vers le grand autel, séparé de la nef par une grille de fer entr'ouverte. A peine il avait le pied sur les marches de l'autel, que Regnault, fils d'Ours, parut à l'autre bout de l'église, revêtu de sa cotte de mailles, tenant à la main sa large épée à deux tranchans, et criant : " A moi, à moi, loyaux servans du roi !" Les autres conjurés le suivirent de près, armés comme lui de la tête aux pieds, et brandissant leurs épées. Les gens qui étaient avec le primat voulurent alors fermer la grille du chœur ; lui-même le leur défendit, et quitta l'autel pour les en empêcher ; ils le supplièrent avec de grandes instances de se mettre en sûreté dans l'église souterraine, ou de monter l'escalier par lequel, à travers beaucoup de détours, on parvenait au faite de l'édifice. Ces deux conseils furent repoussés aussi positivement que les premiers. Pendant ce temps, les hommes armés s'avançaient ; une voix cria : " Où est le traître ? " —Personne ne répondit.—" Où est l'archevêque ? "—" Le voici, répondit Becket, mais il n'y a pas de traître ici ; que venez-vous faire dans la maison de Dieu avec un pareil vêtement, quel est votre dessein ? "—" Que tu meures."—" Je m'y résigne ; vous ne me verrez point fuir devant vos épées ; mais, au nom de Dieu tout-puissant, je vous défends de toucher à aucun de mes compagnons, clerc ou laïc, grand ou petit." Dans ce moment il reçut par derrière un coup de plat d'épée entre les épaules, et celui qui le lui porta lui dit : " Fuis, ou tu es mort." Il ne fit pas un mouvement ; les hommes d'armes entreprirent de le tirer hors de l'église, se faisant scrupule de l'y tuer. Il se débattit contre eux, et déclara fermement qu'il ne sortirait point, et les contraindrait à exécuter sur la place leurs intentions ou leurs ordres.

Durant cette lutte, les clercs qui accompagnaient le primat s'enfuirent et l'abandonnèrent tous, à l'exception d'un seul, c'était le porte-croix Edward Grim, le même qui avait parlé avec tant de hardiesse après la conférence de Clarendon.¹ Les conjurés le voyant sans armes d'aucune espèce, firent peu d'attention à lui, et l'un d'entre eux, Guillaume de Traci, leva son épée pour frapper l'archevêque à la tête ; mais le fidèle et courageux Saxon étendit aussitôt son bras droit, afin de parer le coup ; il eut le bras presque emporté ; et Thomas ne reçut qu'une légère blessure : "Frappez, frappez, vous autres," dit le Normand à ses compagnons ; et un second coup, porté à la tête, renversa l'archevêque la face contre terre ; un troisième lui fendit le crâne, et fut asséné avec une telle violence, que l'épée se brisa sur le pavé. Un homme d'armes, appelé Guillaume Mautrait, poussa du pied le cadavre immobile en disant : "Qu'ainsi meure le traître qui a troublé le royaume et fait insurger les Anglais."

13. THE COMMON FIELDS OF CAMBRIDGE

From *Township and Borough*, by F. W. MAITLAND, Lecture I.

[FREDERIC WILLIAM MAITLAND (1850-1906).—Maitland is the first Cambridge historian to come under our notice. A follower and pupil of Stubbs, he had himself a brilliant blend of the qualities of his master and his master's contemporary, Green. A lawyer, who did not return to Cambridge till he was thirty-five, he had more than Stubbs' legal knowledge, and an acumen and sharpness of mind which Stubbs lacked. Like Green, he had learnt in the unacademic world a sympathy for and an insight into the minds of common men, and also a love of human detail which gave him all Green's vividness of touch in dealing with the past. No one could make the dry bones of obsolete law live with the same ingenious fertility of ideas or the same deft and witty handling of facts. Like Green and so many of the brightest minds of the nineteenth century, he was a man of weak health who died before his time, at fifty-six, but he left behind him a splendid monument of learning, which lit up like a lighthouse the desolate ocean of early constitutional law. "Domesday Book and Beyond,"

¹ In 1164, when the Constitutions of Clarendon were brought forward.

in 1896, followed close on the "History of English Law" up to Edward I., written in collaboration with Sir F. Pollock. Together these books made a revolution in the knowledge of Anglo-Saxon institutions. They upset the theories which saw in the Anglo-Saxon village the direct descendant of the Roman villa. They showed that a really sympathetic student could make the most crabbed and obscure legal documents give sidelight after sidelight on the working of primitive minds and the manners and customs of our semi-savage ancestors. The mind of the Anglo-Saxon, like that of the African savage is, Maitland always said, not simple, but complicated—a maze of quaint superstitions mixed with queer gleams of shrewd commonsense; he was fascinated himself and could fascinate others in exploring its working.

Next came the book from which we quote. These were lectures delivered before an Oxford audience (full of quips and jests on the old theme of inter-University rivalry); and designed to show that the old English town was not simply, as had been stated, a development of the fortified stronghold or burh, but had, like the village, a very complicated origin. The passage we quote is part of an argument to show that some towns, and in some degree all towns, were really overgrown villages in which the old open fields still, until long after the close of the Middle Ages, played a great part.

Before he died Maitland had time for much more work, all highly finished and scholarly, lit up by flashes of wit and epigram and wonderfully thorough; he turned aside from the Middle Ages once to study the early years of Elizabeth and perhaps the best way of getting an idea of his style is to read his chapter on "The Scottish Reformation and the Elizabethan Church Settlement," from which we quote later. He was sometimes over-ingenious, and many of his theories have since been modified; his style is sometimes tiresome and made wilfully obscure from excess of cleverness and compression; his readers, it is said, find it tiring to read by the light of a succession of electric sparks, and it almost seems a pity that a man of such range and width of sympathy should have devoted so much attention to Anglo-Saxon and Norman antiquities, a narrow field after all. But Maitland had the touch of a real master, and his death was a terrible loss to the science and the art of history.]

WILL you think me ill bred if I talk of the town in which I live? What else have you left me to talk of? What fields has not Oxford made her own?

But Cambridge had fields. I am not telling you that outside what we should call the town of Cambridge, that is,

the house-covered space, there were pieces of land which we should call fields and that some of these lay within the boundary of the municipal and parliamentary borough of Cambridge. I am using the words in their medieval sense. Cambridge had fields (*campos*) as the neighbouring villages had fields: vast, hedgeless, fenceless tracts of arable land, in which the strips of divers owners lay interspersed 'hide-meal and acre-meal.'¹ Cambridge had fields which were 'open and commonable'; fields such as are depicted on those beautiful maps that Mr. Mowat published. Cambridge had fields as Lower Heyford had fields.

David Loggan the engraver drew pictures of Oxford and of Cambridge also. In his general views of Cambridge we see in the background the houses, the colleges and churches, the castle-mound and the remains of the dismantled castle: in the foreground lies the open field, and I do not know that better pictures of an open field were ever drawn.

Celebrated thus by art, our Cambridge field has been celebrated by poetry also, at least if that excellent individualist Thomas Tusser² was a poet. In the Cambridge field, if we borrow his eyes, we may see at their worst the evils of the old champion (or, as we say, champain) husbandry: the husbandry, that is, of open and commonable *campi*.

" By Cambridge, a town I do know,
Where many good husbands do dwell,
Where losses by lossels³ do shew
More here than is needfull to tell.

.
The champion robbeth by night,
And prowleth and filcheth by day,
Himself and his beast out of sight
Both spoileth and maketh away
Not only thy grass but thy corn
Both after and ere it be shorn."

Art and poetry left something for modern science. When Mr. Seebohm⁴ was restoring the open field of the English Village

¹ The hide was probably 120 acres, hide-meal = by the hide (*cf.* piecemeal).

² 1524 ?-1580; an agricultural writer in verse.

³ Lossels = idlers.

⁴ See p. 85.

Community, it was I believe a terrier¹ of this Cambridge field that taught him to teach us what butts and gores were like.

Besides fields, Cambridge had meadows or leys which during a part of every year were commonable. 'Also it had pasture-land which was never inclosed or enjoyed in severalty, 'the green commons of the town'; for the more part they are green and open still. But further, so late as the reign of James I., Cambridge, its fields and its green commons, can upon occasion be treated as an agrarian whole. In 1624 the Vice-Chancellor of the University and the Mayor of the Borough issued an ordinance touching the commons of the town. Every occupier of an ancient tenement having of old time broad gates may turn out two head of cattle. Every occupier of other tenements and cottages may turn out one. Every person having six score acres of land in Cambridge field may turn out six, and so in proportion for any greater or less quantity of land.

Observe what this reverend Vice-Chancellor and this worshipful Mayor are doing. They seem to be legislating for an agrarian commonwealth. They are decreeing that the pasture of the town must still subserve the arable of the town. And what is the unit of arable that gives the normal share of pasture-right? It is six score acres, a long hundred of acres, a hide.

Thus through the crust of academic learning, through the crust of trade and craft, of municipality and urbanity, the rustic basis of Cambridge is displayed. These hereditary enemies, these representatives of Town and Gown, have for once laid their heads together in order that they may stint² the common of a community that ploughs.

A curious community it had become. The principal shareholders in the arable were not 'natural persons,' but chartered corporations. There are various Cambridge colleges, and this is what brings the Vice-Chancellor into the business. There is Jesus College which represents the Nuns of St. Radegund; there is St. John's College which represents

¹ Terrier is a register of landed property. Butts and gores are technical names for portions of an open field.

² Stint = apportion.

an ancient Hospital; there is the College of Corpus Christi which ever since its foundation has owned many strips; there is Caius College with a title derived from the Mortimers of Attleburgh. Then there is Merton College, which was endowed by its founder, by Walter of Merton himself, with strips that he had purchased, for reasons that I dare not guess,¹ in the open and commonable fields of Cambridge. The Vice-Chancellor and the Mayor are agreeing in 1624 that he who occupies a hide of such strips may keep six horses or bullocks on the commons of the town. They are also ordaining that every occupier of an ancient tenement in Cambridge 'having of old time broad gates,' that is, gates receptive of cattle, may turn out two beasts.

It is a curious case because the strip-owners are for the more part colleges. But does not its curiosity end here? In other words, is it not right and proper that a borough should have fields, arable fields, 'open and commonable fields?' I speak not of the smaller or of the newer boroughs, of the enfranchised manors. I speak of the great, old boroughs, those shire-boroughs, those *civitates*, which already in Domesday Book are sharply separated from the ordinary villages. I see that when Henry VIII. sold the spoils of Godstow and Rewley to Dr. George Owen, the conveyance spoke of arable land in Oxfordfield.

Might we not aim yet higher? In the twelfth century when William FitzStephen² sings the praises of London, he does not say that somewhere near it lie fertile arable fields; he says that the arable fields of the town of London are fertile.

14. THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

From *A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation*, by ANDREW LANG, Vol. I., Chapter VIII.

[ANDREW LANG—(1844–1912).—Andrew Lang was educated at Edinburgh Academy, St. Andrew's University and Balliol College, Oxford: he became, like Creighton, a fellow of Merton,

¹ As he founded his College at Oxford.

² D. 1191, a champion of Becket, who wrote a life of his master with a description of London prefixed.

and when he left Oxford soon came to the front as a poet and a man of letters of rare wit, quickness of mind, breadth of interests, and charm. His enthusiasms included folklore, anthropology and the study of primitive religion, legends, fairy tales, ballads, literary criticism, translations from the Greek, mystery novels, as well as history and biography ; in everything he wrote there is the aroma of delicate literary skill and the play of a keen and restless mind. Perhaps he loved best of all the Border country of his hero, Sir Walter Scott, of whom he could scarcely write without tears. As he sang himself, it is there that :

The mist of memory broods and floats,
The border waters flow ;
The air is full of ballad notes
Borne out of long ago.

His four volume "History of Scotland" began to appear in 1900, and was the fruit of twelve years of hard work : it is full of noble passages and splendid scenes and of minute and scholarly care, though it lacks proportion and does not hang well together as a whole. For Lang, with all his literary skill, was at his best in detached studies, and, like the best writers of short stories, lacked the power of carrying through at the same level a long connected work. He loved historical controversy and the investigation of mysteries and problems, and in "Pickle the Spy," "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," "John Knox and the Scottish Reformation," and several other such works, he took up disputed points and obscure events and turned on to them the light of scholarly method and shrewd judgment. As we shall see later, his sympathies were with the Cavaliers, he regarded Knox as a coward and a bigot, fought hard for the innocence of Mary Stuart, though he had in the end to admit her guilt, and stood up for the Old Pretender. He has been compared as a litterateur to Voltaire, and in his work, as in that of his countryman and contemporary, F. W. Maitland, there is an eager brilliance rarely found among Englishmen.]

AFTER this double success in the Quatre Bras of the Scottish Waterloo,¹ Bruce, according to Barbour,² offered to his men their choice of withdrawal or of standing it out. The great general might well be of doubtful mind—was to-morrow to bring a second and more fatal Falkirk?

¹ *I.e.*, the two preliminary skirmishes in which, like Wellington before Waterloo, Bruce held up the English advance on Stirling.

² 1316 ?-1395 ; the Scottish poet, who sang the glories of the War of Independence in his "Bruce."

The army of Scotland was protected, as Wallace's army at Falkirk had been, by difficult ground. But the English archers might again rain their blinding showers of shafts into the broad mark offered by the clumps of spears, and again the English knights might break through the shaken ranks. Bruce had but a few squadrons of horse—could they be trusted to scatter the bowmen of the English forests, and to escape a flank charge from the far heavier cavalry of Edward? On the whole, was not the old strategy best, the strategy of retreat? So Bruce may have pondered. He had brought his men to the ring, and they voted for dancing. Meanwhile the English rested on a marshy plain "outré Bannockburn" in sore discomfiture, says Gray.¹ He must mean *south* of Bannockburn, taking the point of view of his father, at that hour a captive in Bruce's camp. He tells us that the Scots meant to retire "into the Lennox, a right strong country" (this confirms, in a way, Barbour's tale of Bruce suggesting retreat), when Sir Alexander Seton, deserting Edward's camp, advised Bruce of the English lack of spirit, and bade him face the foe next day. To retire, indeed, was Bruce's, as it had been Wallace's, natural policy. The English would soon be distressed for want of supplies; on the other hand, they had clearly made no arrangements for an orderly retreat, if they lost the day: with Bruce this was a motive for fighting them. The advice of Seton prevailed: the Scots would stand their ground.

The sun of Midsummer Day rose on the rite of the Mass done in front of the Scottish lines. Men breakfasted, and Bruce knighted Douglas,² the Steward,³ and others of his nobles. The host then moved out of the wood, and the standards rose above the spears of the schiltrons.⁴ Edward Bruce⁵ held the right wing; Randolph the centre; the

¹ Author of the "Scala Chronica"; died about 1369.

² D. 1330; afterwards carried Bruce's heart on pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

³ James the Steward (so called because he held the hereditary office of High Steward of Scotland), was descended from the Fitz Alan family and an ancestor of the Stuart sovereign.

⁴ *I.e.* troops formed into a close compact body drawn up in battle array.

⁵ Bruce's younger brother (d. 1318), King of Ireland.

⁶ D. 1332; Regent of Scotland on Bruce's death; first Earl of Moray.

left, under Douglas and the Steward, rested on St. Ninian's. Bruce, as he had arranged, was in reserve with Carrick and the Isles.¹ "Will these men fight?" asked Edward, and Sir Ingram assured him that such was their intent. He advised that the English should make a feigned retreat, when the Scots would certainly break their ranks—

"Then prick we on them hardily."

Edward rejected this old ruse, which probably would not have beguiled the Scottish leader. The Scots then knelt for a moment of prayer, as the Abbot of Inchafray bore the crucifix along the line; but they did not kneel to Edward. His van, under Gloucester,² fell on Edward Bruce's division, where there was hand-to-hand fighting, broken lances, dying chargers, the rear ranks of Gloucester pressing vainly on the front ranks, unable to deploy for the straitness of the ground. Meanwhile, Randolph's men moved forward slowly, with extended spears, "as they were plunged in the sea" of charging knights. Douglas and the Steward were also engaged, and the "hideous shower" of arrows was ever raining from the bows of England. This must have been the crisis of the fight, according to Barbour, and Bruce bade Keith³ with his five hundred horse charge the English archers on the flank. The bowmen do not seem to have been defended by pikes; they fell beneath the lances of the Marischal, as the archers of Ettrick had fallen at Falkirk. The Scottish archers now took heart, and loosed into the crowded and reeling ranks of England, while the flying bowmen of the South clashed against and confused the English charge. Then Scottish archers took to their steel sperthes⁴ (who ever loved to come to hand strokes), and hewed into the mass of the English, so that the field, whither Bruce brought up his reserves to support Edward Bruce on the right, was a mass of wild confused fighting. In this

¹ *I.e.* with the men of Carrick, Bruce's own district, of the Isles of the West and North of Scotland. For "Sir Ingram" *v.* note on p. 61.

² Gilbert de Clare (1291-1314), son of Edward I.'s daughter Joan and of the Earl of Gloucester, who helped to beat De Montfort at Evesham.

³ D. 1346; Grand Marischal of Scotland.

⁴ Battle-axes.

mellay the great body of the English army could deal no stroke, swaying helplessly as Southern knights or Northern spears won some feet of ground. So, in the space between Halbert's Bog and the burn, the mellay rang and wavered, the long spears of the Scottish ranks unbroken, and pushing forwards, the ground before them so covered with fallen men and horses that the English advance was clogged and crushed between the resistance in front and the pressure behind.

"God will have a stroke in every fight," says the romance of Malory. While discipline was lost, and England was trusting to sheer weight and "who will pound longest," a fresh force, banners displayed, was seen rushing down the Gillies' Hill, beyond the Scottish right. The English could deem no less than that this multitude were tardy levies from beyond the Spey,¹ above all when the slogans rang out from the fresh advancing host. It was a body of yeomen, shepherds, and camp-followers, who could no longer remain and gaze when fighting and plunder were in sight. With blankets fastened to cut saplings for banner-poles, they ran down to the conflict. The king saw them, and well knew that the moment had come: he pealed his ensenye (called his battle-cry); faint hearts of England failed; men turned, trampling through the hardy warriors who still stood and died; the knights who rode at Edward's rein strove to draw him towards the castle of Stirling. But now the foremost knights of Edward Bruce's division, charging on foot, had fought their way to the English king, and laid hands on the rich trappings of his horse. Edward cleared his way with strokes of his mace, his horse was stabbed, but a fresh mount was found for him. Even Sir Giles de Argentine, the third best knight on ground, bade Edward fly to Stirling Castle. "For me, I am not of custom to fly," he said, "nor shall I do so now. God keep you!" Thereon he spurred into the press, crying "Argentine!" and died among the spears. None held their ground for England. The burn was choked with fallen men and horses, so that folk might pass dry-shod over it. The country-people fell on and slew. If Bruce had possessed more

¹ *I.e.*, from the far north beyond Perthshire.

cavalry, not an Englishman would have reached the Tweed. Edward, as Argentine bade him, rode to Stirling, but Mowbray¹ told him that there he would be but a captive king. He spurred South, with five hundred horse, Douglas following with sixty, so close that no Englishman might alight, but was slain or taken. Laurence de Abernethy, with eighty horse, was riding to join the English, but turned, and, with Douglas, pursued them. Edward reached Dunbar, whence he took boat for Berwick. In his terror he vowed to build a college of Carmelites, students in theology. It is Oriel College to-day, with a Scot for provost.² Among those who fell on the English side were the son of the Red Comyn, Gloucester, Clifford,³ Harcourt,⁴ Courtenay,⁴ and seven hundred other gentlemen of coat-armour were slain. Hereford⁵ (later), with Angus,⁶ Umfraville, and Sir Thomas Grey were among the prisoners. Stirling, of course, surrendered.

The sun of Midsummer Day set on men wounded and weary, but victorious and free. The task of Wallace was accomplished. To many of the combatants not the least agreeable result of Bannockburn was the unprecedented abundance of booty. When campaigning Edward denied himself nothing. His wardrobe and arms; his enormous and, apparently, well-supplied array of food-waggons; his ecclesiastical vestments for the celebration of victory; his plate; his siege-artillery; his military chests, with all the jewellery of his young minion knights, fell into the hands of the Scots. Down to Queen Mary's reign we read, in inventories, about costly vestments, "from the fight at Bannockburn." In Scotland it rained ransoms. The 'Rotuli Scotiæ,' in 1314 full of Edward's preparation for war, in

¹ 1286-1322; one of the Lords Marchers, head of a famous Norman family.

² D. B. Munro (1856-1905); a famous classical scholar, son of an Edinburgh lawyer.

³ 1273-1314; one of Edward's favourites; first baron of Westmoreland.

⁴ Heads of two great Norman houses. The Courtenays were afterwards Earls of Devon.

⁵ Humphrey de Bohun (1276-1322); afterwards killed in rebellion at Boroughbridge.

⁶ Robert de Umfraville (1277-1325) was Earl of Angus. He and his brother Ingram, referred to on page 59, were both taken.

1315 are rich in safe-conducts for men going into Scotland to redeem prisoners. One of these, the brave Sir Marmaduke Twenge, renowned at Stirling Bridge, hid in the woods on Midsummer's Night, and surrendered to Bruce next day. The king gave him gifts, and set him free unransomed. Indeed, the clemency of Bruce after his success is courteously acknowledged by the English chroniclers.

This victory was due to Edward's incompetence, as well as to the excellent dispositions and indomitable courage of Bruce, and to "the intolerable axes" of his men. No measures had been taken by Edward to secure a retreat. Only one rally, at "the Bloody Fauld," is reported. The English fought wildly, their measures being laid on the strength of a confidence which, after the skirmishes of Sunday, June 23, they no longer entertained. They suffered what, at Agincourt, Crécy, Poitiers, and Verneuil, their descendants were to inflict. Horses and banners, gay armour and chivalric trappings, were set at nought by the sperthes and spears of infantry acting on favourable ground. From the dust and reek of that burning day of June, Scotland emerged a people, firm in a glorious memory. Out of weakness she was made strong, being strangely led through paths of little promise since the day ¹ when Bruce's dagger-stroke at Dumfries closed from him the path of returning.

15. LONGLAND

From *Allegory in England*, by FREDERICK YORK POWELL.

A N earnest, sorrowful personage, that had learnt his wisdom in the hard school of the world, as well as out of crabbed vellums, with the Malvern Hills for his Ecclefechan ² and the busy, squalid, slimy hithe by Thames Street for the orderly peace of Cheyne Walk; the Carlyle of his time, and

¹ February 10th, 1306, when Bruce murdered John Comyn, his cousin and competitor.

² Carlyle's birthplace in the Lowlands of Scotland. He afterwards lived at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

with no less influence ; scornful, pitiful, hopeful, though few stars pierced the black night through which he was steering. With less impatience than tormented 'true Thomas'¹ and none of that childish make-believe that seems to be a part of Tolstoi's nature, Langland perceived, long before the famous Scot or notorious Russian, that the faithful, simple, hard-working Piers Plowman, peasant or fisherman, taught of earth and sea, comes perhaps nearer the apostolic life preached and practised in Galilee than any other we know.

This poor, proud, lean, long-legged clerk, stalking silent and self-absorbed to his chantry, along the merry, noisy, dirty, bright-coloured, stinking Eastcheap of Richard II.'s day, was indeed the wisest man then alive in England. One cannot forget his bold Apologue of the rats that would bell the cat ; his keen etching of the sluggish, servile Parliament 'that dreaded Dukes and forsook Do-Well' ; his miniatures of Lady Meed and her supporters in Church and State ; his Hogarthian picture of the seven Deadly Sins portrayed as seven English types of his day :—the tavern braggart, Pride ; the meagre backbiting merchant, Envy ; the mischievous convent cook, Ire ; the drunken village whore-monger, Lechery ; the ragged tradesman, Avarice ; the ale-house sot, Glutton, who when he set out for home at night 'could neither step nor stand till he had a staff, and then he began to go like a gleeman's bitch, sometimes aside sometimes arear, as a man that is laying lines to catch larks' ; and last and least, the idle, gossiping, ungrateful, poaching priest, Sloth. Nor of less interest is his clear chart of the pilgrim's Path to Truth through Meekness to Conscience across the brook of Natural Piety, by the side of Swear-not to the croft of Covet-not, past the stocks Steal-not and Slay-not on the left to the park of Lie-not, where, in the field of Say-sooth there stands the manor house of Truth himself, with its moat of Mercy, its walls of Wisdom, its embrasures of Baptism, its buttresses of Belief, its roofing of Love and Loyal Speech, its bars of Brotherhood, its bridge of Prayer, its doorposts of Penance, its hinges of Almsdeeds, where the porter is Grace

¹ The 13th century Scottish Poet called "The Rhymer."

and seven sisters that keep the posterns—Abstinence, Humility, Charity, Chastity, Patience, Peace, and Largesse.

And as William has his Pilgrim's Progress, so he has his Holy War.¹ My Lady Soul lives in Fleishy Castle, guarded by the castellan Conscience and his sons the Five Senses, assailed at all points by the Evil Ones, Pride and his mighty Meiny, and holpen of the high host of Heaven. The burning questions of his time, Free-Will, Poverty, the possible Salvation of heretics and heathen, the Right Life, and the coming Reform of the Church, William debates in long, tangled, rambling 'visions,' always with power and often with poetical force, in that rough, tumbling metre that the mass of Englishmen, in spite of Chaucer's fine new-fangled French measures, long continued to prefer to any other.

16. THE TEACHING OF WYCLIF

From *The History of the Papacy*, by MANDELL CREIGHTON, Vol. I., Book I., Chapter II.

[MANDELL CREIGHTON (1843-1901).—Our next historian is an example of a new type. His master was Ranke, who, as we shall see, disputes with Michelet the title to be the founder of modern history. Like Ranke, he was the very antithesis of the enthusiastic and rhetorical Michelet with his glowing faith and ineradicable prejudices. Curiously enough it was said of him, as was said, in almost the same words, of Ranke, that he wrote history "in a pair of white kid gloves." Educated at Oxford, where he was a clever and sympathetic tutor, a successful Anglican clergyman who became Bishop of London, he had a cool head, a quick eager wit, plenty of commonsense, and a firm belief, to use his own words, that "the good are not as good as they think themselves, the bad are not so bad as the good think them." He disliked enthusiasms and excitement and complained when he was a Bishop: "Every ass in the diocese thinks he has a right to come and bray in my study." His idea of the duty of an historian was to give "light without heat"; to find out what happened and what men were really like in the past, and to leave others to draw the moral: he took great events and great men as he found them and tried to describe them accurately. See how

¹ John Bunyan's other famous allegory.

firmly he holds the balance in his account of Wyclif: he would have disliked Wyclif himself and disagreed with most of his ideas, but he carefully sets out all these ideas and tries to explain how Wyclif arrived at them. He wrote for specialists in his own subject and had no wish to interest or attract a wider audience. "When events are tedious," he said, "you must be tedious too."

His great work, from which we quote, "*The History of the Papacy from the Great Schism to the Sack of Rome*," appeared between 1882 and 1894. It tells with skill and clearness and a fine sense of character the story of the Church during the Renaissance and the Reformation, but it fails to reproduce the passion of that essentially passionate epoch, or to explain the fierce conflict of ideas which give it its meaning. Instead, it presents a fine gallery of portraits of the Popes and a careful record of their futile negotiations. If Creighton was of the school of Ranke, he was not so great a historian as his master.]

THE teaching of Wyclif marks an important crisis in the history of the Christian Church. He expressed the animating motives of previous endeavours for the amendment of the Church, and gave them a new direction and significance. He began as a follower of William of Occam,¹ and laboured to set forward an ideal of Christian society, dependent immediately upon God as its lord. To this he added the earnest longing after simplicity and spirituality of life and practice which had animated such men as S. Bernard and S. Francis of Assisi, and had made them look with regret upon the riches and temporal importance of the Church.

At first he had been chiefly an Oxford student, of keen critical intellect, ready to give expression with remorseless logic to the national dislike of Papal extortion. But his political experience at Bruges, his riper study and reflection, his deeper knowledge as vicar of Lutterworth of the spiritual needs of simple folk ²—all these combined to lead him on to investigate the inner working, as well as the political aspect,

¹ An Oxford philosopher, who died about 1349. Called the "Invincible Doctor"; a believer in "evangelical poverty" and in the supremacy of the Empire over the Papacy.

² Creighton, when he wrote this, was vicar of the village of Embleton, in Northumberland.

of the ecclesiastical system, the mechanism and doctrines of the Church as well as the relations between Church and State.

To this temper the outbreak of the Schism gave an additional impulse. The spiritual earnestness of Wyclif was shocked at the sight of two men each claiming to be head of the Church, and each devoting his entire energies to the destruction of his rival, seeking only his own triumph, and doing nothing for the flock which he professed to guard. Moreover, the Schism dealt a heavy blow at the influence exercised on the imagination of the Middle Ages by the unity of the Church. Instead of unity Wyclif saw division—saw the Pope whom England professed to follow sinking to the level of a robber chieftain. Gradually his mind became dissatisfied with the doctrine of the Papal primacy. At a time when two Popes were fulminating excommunications against each other, and each called the other ‘Antichrist,’ it was not such a very long step for Wyclif to take when he asserted that the institution of the Papacy itself was the poison of the Church; that it was not Urban or Clement who was antichrist, but the Pope, be he who he might, who claimed to rule the universal Church. As Wyclif’s opinion led him more and more to oppose the Papal system his zeal increased. Disciples gathered round him, and, like another St. Dominic, Wyclif sent forth preachers into the evil world; but, unlike the reformers of the thirteenth century who went forth as missionaries of the Papal power, those of the fourteenth denounced a corrupt hierarchy and the enslavement of the Church by an antichristian Pope. Moreover, to supply all men the means of judging for themselves, Wyclif, and his chief disciples, with dauntless energy, undertook the noble work of translating the Bible into English, a work which was finished in the year 1382.

Wyclif was at all times of his career a fertile writer, and may in this respect be compared with Luther. It was natural for him to cast into a literary form the thoughts that passed through his mind, and his works are alternately those of a scholastic disputant, a patriotic Churchman, and a mission priest. In all things he was equally earnest, whether

it was to maintain the constitutional rights of the English Church and the English Ruler against the extortions of Rome, to expose the assumptions of the Papal monarchy, to show the corruptions of the ecclesiastical system, or to kindle the spiritual life of simple folk.

His treatises are numerous, and many of them exist only in manuscript. It is difficult to reduce into a system the multitudinous utterances of one who was at once a profound theologian, a publicist, and a popular preacher. In matters of ecclesiastical polity, as in political speculations, Wyclif laid down a basis which was too abstract and too ideal to admit of application to actual affairs. He defined the Church as the corporate body of the chosen, consisting of three parts ; one triumphant in heaven, another sleeping in purgatory, and a third militant on earth. This view, which in itself accords with the Augustinian¹ doctrine of predestination, Wyclif applied to determine the basis of ecclesiastical polity. Against the corrupt Church which he saw around him, he set up the mystical body of the predestinated ; against a degenerate hierarchy, he asserted the priesthood of all faithful Christians, and did not clearly determine the relations between the visible Church on earth and the great company of the saved.

From the basis of this ideal conception of the Church Wyclif attacks the Papal primacy. There ought, he says, to be unity in the Church militant, if it is to be at unity with the Church triumphant ; but unity is disturbed by new sects of monks, friars, and clergy, who have set over the Church another head than Christ. The primacy of S. Peter, on which they rest their theory of the Papacy, is set forth in Scripture only as depending on his superior humility ; he exercised no authority over the other Apostles, but was only endowed with special grace. Whatever power Peter had, there is no ground for assuming that it passed to the Bishop of Rome, whose authority was derived from Cæsar, and is

¹ S. Augustine (354-430) one of the greatest fathers of the Church, and later the inspirer of Luther. He believed that some were chosen by God before the foundation of the world to be saved.

not mentioned in the Scriptures, save in irony, where it is written, 'The Kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, but ye shall not be so.'

It must have been at the instigation of a malignant spirit that the popes chose as the seat of the Curia the profane city of Rome, steeped in the blood of martyrs ; by continuing in their secular life, and in the pride of Lucifer, they wrong Christ and continue in error. They claim to grant indulgences and privileges beyond what was done by Christ or the Apostles, and their pretensions can only be explained as the work of the devil, the power of antichrist. A pope is only to be followed so far as he follows Christ ; if he ceases to be a good shepherd, he becomes antichrist ; and reverence paid to antichrist as though he were Christ is a manifest snare of the devil to beguile unwary souls : and the belief in Papal infallibility is contrary to Scripture, and is a blasphemy suggested by the devil. If we take Scripture as our guide, and compare the Pope with Christ, we shall see many differences. Christ is truth, the Pope is the origin of falsehood ; Christ lived in poverty, the Pope labours for worldly wealth ; Christ was humble and gentle, the Pope is proud and cruel ; Christ forbade that anything be added to His law, the Pope makes many laws which distract men from the knowledge of Christ ; Christ bade His disciples go into all the world and preach the Gospel, the Pope lives in his palace and pays no heed to such command ; Christ refused temporal dominion, the Pope seeks it ; Christ obeyed the temporal power, the Pope strives to weaken it ; Christ chose for His Apostles twelve simple men, the Pope chooses as cardinals many more than twelve, worldly and crafty ; Christ forbade to smite with the sword and preferred Himself to suffer, the Pope seizes the goods of the poor to hire soldiers ; Christ limited His mission to Judea, the Pope extends his jurisdiction everywhere for the sake of gain ; Christ was lowly, the Pope is magnificent and demands outward honour ; Christ refused money, the Pope is entirely given up to pride and simony. Whoso considers these things will see that he must imitate Christ and flee from the example of antichrist.

These are the words of a man who has been driven by the actual facts around him to take refuge in the plain words of Scripture, and flee from the corruption of the ecclesiastical system to the purity and simplicity of the Divine Head of the Church.

17. HENRY V.

From *The Constitutional History of England*, by WILLIAM STUBBS (Library Edition), Vol. III., Chapter XVIII.

[WILLIAM STUBBS (1825–1901).—Stubbs is the third of the founders of the Oxford History School. As F. W. Maitland, his Cambridge admirer and pupil, wrote after Stubbs' death: "No other Englishman has so completely displayed to the world the whole business of the historian from the minting of the raw material to the narrating and generalising. We are taken behind the scenes and shown the ropes and pulleys. This practical demonstration, if we may so call it, of the historian's art and science, from the preliminary hunt for manuscripts through the work of collation and filtration and minute criticism onward to the perfect rule, the eloquence, the reflections, has been of incalculable benefit to the cause of history in England." Stubbs' fame as a historian rests first on his editing of the great "Rolls Series" of critical editions of the sources of English history, inadequately begun on the model of German work of the same kind in 1857, and was taken over by Stubbs in 1863; secondly, on his "Constitutional History of England," which covers the whole period of English History from its origin to 1485. He was Regius Professor at Oxford next before Freeman, from 1866 to 1884, when he was made a bishop.

Stubbs came of good north-country yeoman stock and was educated at Ripon Grammar School. His father was a solicitor, who died when Stubbs was seventeen, and left his widow with six young children to bring up. So an Oxford education would have been impossible for him without help. He went up to Christchurch in 1844 as a "servitor," who had to wait at table on the other undergraduates. Lonely and shy, he was happiest among old books in the College library, in those days a very solitary place. He took a first in classics, but had read a great deal of history as well before he took his degree. After winning a fellowship at Trinity he took orders, and in 1850 retired to a college living in Essex, where he learnt "every toe on every baby in the parish,"

and by sixteen years' steady work became the greatest living authority on the early history of England. But he was still little known and had to show the same patience in waiting for recognition as he had learnt as a student of antiquities: he waited for six years for the editorship of the "Rolls Series," was beaten for three professorships, and had decided to stand for no more when he was offered the vacancy made by the retirement of Goldwin Smith. This brought him back to Oxford and eighteen years of really congenial work.

Stubbs was a far more learned man than Green, more judicious and scholarly than Freeman: he had what neither of his friends and rivals possessed—a real grasp of manuscript sources and a knowledge of palæography, such that he could read his sources in their original form. He always kept himself in close touch with foreign scholarship on his own subject. He was a profoundly religious man who never allowed his own beliefs to bias his conclusions: he had a deep knowledge of law, and might have made a great judge, and he had, too, a scholar's interest in every phase of his subject and a shrewd and sympathetic insight into character. He naturally shunned the picturesque and deliberately chose a laborious theme: "the study of institutions," as he wrote himself, "cannot be approached without an effort." In spite of a vein of shrewd and caustic wit that there was in him, his work is often heavy reading, and he is sometimes prosy and platitudinous in style, and over-cautious and even vague in his conclusions. He had no originality of outlook and little imagination, more industry and judgment than real power of mind, but he held a great place in the study of history as an inspirer in others, and a practiser himself, of more than German thoroughness. We shall see that he was an authority on later as well as on early history—the excerpt which follows shows him on that medieval period which he knew best of all: it reveals his minute learning, his careful judgment, his sympathy and his suppressed enthusiasm.]

Here is Stubbs' view of Henry V., which may be compared with Mr. Kingsford's in his volume in the "Heroes of the Nations," with Sir Charles Oman's in Longman's "Political History," and with Shakespeare's. It illustrates, too, Stubbs' view of how historians should arrive at moral judgments, which differed, as we shall see, from those taken by Seeley, on the one hand, and by Acton on the other.

IT is one of the penalties which great men must pay for their greatness, that they have to be judged by posterity according to a standard which they themselves could not

have recognised, because it was by their greatness that the standard itself was created. Henry V. may be judged and condemned on moral principles which have emerged from the age in which he was a great actor, but which that age neither knew nor practised. He renewed a great war which, according to modern ideas was without justification in its origin and continuance, and which resulted in an exhaustion from which the nation did not recover for a century. To modern minds war seems a terrible evil, to be incurred only on dire necessity where honour or existence is at stake ; to be justified only by the clearest demonstration of right ; to be continued not a moment longer than the moral necessity continues. Perhaps no war ancient or modern has been so waged, justified, or concluded ; men both spoke and thought otherwise in earlier times, and in times not so very far distant from our own. For medieval warfare, it might be pleaded, that its legal justifications were as a rule far more complete than were the excuses with which Louis XIV. and Frederick II. defended their aggressive designs ; for the kings of the middle ages went to war for rights, not for interests, much less for ideas. But it must be further remembered, that until comparatively late times, although the shedding of Christian blood was constantly deplored, war was regarded as the highest and noblest work of kings ; and that in England, the history of which must have been Henry's guide, the only three unwarlike kings who had reigned since the Conquest had been despised and set aside by their subjects. The war with France was not to him a new war ; it had lasted far beyond the memory of any living man, and the nation had been educated into the belief that the struggle was one condition of its normal existence. The royal house, we may be sure, had been thoroughly instructed in all the minutiae of their claims ; the parliament insists as strongly on the royal rights as on its own privileges ; and the fall of Henry VI. shows how fatal to any dynasty must have been the renunciation of those rights. The blame of continuing the war when success was hopeless, if such blame be just, does not fall on Henry V., who died at the culminating point

of his successes, and whose life, if it had been prolonged, might have consolidated what he had won. Judged by the standard of his time, judged by the standard according to which later ages have acted, even whilst they recognised its imperfection, Henry V. cannot be condemned for the iniquity or for the final and fatal results of his military policy. He believed war to be right, he believed in his own cause, he devoted himself to his work and he accomplished it.

A similar equitable consideration would relieve him from the imputation of being a religious persecutor. He lived in an age in which religious persecution was rife; in which it was inculcated on kings as a duty, and in which it was to some extent justified by the tenets of the persecuted; for one of the miseries of authoritative persecution is that it arrays the rebel against both spiritual and temporal authority. There were indeed germs of social and political destructiveness inherent in the Lollard movement, but the government, in the policy of persecution, regarded the Lollards as active traitors, and not only regarded them as such but made them so, leagued them with the Welsh and Scots, and implicated them in every conspiracy against the reigning house. This may be lamentable, but it is a consideration which equity cannot disregard. Posterity may well condemn all persecutors who have loved persecution; it cannot without reservation condemn those who have persecuted merely as a religious or as a legal duty. Henry V. persecuted, as his father had done, but, even when he persecuted on religious and not on political grounds, he did it with a singular reluctance to undertake the vindictive part of the work. To his mind it was a correction for the soul of the sinner, and a precaution against evils to come, not a mere exercise of justice. There is proof enough of this in the way in which he personally attempted to convert the heretic Badby,¹ and in the impolitic delay which encouraged Oldcastle.²

¹ Burned in 1410, was a blacksmith or a tailor. Henry had him taken out of the fire in the hope that he would recant, and put back again when he refused.

² Sir John Oldcastle, the original of Shakespeare's Falstaff, attached as a heretic by the clergy in 1413 and condemned by Archbishop Arundel.

If we set aside the charges of sacrificing the welfare of his country to an unjustifiable war of aggression, and of being a religious persecutor, Henry V. stands before us as one of the greatest and purest characters in English history, a figure not unworthy to be placed by the side of Edward I. No sovereign who ever reigned has won from contemporary writers such a singular unison of praises. He was religious, pure in life, temperate, liberal, careful and yet splendid, merciful, truthful, and honourable; 'discreet in word, provident in counsel, prudent in judgment, modest in look, magnanimous in act'; a brilliant soldier, a sound diplomatist, an able organiser and consolidator of all forces at his command; the restorer of the English navy, the founder of our military, international and maritime law. A true Englishman, with all the greatneses and none of the glaring faults of his Plantagenet ancestors, he stands forth as the typical medieval hero. At the same time he is a laborious man of business, a self-denying and hardy warrior, a cultivated scholar, and a most devout and charitable Christian. Fortunately perhaps for himself, unfortunately for his country, he was cut off before the test of time and experience was applied to try the fixedness of his character and the possible permanence of his plans.

18. JEANNE D'ARC

From *L'Histoire de France*, by JULES MICHELET (Edition of 1876), Vol. VI., Book X., Chapter III. and Chapter IV.

JULES MICHELET (1798–1874).—We now reach the most consummate literary artist, not excluding Thucydides, who ever devoted himself to the writing of history. Michelet has the same position in the great world of letters which Green occupies in the narrower field of English history. Like Green, he was a poet in prose, with a poet's sensitiveness to the cause of the people, a poet's imagination and a poet's exacting standards of literary workmanship. Like Green, he was no mere scholar; in fact, like Henry would not allow him to be burnt, and tried to convert him. In 1414 he escaped and gave much trouble till he was captured, hanged and burnt in 1417.

him, he lacked the scholar's detachment and coolness, and something of the scholar's patience. But he was a far greater man than any of the Oxford School, for he was interested in the whole field of human endeavour, an original and creative thinker, with that touch of nobility of soul without which no man can be an artist. All true history that has been written since his day owes something to Michelet ; like an explorer he threw back the horizon of historians and gave them a new view of the vast oceans and continents which it is their function to make known.

His most famous work, the " History of France," is a monument to the greatness of his nation, the pioneer of modern civilisation ; it burns with a faith in the great message to mankind given by the French Revolution : himself a man of the people, the only son of a poverty-stricken printer, who rose by native genius to fame, his own life was an epic of democratic France, and his books were a trumpet call to liberals not to forget under the rather squalid reign of Louis Philippe the glories of his country's past. He lived on through the disillusionment of the Second Empire, growing bitter and more prejudiced as he watched the melancholy history of the France of his own day ; and his heart was broken by the war of 1870. The passion, the boldness, the originality of his views naturally roused fierce criticism, but his work, like that of the other great French romantic, Chateaubriand, will always live, because he had the soul of a poet and the pen of a genius. Our brief excerpts must inspire you to read more of this great man's work, till you can realise for yourself what a historian can do to make men's hearts burn within them over " old forgotten far-off things and battles long ago."]

THE CHILDHOOD OF JEANNE D'ARC ¹

TANDIS que les autres enfants allaient avec le père travailler aux champs ou garder les bêtes, la mère tint Jeanne près d'elle, l'occupant à coudre ou à filer. Elle n'apprit ni à lire, ni à écrire ; mais elle sut tout ce que savait sa mère des choses saintes. Elle reçut sa religion, non comme une leçon, une cérémonie, mais dans la forme populaire et naïve d'une belle histoire de veillée, comme la foi simple d'une mère . . . Ce que nous recevons ainsi avec le sang et le lait, c'est chose vivante, et la vie même.

Nous avons sur la piété de Jeanne un touchant témoignage,

¹ For convenience this long extract has been broken up by cross-headings.

celui de son amie d'enfance, de son amie de cœur, Haumette, plus jeune de trois ou quatre ans. " Que de fois, dit-elle, j'ai été chez son père, et couché avec elle, de bonne amitié. . . ? C'était une bien bonne fille, simple et douce. Elle allait volontiers à l'église et aux saints lieux. Elle filait, faisait le ménage, comme font les autres filles. . . Elle se confessait souvent. Elle rougissait, quand on lui disait qu'elle était trop dévote, qu'elle allait trop à l'église. Un laboureur, appelé aussi en témoignage, ajoute qu'elle soignait les malades, donnait aux pauvres. " Je le sais bien, dit-il ; j'étais enfant alors, et c'est elle qui m'a soigné."

Tout le monde connaissait sa charité, sa piété. Ils voyaient bien que c'était la meilleure fille du village.

THE VOICES

Un jour d'été, jour de jeûne, à midi, Jeanne étant au jardin de son père, tout près de l'église, elle vit de ce côté une éblouissante lumière, et elle entendit une voix : " Jeanne, sois bonne et sage enfant ; va souvent à l'église." La pauvre fille eut grand'peur.

Une autre fois, elle entendit encore la voix, vit la clarté, mais dans cette clarté de nobles figures dont l'une avait des ailes et semblait un sage prud'homme. Il lui dit : " Jeanne, va au secours du roi de France, et tu lui rendras son royaume." Elle répondit, toute tremblante : " Messire, je ne suis qu'une pauvre fille ; je ne saurais chevaucher, ni conduire les hommes d'armes." La voix répliqua : " Tu iras trouver M. de Baudricourt, capitaine de Vaucouleurs, et il te fera mener au roi. Sainte Catherine et sainte Marguerite viendront t'assister." Elle resta stupéfaite et en larmes, comme si elle eût déjà vu sa destinée tout entière.

Le prud'homme n'était pas moins que saint Michel, le sévère archange des jugements et des batailles. Il revint encore, lui rendit courage, " et lui raconta la pitié qui estoit au royaume de France." Puis vinrent les blanches figures de saintes, parmi d'innombrables lumières, la tête parée de riches couronnes, la voix douce et attendrissante, à en pleurer. Mais Jeanne pleurait surtout quand les saintes et

les anges la quittaient. "J'aurais bien voulu, dit-elle, que les anges m'eussent emportée. . . ."

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JOAN'S VISIT TO THE KING

Le roi ¹ la reçut enfin, et au milieu du plus grand appareil ; on espérait apparemment qu'elle serait déconcertée. C'était le soir ; cinquante torches éclairaient la salle ; nombre de seigneurs, plus de trois cents chevaliers étaient réunis autour du roi. Tout le monde était curieux de voir la sorcière ou l'inspirée.

La sorcière avait dix-huit ans, c'était une belle fille, et fort désirable, assez grande de taille, la voix douce et pénétrante.

Elle se présenta humblement, "comme une pauvre petite bergerette," démêla au premier regard le roi qui s'était mêlé exprès à la foule des seigneurs, et quoiqu'il soutint d'abord qu'il n'était pas le roi, elle lui embrassa les genoux. Mais, comme il n'était pas sacré, elle ne l'appelait que dauphin : "Gentil dauphin, dit-elle, j'ai nom Jehanne la Pucelle. Le Roi des cieux vous mande par moi que vous serez sacré et couronné en la ville de Reims, et vous serez lieutenant du Roi des cieux qui est roi de France." Le roi la prit alors à part, et après un moment d'entretien, tous deux changèrent de visage ; elle lui disait, comme elle l'a raconté depuis à son confesseur : "Je te dis de la part de Messire, que tu es *vrai héritier de France et fils du roi.*"

Ce qui inspira encore l'étonnement et une sorte de crainte, c'est que la première prédiction qui lui échappa se vérifia à l'heure même. Un homme d'armes qui la vit et la trouva belle, exprima brutalement son mauvais désir, en jurant le nom de Dieu à la manière des soldats : "Hélas ! dit-elle, tu le renies, et tu es si près de ta mort !" Il tomba à l'eau un moment après et se noya.

HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN BATTLE ARRAY

Ce fut une merveille, en effet, pour les spectateurs, de voir la première fois Jeanne d'Arc dans son armure blanche et sur son beau cheval noir, au côté une petite hache et l'épée de

¹ Charles VII. of France.

sainte Catherine. Elle avait fait chercher cette épée derrière l'autel de Sainte-Catherine-de-Fierbois, où on la trouva en effet. Elle portait à la main un étendard blanc fleurdelisé, sur lequel était Dieu avec le monde dans ses mains ; à droite et à gauche, deux anges qui tenaient chacun une fleur de lis. "Je ne veux pas, disait-elle, me servir de mon épée pour tuer personne." Et elle ajoutait que, quoiqu'elle aimât son épée, elle aimait "quarante fois plus" son étendard.

THE TRIAL

A la quatrième séance,¹ elle était animée d'une vivacité singulière. Elle ne cacha point qu'elle avait entendu ses voix : "Elles m'ont éveillé, dit-elle, j'ai joint les mains, et je les ai priées de me donner conseil, elles m'ont dit : Demande à Notre-Seigneur.—Et qu'ont-elles dit encore ? Que je vous réponde hardiment."

"... Je ne puis tout dire, j'ai plutôt peur de dire chose qui leur déplaît, que je n'ai de répondre à vous. . . . Pour aujourd'hui, je vous prie de ne pas m'interroger."

L'évêque² insista, la voyant émue : "Mais Jehanne, on déplaît donc à Dieu en disant des choses vraies ?—Mes voix m'ont dit certaines choses, non pour vous, mais pour le Roi." Et elle ajouta vivement : "Ah ! s'il les savait, il en serait plus aise à dîner. . . . Je voudrais qu'il les sût, et ne pas boire de vin d'ici à Pâques."

Parmi ces naïvetés, elle disait des choses sublimes : "Je viens de par Dieu, je n'ai que faire ici, renvoyez-moi à Dieu, dont je suis venue. . . ."

"Vous dites que vous êtes mon juge ; avisez bien à ce que vous ferez, car vraiment je suis envoyée de Dieu, vous vous mettez en grand danger."

Ces paroles sans doute irritèrent les juges et ils lui adressèrent une insidieuse et perfide question, une question telle qu'on ne peut sans crime l'adresser à aucun homme vivant : "Jehanne, croyez-vous être en état de grâce ?"

Ils croyaient l'avoir liée d'un lacs insoluble. Dire Non,

¹ Jeanne was kept in prison from December—May, 1431. The trial began on February 20th, 1431, and lasted till the end of May.

² The Bishop of Beauvais, who was conducting the trial.

c'était s'avouer indigne d'avoir été l'instrument de Dieu. Mais d'autre part, comment dire Oui ? Qui de nous, fragiles, est sûr ici-bas d'être vraiment dans la grâce de Dieu ? Nul, sinon l'orgueilleux, le présomptueux, celui justement qui de tous en est le plus loin.

Elle trancha le nœud avec une simplicité héroïque et chrétienne :

“ Si je n'y suis, Dieu veuille m'y mettre ; si j'y suis, Dieu veuille m'y tenir.”

Les Pharisiens restèrent stupéfaits. . . .

THE DEATH OF JOAN

L'effroyable cérémonie commença par un sermon. Maître Nicolas Midy, une des lumières de l'Université de Paris, prêcha sur ce texte édifiant : “ Quand un membre de l'Eglise est malade, toute l'Eglise est malade.” Cette pauvre Eglise ne pouvait guérir qu'en se coupant un membre. Il concluait par la formule : “ Jeanne, *allez* en paix, l'Eglise ne peut plus *te* défendre.”

Alors le juge d'église, l'évêque de Beauvais, l'exhorta bénignement à s'occuper de son âme et à se rappeler tous ses méfaits pour s'exciter à la contrition. Les assesseurs avaient jugé qu'il était de droit de lui relire son abjuration ; l'évêque n'en fit rien. Il craignait des démentis, des réclamations. Mais la pauvre fille ne songeait guère à chicaner ainsi sa vie ; elle avait bien d'autres pensées. Avant même qu'on ne l'eût exhortée à la contrition, elle s'était mise à genoux, invoquant Dieu, la Vierge, saint Michel et sainte Catherine, pardonnant à tous et demandant pardon, disant aux assistants : “ Priez pour moi ! . . .” Elle requérait surtout les prêtres de dire chacun une messe pour son âme . . . Tout cela de façon si dévote, si humble et si touchante, que l'émotion gagnant, personne ne put plus se contenir ; l'évêque de Beauvais se mit à pleurer, celui de Boulogne sanglotait, et voilà que les Anglais eux-mêmes pleuraient et larmoyaient aussi, Winchester ¹ comme les autres.

Serait-ce dans ce moment d'attendrissement universel, de

¹ The famous Cardinal Beaufort ; d. 1447.

larmes, de contagieuse faiblesse, que l'infortunée, amollie et redevenue simple femme, aurait avoué qu'elle voyait bien qu'elle avait eu tort, qu'on l'avait trompée apparemment en lui promettant délivrance ? Nous n'en pouvons trop croire là-dessus le témoignage intéressé des Anglais. Toutefois, il faudrait bien peu connaître la nature humaine pour douter, qu'ainsi trompée dans son espoir, elle n'ait vacillé dans sa foi. . . . A-t-elle dit le mot, c'est chose incertaine ; j'affirme qu'elle l'a pensé.

Cependant les juges, un moment décontenancés, s'étaient remis et raffermis. L'évêque de Beauvais, s'essuyant les yeux, se mit à lire la condamnation. Il remémora à la coupable tous ses crimes, schisme, idolâtrie, invocation de démons, comment elle avait été admise à pénitence, et comment, "Séduite par le Prince du mensonge, elle étoit retombée, ô douleur ! *comme le chien qui retourne à son vomissement*. . . . Donc, nous prononçons que vous êtes un membre pourri, et comme tel, retranché de l'Eglise. Nous vous livrons à la puissance séculière, la priant toutefois de modérer son jugement, en vous évitant la mort et la mutilation des membres."

Délaissée ainsi de l'Eglise, elle se remit en toute confiance à Dieu. Elle demanda la croix. Un Anglais lui passa une croix de bois, qu'il fit d'un bâton ; elle ne la reçut pas moins dévotement, elle la baisa et la mit, cette rude croix, sous ses vêtements et sur sa chair. . . . Mais elle aurait voulu la croix de l'église, pour la tenir devant ses yeux jusqu'à la mort. Le bon huissier Massieu ¹ et frère Isambart ² firent tant, qu'on la lui apporta de la paroisse Saint-Sauveur. Comme elle embrassait cette croix, et qu'Isambert l'encourageait, les Anglais commencèrent à trouver tout cela bien long ; il devait être au moins midi ; les soldats grondaient, les capitaines disaient : "Comment ? prêtre, nous ferez-vous dîner ici ? . . ." Alors perdant patience, et n'attendant pas l'ordre du bailli qui seul pourtant avait autorité pour l'envoyer à la mort, ils firent monter deux sergents pour la tirer des mains des prêtres. Au pied du

¹ The usher of the Court.

² An Augustinian monk who had been much with Jeanne during her imprisonment.

tribunal, elle fut saisie par les hommes d'armes qui la traînèrent au bourreau, lui disant : " Fais ton office . . . " Cette furie de soldats fit horreur ; plusieurs des assistants, des juges mêmes, s'enfuirent, pour n'en pas voir davantage.

Elle n'accusa ni son roi, ni ses Saintes. Mais parvenue au haut du bûcher, voyant cette grande ville, cette foule immobile et silencieuse, elle ne put s'empêcher de dire : " Ah ! Rouen, Rouen, j'ai grand'peur que tu n'aies à souffrir de ma mort ! " Celle qui avait sauvé le peuple et que le peuple abandonnait, n'exprima en mourant (admirable douceur d'âme !) que de la compassion pour lui . . .

Elle fut liée sous l'écriteau infâme, mitrée d'une mitre où on lisait : " Hérétique, relapse, apostate, ydolastre." . . . Et alors le bourreau mit le feu. . . . Elle le vit d'en haut et poussa un cri. . . . Puis, comme le frère qui l'exhortait ne faisait pas attention à la flamme, elle eut peur pour lui, s'oubliant elle-même, et elle le fit descendre.

Ce qui prouve bien que jusque-là, elle n'avait rien rétracté expressément, c'est que ce malheureux Cauchon ¹ fut obligé (sans doute par la haute volonté satanique qui présidait) à venir au pied du bûcher, obligé à affronter de près la face de sa victime, pour essayer d'en tirer quelque parole. . . . Il n'en obtint qu'une, désespérante. Elle lui dit avec douceur ce qu'elle avait déjà dit : " Evêque, je meurs par vous. . . . Si vous m'aviez mise aux prisons d'église, ceci ne fût pas advenu." On avait espéré sans doute que se croyant abandonnée de son Roi, elle l'accuserait enfin et parlerait contre lui. Elle le défendit encore : " Que j'aie bien fait, que j'aie mal fait, mon Roi n'y est pour rien ; ce n'est pas lui qui m'a conseillé."

Cependant, la flamme montait. . . . Au moment où elle toucha, la malheureuse frémit et demanda *de l'eau bénite ; de l'eau*, c'était apparemment le cri de la frayeur. . . . Mais, se relevant aussitôt, elle ne nomma plus que Dieu, que ses anges et ses Saintes. Elle leur rendit témoignage : " Oui, mes voix étaient de Dieu, mes voix ne m'ont pas trompée ! . . ." Que toute incertitude ait cessé dans les flammes, cela

¹ The Bishop of Beauvais.

nous doit faire croire qu'elle accepta la mort pour la *délivrance* promise, qu'elle n'entendit plus le *salut* au sens judaïque et matériel, comme elle avait fait jusque-là, qu'elle vit clair enfin, et que, sortant des ombres, elle obtint ce qui lui manquait encore de lumière et de sainteté.

Cette grande parole est attestée par le témoin obligé et juré de la mort, par le dominicain qui monta avec elle sur le bûcher, qu'elle en fit descendre, mais qui d'en bas lui parlait, l'écoutait et lui tenait la croix.

“ . . . Dix mille hommes pleuraient. . . . ” Quelques Anglais seuls riaient ou tâchaient de rire. Un d'eux, des plus furieux, avait juré de mettre un fagot au bûcher ; elle expirait au moment où il le mit, il se trouva mal ; ses camarades le menèrent à une taverne pour le faire boire et reprendre ses esprits ; mais il ne pouvait se remettre : “ J'ai vu, disait-il hors de lui-même, j'ai vu de sa bouche, avec le dernier soupir, s'envoler une colombe. ” D'autres avaient lu dans les flammes le mot qu'elle répétait : “ Jésus ! ” Le bourreau alla le soir trouver frère Isambart ; il était tout épouvanté ; il se confessa, mais il ne pouvait croire que Dieu lui pardonnât jamais. . . . Un secrétaire du roi d'Angleterre disait tout haut en revenant : “ Nous sommes perdus, nous avons brûlé une sainte ! ”

PART II
THE TUDORS
1485—1603

19. THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS MORE

From *The Oxford Reformers*, by FREDERIC SEEBOHM, Chapter XV., Section VIII.

[FREDERIC SEEBOHM (1833-1912).—Seebohm was a barrister and a business man with a strong interest in politics. He devoted what leisure he had to the study of history, which he pursued with great thoroughness. Besides the book from which we quote, he wrote several other remarkable works, of a controversial nature, on early economic history, holding the view that the English village descended directly from the Roman villa and owed more to early British than to Anglo-Saxon institutions.]

MORE himself Erasmus described to Hutten¹ as humorous without being foolish, simple in his dress and habits, and with all his popularity and success, neither proud nor boastful, but accessible, obliging, and kind to his neighbours. Fond of liberty and ease he might be, but no one could be more active or more patient than he when occasion required it. No one was less influenced by current opinion, and yet no man had more common sense. Averse as he was to all superstition, and having shown in his 'Utopia' what were regarded in some quarters as free thinking tendencies, he had to share with Colet the sneers of the 'orthodox', yet a tone of unaffected piety pervaded his life. He had stated times for devotion, and when he prayed, it was not as a matter of form, but extempore. When, too, as he often did, he talked to his intimate friends of the life to come, Erasmus tells Hutten that he evidently spoke from his heart, and not without the brightest hope.

He was careful to cultivate in his children not only a filial regard to himself, but also feelings of mutual interest

¹ Ulrich von Hutten (1488-1523); a German knight, scholar, and satirist, the friend both of Luther and of Erasmus.

and intimacy. He made himself one of them, and took evidently as much pleasure as they did in their birds and animals—the monkey, the rabbits, the fox, the ferret, and the weasel. Thus when Erasmus was a guest at his house, More would take him into the garden to see the children's rabbit hutches, or to watch the sly ways of the monkey; which on one occasion so amused Erasmus by the clever way in which it prevented the weasel from making an assault upon the rabbits through an aperture between the boards at the back of the hutch, that he rewarded the animal by making it famous all over Europe, telling the story in one of his 'Colloquies.' Whereupon so important a member of the household did this monkey become, that when Hans Holbein¹ some years afterwards painted his famous picture of the household of Lord Chancellor More, its portrait was taken along with the rest, and there to this day it may be seen nestling in the folds of dame Alice's robes.

If More thus took an interest in the children's animals, so they were trained to take an interest in his pictures, his cabinet of coins and curiosities, and his literary pursuits. He did everything he could to allure his children on in acquiring knowledge. If an astronomer came in his way, he would get him to stay awhile in his house, to teach them all about the stars and planets. And it surely must have been More's children whom Erasmus speaks of as learning the Greek alphabet by shooting with their bows and arrows at the letters.

Unhappily of late More had been long and frequently absent from home. Still, even when away upon an embassy, trudging on horseback dreary stages along the muddy roads, we find him on the saddle composing a metrical letter in Latin to his 'sweetest children,' Margaret, Elizabeth, Cicely, and John, which, when a second edition of his 'Epigrams' was called for, was added at the end of the volume and printed with the rest by the great printer of Basle

¹ D. 1543; the famous German portrait painter, who became court painter to Henry VIII.

—a letter in which he expresses his delight in their companionship, and reminds them how gentle and tender a father he has been to them, in these loving words :—

Kisses enough I have given you forsooth, but stripes
hardly ever,
If I have flogged you at all it has been with the tail of a
peacock !

.
Minds that are cultured like yours in arts and in know-
ledge,
Tongues that can speak with an eloquence pleasant and
graceful,
Expressing your thoughts as well as the words that you
utter,
These bind my heart to yours with so many ties of
affection,
That now I love you far more than if you were only
my children.

.
Go on and persevere in winning your father's affection,
So that as now your goodness has made me to feel as
though never
I really had loved you before, you may on some future
occasion,

.
Cause me to love you so much that my present love may
seem nothing !

What a picture lies here, even in these roughly translated lines, of the gentle relation which during years of early sorrow had grown up between the widowed father and the motherless children !

It is a companion-picture to that which Erasmus drew in colours so glowing, of More's home at Chelsea many years after this, when his children were older and he himself Lord Chancellor. What a gleam of light too does it throw into the future, upon that last farewell embrace between Sir

Thomas More and Margaret Roper upon the Tower-wharf, when even stern soldiers wept to behold their 'fatherly and daughterly affection !'

This was the man whom Henry VIII. had at last succeeded in drawing into his court ; who reluctantly, this summer of 1519, in order that he might fulfil his duties to the King, had laid aside his post of under-sheriff in the city and his private practice at the bar ; 'who now,' to quote the words of Roper,¹ 'was often sent for by the King into his traverse, where sometimes in matters of astronomy, geometry, divinity, and such other faculties, and sometimes of his worldly affairs, he would sit and confer with him. And otherwhiles in the night would he have him up into the leads, there to consider with him the diversities, courses, motions, and operations of the stars and planets.

'And because he was of a pleasant disposition, it pleased the King and Queen after the Council had supped for their pleasure commonly to call for him to be merry with them. Till he', continues Roper, 'perceiving them so much in his talk to delight that he could not once in a month get leave to go home to his wife and children (whose company he most desired), and to be absent from court two days together but that he should be thither sent for again ; much misliking this restraint of his liberty, began thereupon somewhat to dissemble his nature, and so by little and little from his former mirth to disuse himself.'

This was the man who, after 'trying as hard to keep out of court as most men try to get into it', had accepted office on the noble understanding that he was 'first to look unto God, and after God to the King,' and who under the most difficult circumstances, and in times most perilous, whatever may have been his faults and errors, still

Reverenced his conscience as his King,

and died at last upon the scaffold, a martyr to integrity !

¹ More's son-in-law, who wrote his Life.

20. WOLSEY'S LAST JOURNEY AND DEATH

From *The Reign of Henry VIII.*, by JOHN BREWER,
Vol. II., Chapter XXXIV.

[JOHN SHERWEN BREWER (1816–1879).—Brewer is famous among historians as the first editor of the State Papers of the Tudor period. In 1856 he was commissioned by Sir Samuel Romilly to make a calendar or abstract of the vast mass of papers collected in unexplored confusion in the Record Office. Brewer at the time was Professor of English Language and Literature at King's College, London: he threw himself with immense energy into his work, and published volume after volume of abstracts, carefully dated and numbered, giving in many cases quotations of the actual words of the originals, and writing prefaces of great learning and literary power to each volume. These latter were afterwards collected into a book, produced by Brewer's successor at the Record Office, James Gairdner, under the title "The Reign of Henry VIII." Brewer was a strong Tory who broke a lance with J. R. Green over the radicalism of the "Short History": his view of Wolsey has been criticised of late as being unduly favourable. Froude, whose knowledge of the Tudor period he rivalled, took, as we shall see, a very different view of Henry VIII. from his.]

ON Sunday,¹ after dinner, as it drew towards night, he was conducted to Pomfret with five of his attendants only. At his departure, which had now got wind, a multitude of the country people assembled to testify their grief at his arrest, praying that "the foul fiend might catch" all those who had taken the Cardinal from them. The custody of his person was apparently committed to Sir Roger Lascelles. . . . From the Abbey of Pomfret he proceeded next day to Doncaster, where he lodged with the Black Friars; the day after, to Sheffield Park, where he was received by the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury with great affability. The Earl embraced him, affirming that he was heartily welcome, but that he would have been far more pleased if Wolsey had come in a different fashion; saying to him, after some

¹ On February 12th, 1530, Wolsey had received a general pardon. He had retired to Cawood, in his diocese of York. Here he was arrested for high treason on November 4th and summoned to London.

further remarks, "I will not receive you as a prisoner, but as my good lord and the King's true, faithful subject ; and here is my wife come to salute you ;" whom my Lord kissed bare-headed, and all her gentlewomen, and took my Lord's servants by the hand, as well gentlemen as yeomen and others. At Sheffield Park he remained for eighteen days, and was treated by his host with great consideration and generosity. Once every day he was visited by the Earl, who sought to comfort his unfortunate prisoner. But he resolutely repelled all the efforts that were made to console him, applying himself wholly to devotion, and renouncing all earthly pleasure. Though he was not more than fifty-nine years of age, his health and strength had been completely broken down by his long and laborious occupations, and the incessant vexations to which he had been exposed since his disgrace. Even in his most prosperous days he had never been a strong man ; now his great anxiety of mind, and the enormous pressure upon his faculties during the progress of the divorce, had wholly undermined his constitution. He was attacked by dysentery, brought on by shattered health and excessive agitation ; but it was more immediately caused by eating Warden pears, and was increased apparently by the unskilful treatment of his apothecary.

The final and heaviest blow was reserved for his last moments. The reasons for his arrest had been studiously kept from him ; but as upon all occasions when the King had resolved to strike, he struck once, and never wavered, so it was now. When Henry had abandoned himself to his resentment he was borne along its current with the blind impetuosity of fate. No doubt was allowed to enter his mind. No question of the wisdom or justice of his own determination, no feeling of pity, no sense of past services, however great, were allowed to arrest his hand. He had ordered Sir William Kingston, the keeper of the Tower, to proceed to Sheffield to receive the Earl's prisoner, and bring him to the Tower. It required the greatest delicacy to break the dreadful news to the unhappy Cardinal. For this purpose the Earl, who seems to have been unusually humane and considerate,

hit upon the following expedient. During his conversations with Wolsey, when the latter expressed his apprehensions lest he should be condemned unheard, the Earl either took, or pretended to take, an opportunity of writing to the King in Wolsey's behalf. Then calling Cavendish¹ to him, he said, "My Lord, your master, has often desired me to write to the King that he might answer his accusers in the King's presence. Even so have I done ; and this day I have received letters from his Grace, by Sir William Kingston, by which I perceive that the King holds the Cardinal in very good estimation, and has sent for him by Sir William, who is now here, to come up and make his answer. But do you play the part of a wise man, and break the matter unto him warily ; for he is always so full of sorrow when he is in my company, that I am afraid he will not take it quietly." Cavendish promised to comply, but added, with a clear apprehension of the true meaning of the Earl's stratagem, that the moment he mentioned the name of Sir William Kingston to the Cardinal, his worst suspicions would be confirmed ; "because," said he, "he is constable of the Tower, and has brought twenty-four of the guard to attend upon him." The Earl kindly suggested reasons for removing these unfounded fears, as he was pleased to term them, but evidently with little effect. Cavendish proceeded to break the news. "I found him," he says, "sitting at the upper end of the gallery upon a trussing chest of his own, with his beads and staff in hand." "What news ?" said he, seeing Cavendish come from the Earl. "Forsooth, Sir," he replied, assuming the best appearance of cheerfulness he could master, though his voice sadly belied his words, "I bring you the best news that ever came to you in your life." "I pray God it be so," said Wolsey ; "what is it ?" "Forsooth, Sir," replied Cavendish, "my lord of Shrewsbury, perceiving how desirous you were to come before the King, has so exerted himself that the King has sent Master Kingston with twenty-four of his guard to bring you into his presence." "Master

¹ 1500-1561 ? ; Wolsey's usher and constant attendant, who wrote his Life.

Kingston, Master Kingston!" exclaimed the unhappy Cardinal, musing for a time, as if to recollect himself; and then clapping his hand on his thigh, he gave a deep sigh. Cavendish endeavoured to cheer him. He urged the old argument that the King had no other intention by this act than to bring Wolsey into his presence; and had sent the Constable with a guard of honour out of consideration for Wolsey's high estate, and he had no reason therefore to mistrust his master's kindness. All his efforts were useless. The Cardinal knew too well the King's temper to be deceived. He had not served him so long without being fully aware how implacable and immovable were his resentments. "I perceive," he said, with very significant words (the shadow of Buckingham¹ must have crossed his imagination as he was speaking), "more than you can imagine or can know. *Experience of old has taught me.*"

Meanwhile the Earl came into the gallery to reinforce the arguments of Cavendish; but with no better success. "Well, Sir," quoth the Cardinal, "as God will, so be it. Where is Master Kingston?" On this Kingston was introduced, and according to the usual fashion, kneeled down to the Cardinal as he saluted him in the King's behalf. "I pray you, stand up," said Wolsey; "kneel not unto a very wretch, replete with misery, not worthy to be esteemed, as a vile object, utterly cast away. Stand up, or I will myself kneel down by you." The Lieutenant assured the unhappy prelate that the King bore him as much goodwill and favour as ever; and though it was necessary he should be sent to trial, there was no doubt he would be able to clear himself from all accusations. "Therefore," said he, "be of good cheer, and when it is your pleasure to take your journey I shall give mine attendance." "If I were as able and as lusty as I had been lately, I would not fail," replied Wolsey, "to ride post with you, but I am sick and very weak. Alas! all these comfortable words which you have spoken to me are only to bring me into a fool's paradise. *I know what is provided for me.* Notwithstanding, I thank you, and will be ready to-morrow."

¹ 1478-1521, tried, attainted and executed for treason by Henry VIII.'s orders.

It was the sentence of death, and he knew it full well ; but his despondency and waning health anticipated the sword of the executioner, and disappointed the malice of his enemies. That night his disease, turning to a violent dysentery, increased rapidly ; he became very weak, and was scarce able to stir. The next day he commenced his journey ; and lodged at night, still very sick, at Hardwick Hall. The day after he rode to Nottingham, his sickness and infirmity increasing at every stage. On Saturday (November 26) he rode his last stage to Leicester Abbey ; “ and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule.” As the journey was necessarily impeded by these delays, Sir William and his prisoner did not reach Leicester until late at night ; where, on his entering the gates, the Abbot with all his convent went out to meet him, with the light of many torches, and received him with great demonstrations of respect. “ To whom my Lord said, ‘ Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you.’ ” They then brought him on his mule to the stair’s foot of his chamber, where Kingston took him by the arm, and led him up. Immediately he went to his bed. On the Monday morning, “ as I stood by his bedside,” says Cavendish, “ about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as meseemed, drawing fast to his end. He, perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there ; and inquiring what was the clock, ‘ Sir,’ ” said Cavendish, “ ‘ it is past eight of the clock in the morning.’ ‘ Eight of the clock, eight of the clock ! ’ slowly repeated the dying man ; ‘ nay, that cannot be, for by eight of the clock you must lose your master. My time draweth nigh.’ ”

But even in these last faltering moments he was not allowed to remain unmolested. The King had received information from Northumberland that by an account found in Cawood the Cardinal had in his possession £1,500, of which no portion could be found. Anxious to obtain the money, the King’s impatience could brook no delay, although the Cardinal was now on his way to the Tower. He sent a special messenger to

Kingston, commanding him to examine the Cardinal, and discover where this money was deposited. The commission would have been immediately executed ; but the weakness of the Cardinal was so great, and increased so rapidly, that Kingston was obliged to put off the examination till the next day. The same night Wolsey was very sick, and swooned often, but rallied a little at four the next morning, being St. Andrew's Eve (29th November). After taking a little broth, he remembered that it was a fast day. "What though it be, Sir," said his confessor, Dr. Palmes ; "ye be excused by reason of your sickness." "Yea," quoth he, "what though ? I will eat no more." About seven, Kingston entered the room, intending to fulfil the King's command respecting the money. But seeing the feeble condition of the patient, he endeavoured to encourage him with the usual topic, telling the Cardinal that he was sad and pensive from dread of that which he had no occasion to apprehend. "Well, well, Master Kingston," replied Wolsey, "I see the matter against me, how it is framed ; but if I had served God as diligently as I have served the King, *He* would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service. Commend me to his Majesty, beseeching him to call to his remembrance all that has passed between him and me to the present day, and most chiefly in his great matter ; then shall his conscience declare whether I have offended him or no. He is a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart ; and rather than he will miss or want part of his appetite he will hazard the loss of one half of his kingdom. I assure you I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber, the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but I could never dissuade him." Then urging him to warn the King to have a care of the rapid increase of Lutheranism as destructive to the authority of princes, his words and his voice failed him. His eyes grew fixed and glazed. Incontinently the clock struck eight, and he breathed his last. "And calling to our remembrance," says Cavendish, "his words the day before, how he said that at eight

of the clock we should lose our master, we stood looking upon each other, supposing he had prophesied of his departure."

As the lieutenant of the Tower had now no farther charge, and was anxious to be gone, the burial was fixed for the next day. The body was placed in a rude coffin of wood, with mitre, cross, and ring, and other archiepiscopal ornaments. He lay in state until five o'clock in the afternoon, when he was carried down into the church, with great solemnity, by the abbot and convent, with many torches. Here the corpse rested all night in the Lady Chapel, watched by four men holding lights in their hands, whilst the convent chanted the old and solemn office for the dead. About four in the morning, whilst it was yet dark, they sung a mass. By six they had laid him in his grave, on that cold and dreary November morning, unwept and unlamented by all, except by the very few who, for the glory of human nature, amidst so much of baseness, greed, ingratitude, and cruelty, remained loving and faithful to the last.

21. THE PROTESTANT MARTYRS

From *The History of England from the Meeting of the Reformation Parliament to the Defeat of the Armada*, by JAMES FROUDE (Silver Library Edition), Vol. V., Chapter XXXIII.

[JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818–1894).—Froude, the next in succession as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford to Stubbs and Freeman (1892–1894), was a very different man from either of his predecessors. The member of a talented family, whose brother Hurrell was a leader of the Oxford Movement, he became in 1849 a fanatical disciple of Thomas Carlyle, filled with his master's hatred of Catholicism and encouraged by him to devote his energies to history. His greatest work, "The History of England," appeared between 1856 and 1870. Froude, when he began to work on this book, soon formed the idea that the Reformation was the central event in English history, and conceived the greatest admiration for its authors, who at that time were regarded with contempt by one school of historians led by Macaulay, and with hatred as well by their more conservative

rivals. Froude decided to show Henry VIII. as a man who won his popularity by great gifts of mind and character, a conscientious ruler and husband, a patriot and a statesman, the worthy master of an England determined to free itself from a degrading tyranny. Like Carlyle, he was an admirer of force, and believed that history is made by men of strong passions and strong character.

Froude was a patient researcher : he read masses of documents which had never before been seen by a historian. But, above all, he was a master of English, a stylist who sometimes comes near to Michelet : he wrote passage after passage of the purest prose, of the most moving pathos, and the most thrilling eloquence. But his idea of the task of a historian is difficult to justify : he gloried in his own bias, although he took his theories over at second hand from Carlyle and had no real originality of mind : no Catholic historian was ever so rigidly determined to prove his point, and he was incapable of balanced judgment or of moderate views. Like a lawyer, he always wrote from his brief, and he went to history, not to find out what really happened, but to discover more evidence for his own side of the case. Thus, while he will always be read, he can never be trusted, for he lacked the first requisite of an impartial historian—an open mind. As an advocate, however, he is consummate ; to read him is to feel like a bewildered jurymen in a criminal trial : “ If only this were really so, how easy it would be to find a verdict.”

Our excerpts are only the mutilated fragments of great passages which should be read as a whole, but they show Froude's power of giving life to the past by an unrivalled sense of drama, and a rare gift of weaving original material into a vivid narrative, and of giving artistic significance to the episodes which he selects. But if he had none of the clumsiness of Freeman, nor of the dullness of Stubbs, nor of the effeminacy of Green, he lacked, too, the candour and the accuracy which redeems the faults of all three.

Our first excerpt describes the martyrdom for heresy at Oxford in 1555 of Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of Rochester and London, who had supported Lady Jane Grey, and of Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, the most famous preacher of his day.]

LORD WILLIAMS,¹ the vice-chancellor,² and the doctors were seated on a bench close to the stake. A sermon was preached, ‘ a scant one,’ of scarce a quarter of an

¹ 1500 ?—1559 ; Keeper of the King's Jewels and a friend of Cromwell's under Henry VIII. ; arrested the Protector Somerset ; afterwards custodian of Princess Elizabeth ; became chamberlain to Philip II.

² Of the University of Oxford.

hour; and then Ridley begged that for Christ's sake he might say a few words.

Lord Williams looked to the doctors, one of whom started from his seat, and laid his hand on Ridley's lips—

'Recant,' he said, 'and you may both speak and live.'

'So long as the breath is in my body,' Ridley answered, 'I will never deny my Lord Christ and his known truth. God's will be done in me. I commit our cause,' he said, in a loud voice, turning to the people, 'to Almighty God, who shall indifferently judge all.'

The brief preparations were swiftly made. Ridley gave his gown and tippet to his brother-in-law, and distributed remembrances among those who were nearest to him. To Sir Henry Lee ¹ he gave a new groat, to others he gave handkerchiefs, nutmegs, slices of ginger, his watch, and miscellaneous trinkets; 'some plucked off the points of his hose;' 'happy,' it was said, 'was he that might get any rag of him.'

Latimer had nothing to give. He threw off his cloak, stood bolt upright in his shroud, and the friends took their places on either side of the stake.

'O Heavenly Father,' Ridley said, 'I give unto thee most humble thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee even unto death. Have mercy, O Lord, on this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies.'

A chain was passed round their bodies, and fastened with a staple.

A friend brought a bag of powder and hung it round Ridley's neck.

'I will take it to be sent of God,' Ridley said. 'Have you more for my brother?'

'Yea, sir,' the friend answered. 'Give it him betimes then,' Ridley replied, 'lest ye be too late.'

The fire was then brought. To the last moment, Ridley

¹ 1530-1610; nephew of Sir T. Wyatt, a great sheep farmer and builder.

was distressed about the leases,¹ and, bound as he was, he entreated Lord Williams to intercede with the Queen about them.

'I will remember your suit,' Lord Williams answered. The lighted torch was laid to the faggots. 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley,' Latimer cried at the crackling of the flames; 'Play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'

'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum,' cried Ridley. *'Domine, recipe spiritum meum.'*

'O Father of Heaven,' said Latimer, on the other side, 'receive my soul.'

Latimer died first: as the flame blazed up about him, he bathed his hands in it, and stroked his face. The powder exploded, and he became instantly senseless.

His companion was less fortunate. The sticks had been piled too thickly over the gorse that was under them; the fire smouldered round his legs, and the sensation of suffering was unusually protracted. 'I cannot burn,' he called; 'Lord, have mercy on me; let the fire come to me; I cannot burn.' His brother-in-law, with awkward kindness, threw on more wood, which only kept down the flame. At last some one lifted the pile with 'a bill,' and let in the air; the red tongues of fire shot up fiercely, Ridley wrested himself into the middle of them, and the powder did its work.

The horrible sight worked upon the beholders as it has worked since, and will work for ever, while the English nation survives, being, notwithstanding,—as in justice to those who caused these accursed cruelties, must never be forgotten,—a legitimate fruit of the superstition, that, in the eyes of the Maker of the world, an error of belief is the greatest of crimes; that while for all other sins there is forgiveness, a mistake in the intellectual intricacies of speculative opinion will be punished not with the brief agony of a painful death, but with tortures to which there shall be no end.

¹ Certain leases which as Bishop of London he had renewed on payment by the tenants. Bonner, his successor, had refused to recognise these renewals, and Latimer wanted the tenants repaid.

22. THE ENGLISH BIBLE

From *The History of England*, etc., by JAMES FROUDE (Silver Library Edition), Vol. II., Chapter XII.

THE publication of the English translation of the Bible, with the permission for its free use among the people—the greatest, because the purest victory so far gained by the Reformers—was at length accomplished; a few words will explain how, and by whom. Before the Reformation, two versions existed of the Bible in English—two certainly, perhaps three. One was Wicliffe's; another, based on Wicliffe's, but tinted more strongly with the peculiar opinions of the Lollards, followed at the beginning of the fifteenth century; and there is said to have been a third, but no copy of *this* is known to survive, and the history of it is vague. The possession or the use of these translations was prohibited by the Church, under pain of death. They were extremely rare, and little read; and it was not till Luther's great movement began in Germany, and his tracts and commentaries found their way into England, that a practical determination was awakened among the people, to have before them, in their own tongue, the book on which their faith was built.

I have already described how William Tyndal¹ felt his heart burn in him to accomplish this great work for his country; how he applied for assistance to a learned bishop; how he discovered rapidly that the assistance which he would receive from the Church authorities would be a speedy elevation to martyrdom; how he went across the Channel to Luther, and thence to Antwerp; and how he there, in the year 1526, achieved and printed the first edition of the New Testament. It was seen how copies were carried over secretly to London and circulated in thousands by the Christian Brothers. The

¹ An Oxford man who also studied at Cambridge; quarrelled with the clergy, fled abroad, and was eventually strangled and burnt by order of the Emperor Charles V. at Vilvorde, near Brussels, in 1536.

council threatened; the bishops anathematized. They opened subscriptions to buy up the hated and dreaded volumes. They burnt them publicly in St. Paul's. The whip, the gaol, the stake, did their worst; and their worst was nothing. The high dignitaries of the earth were fighting against Heaven, and met the success which ever attends such contests. Three editions were sold before 1530; and in that year a fresh instalment was completed. The Pentateuch was added to the New Testament; and afterwards, by Tyndal himself, or under Tyndal's eyes, the historical books, the Psalms, and Prophets. At length the whole canon was translated, and published in separate portions.

All these were condemned with equal emphasis and all continued to spread. The progress of the work of propagation had, in 1531, become so considerable as to be the subject of an anxious protest to the Crown from the episcopal bench. The bishops complained of the translations as inaccurate—of unbecoming reflections on themselves in the prefaces and side notes. They required stronger powers of repression, more frequent holocausts, a more efficient inquisitorial police. In Henry's reply they found that the waters of their life were poisoned at the spring. The King, too, was infected with the madness. The King, would have the Bible in English; he directed them, if the translation was unsound, to prepare a better translation without delay. If they had been wise in their generation they would have secured the ground when it was offered to them, and gladly complied. But the work of Reformation in England was not to be accomplished, in any one of its purer details, by the official clergy; it was to be done by volunteers from the ranks, and forced upon the Church by the secular arm. The bishops remained for two years inactive. In 1533, the King becoming more peremptory, Cranmer carried a resolution for a translation through Convocation. The resolution, however, would not advance into act. The next year he brought the subject forward again; and finding his brother prelates fixed in their neglect, he divided Tyndal's work into ten parts, sending one part to each bishop to correct.

The Bishop of London alone ventured an open refusal ; the remainder complied in words, and did nothing.

Finally, the King's patience was exhausted. The legitimate methods having been tried in vain, he acted on his own responsibility. Miles Coverdale,¹ a member of the same Cambridge circle which had given birth to Cranmer, to Latimer, to Barnes,² to the Scotch Wishart,³ silently went abroad with a license from Cromwell ; with Tyndal's help he collected and edited the scattered portions ; and in 1536 there appeared in London, published *cum privilegio* and dedicated to Henry VIII., the first complete copy of the English Bible. The separate translations, still anomalously prohibited in detail, were exposed freely to sale in a single volume, under the royal sanction. The canon and text-book of the new opinions—so long dreaded, so long execrated—was thenceforth to lie open in every church in England ; and the clergy were ordered not to permit only, but to exhort and encourage, all men to resort to it and read.

In this act was laid the foundation-stone on which the whole later history of England, civil as well as ecclesiastical, has been reared ; and the most minute incidents become interesting, connected with an event of so mighty moment.

'Ciaphas,' said Coverdale in the dedicatory preface, 'being bishop of his year, prophesied that it was better to put Christ to death than that all the people should perish : he meaning that Christ was a heretic and a deceiver of the people, when in truth he was the Saviour of the world, sent by his Father to suffer death for man's redemption.'

After the same manner the Bishop of Rome conferred on King Henry VIII. the title of Defender of the Faith, because his Highness suffered the bishops to burn God's Word, the

¹ 1488–1568 ; afterwards Bishop of Exeter.

² 1495–1540 ; eventually burnt under Mary. He abjured heresy in 1526, and so escaped burning then ; fled to Antwerp 1528, and was invited back by Cromwell 1531.

³ Wishart (1513 ?–1546), John Knox's intimate friend, did not, as a matter of fact, go to Cambridge till about 1543, within three years of his martyrdom. Cambridge can hardly be said to have given birth to him.

root of faith, and to persecute the lovers and ministers of the same ; where in very deed the Bishop, though he knew not what he did, prophesied that, by the righteous administration of his Grace, the faith should be so defended that God's Word, the mother of faith, should have free course through all Christendom, but especially in his own realm.

‘ The Bishop of Rome has studied long to keep the Bible from the people, and specially from princes, lest they should find out his tricks and his falsehoods, lest they should turn from his false obedience to the true obedience commanded by God ; knowing well enough that, if the clear sun of God's Word came over the heat of the day, it would drive away the foul mist of his devilish doctrines. The Scripture was lost before the time of that noble King Josiah, as it hath also been among us unto the time of his Grace. Through the merciful goodness of God it is now found again as it was in the days of that virtuous King ; and praised be the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, world without end, which so excellently hath endowed the princely heart of his Highness with such ferventness to his honour and the wealth of his subjects, that he may be compared worthily unto that noble king, that lantern among princes, who commanded straitly, as his Grace doth, that the law of God should be read and taught unto all the people.

‘ May it be found a general comfort to all Christian hearts—a continual subject of thankfulness, both of old and young, unto God and to his Grace, who, being our Moses, has brought us out of the old Ægypt, and from the cruel hands of our spiritual Pharaoh. Not by the thousandth part were the Jews so much bound unto King David for subduing of great Goliath as we are to his Grace for delivering us out of our old Babylonish captivity. For the which deliverance and victory I beseech our only Mediator, Jesus Christ, to make such mean with us unto his heavenly Father, that we may never be unthankful unto Him nor unto his Grace, but increase in fear of God, in obedience to the King's Highness, in love unfeigned to our neighbours, and in all virtue that

cometh of God, to whom, for the defending of his blessed Word, be honour and thanks, glory and dominion, world without end.'

Equally remarkable, and even more emphatic in the recognition of the share in the work borne by the King,¹ was the frontispiece of a subsequent edition, published five years later.

This was divided into four compartments.

In the first, the Almighty was seen in the clouds with outstretched arms. Two scrolls proceeded out of his mouth, to the right and the left. On the former was the verse, 'The word which goeth forth from me shall not return to me empty, but shall accomplish whatsoever I will have done.' The other was addressed to Henry, who was kneeling at a distance bare-headed, with his crown lying at his feet. The scroll said, 'I have found me a man after my own heart, who shall fulfil all my will.' Henry answered, 'Thy word is a lantern unto my feet.'

Immediately below, the King was seated on his throne, holding in each hand a book, on which was written 'the Word of God.' One of these he was giving to Cranmer and another bishop, who with a group of priests were on the right of the picture, saying, 'Take this and teach;' the other on the opposite side he held to Cromwell and the lay peers, and the words were, 'I make a decree that, in all my kingdom, men shall tremble and fear before the living God.' A third scroll, falling downwards over his feet, said alike to peer and prelate, 'Judge righteous judgment. Turn not away your ear from the prayer of the poor man.' The King's face was directed sternly towards the bishops, with a look which said, 'Obey at last, or worse will befall you.'

In the third compartment, Cranmer and Cromwell were distributing the Bible to kneeling priests and laymen; and, at the bottom, a preacher with a benevolent beautiful face was addressing a crowd from a pulpit in the open air. He

¹ Notice that Froude accepts the fulsome language of a dedicatory preface to a king as evidence of a fact.

was apparently commencing a sermon with the text, 'I exhort therefore that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men—for kings'—and at the word 'kings' the people were shouting 'Vivat Rex!—Vivat Rex!' children who knew no Latin lisping 'God save the King!' and, at the extreme left, at a gaol window, a prisoner was joining in the cry of delight, as if he, too, were delivered from a worse bondage.

This was the introduction of the English Bible—this the seeming acknowledgment of Henry's services. Of the translation itself, though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word may be permitted—which breathes through it—the mingled tenderness and majesty—the Saxon simplicity—the preternatural grandeur—unequalled, unapproached, in the attempted improvements of modern scholars—all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndal. Lying, while engaged in that great office, under the shadow of death, the sword above his head and ready at any moment to fall, he worked, under circumstances alone perhaps truly worthy of the task which was laid upon him—his spirit, as it were divorced from the world, moved in a purer element than common air.

His work was done. He lived to see the Bible no longer carried by stealth into his country, where the possession of it was a crime, but borne in by the solemn will of the King—solemnly recognised as the word of the Most High God. And then his occupation in this earth was gone. His eyes saw the salvation for which he had longed, and he might depart to his place. He was denounced to the Regent of Flanders; he was enticed by the suborned treachery of a miserable English fanatic beyond the town under whose liberties he had been secure; and with the reward which, at other times as well as those, has been held fitting by human justice for the earth's great ones, he passed away in smoke and flame to his rest.

23. THE CHARACTER OF EDWARD VI

From *The History of the Church of England*, by RICHARD DIXON, Vol. III., Chapter XXI.

[RICHARD WATSON DIXON (1833–1900).—Richard Dixon, most of whose life was spent as a country clergyman, produced only one historical work of importance. That is his “History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction” which he carried into the reign of Elizabeth. Outside that work, he is better known as a friend of William Morris and of Edward Burne Jones, and as a poet. But that one historical work gives him an important place among historians. It was undertaken partly to contest Froude’s view of the Reformation, and is written from the point of view of a moderate English High Churchman. It is a chronicle history of great detail, extremely accurate and complete, and written with great distinction and a fine sense of character. Dixon’s view was that the Reformation was needed for many reasons, but was carried out by bad instruments and accompanied by great calamities. Whatever else it did, it did not make the Church of England, for that had existed for many centuries before.]

THE character of Edward the Sixth was revealed more clearly in this closing transaction ¹ than in anything else that he did. He subverted, but at the same time he imitated, his father in treating the crown as a private possession. He yielded to the ascendancy of Northumberland on the one hand: on the other he became obstinate and unreasonable as soon as he was resolved on his course. He browbeat the judges till they belied the laws; he compelled the Archbishop in the name of loyalty to become a traitor. The son of Henry the Eighth was beyond doubt an extraordinary person. Observation, coolness, ability, and strength of will are perceptible throughout his brief career, in his conduct, and in his writings. The education of this orphan child stimulated the force and corroded the goodness of his nature. Under the ridiculous system of the Tudor etiquette, to which he was subjected, he beheld the human race mostly in the

¹ The Settlement of the Crown on Lady Jane Grey.

act of genuflection. His very sisters fell on their knees whenever they spoke to him. The foundation of his intellect was probably hardness. It has been questioned whether he wrote all the themes, essays, and exertations that pass under his name : but whether he were assisted as to the matter or not, the unvarying hardness of the style, especially in the important record, which he has left, of his own reign, cannot be attributed to any but himself. His Journal is ever the same in manner : whether he describe a festival or an execution, a plague that carried off hundreds of his subjects, or the eruption of the measles on his own person, all is set down in the briefest and driest terms of narrative. The unfeeling minutes which he penned of the fall and death of his uncle Somerset have been noticed with surprise more than once. Undoubtedly he was alienated by the unavoidable sufferings that he underwent, when the Duke, at the time of his first disgrace, held possession of his person, and hurried him from place to place : and this feeling was afterwards aggravated by Northumberland's artful representation that the doings of the Protector had been prejudicial to the royal dignity. And yet even resentment, not altogether groundless, cannot account entirely for the callousness with which Edward has treated of the violent end of a relative and an intimate. But Edward was a boy. In childhood the great calamities of life are felt less than the petty vexations. It is through experience that our judgment is reversed ; that we learn to pass with a smile the annoyances of the hour, while real troubles awaken answerable emotion. The child that weeps and storms about a toy, may hear with little concern beyond curiosity of the death of a parent. Such conduct is no final indication of the disposition : it comes of the immaturity which has not gained the true measure of joy and sorrow. As to this fatherless and motherless child, the plaything and the pagod ¹ of the men who then preyed upon the commonwealth, what the qualities that he might have developed, what he might have put off or on, it would be bootless to conjecture. But his last act

¹ Pagod—an old-fashioned word for *idol*.

seemed to show that fanaticism had taken root in him, to the diminution of justice and natural affection.

His reign, to dignify by that title the seven years of an infant, the protectorate of Somerset, and the domination of Northumberland, is a chaos in the semblance of order, which has been curiously misread in history. There are writers who have described it as the sacred age of England, when the light of the Reformation, which had but glimmered in the days of Henry the Eighth, shone forth with a lustre that was doubled by the gloomy horrors that so soon ensued. There are others, who, exasperated by the triumph of principles which they detest, have overwhelmed with a deluge of vituperation characters and measures which in truth would ill bear a tenderer handling. It is futile to cover every portrait with black : in total darkness nothing can be seen. Others again have busied themselves in extinguishing some of the greater lights of the Reformation, such as Somerset and Cranmer, without denying that at the Reformation there was an illumination. These last have been actuated not so much by scientific conviction as by boundless indulgence of the passion of hatred of the Church of England. They have regarded men like Somerset and Cranmer as fathers of the Church of England : and it is for this reason that they have pursued their memories with outcries : not because they cared whether they were good or bad, or great or little men. They have been misled in fact by the preposterous notion that the Church of England was created, or had her origin, at the Reformation : and they think that the reign of Edward the Sixth was the time when she grew to completion, because it was the time when some of her most important printed formularies were compiled, of which some were ratified by Parliament. This portentous blunder, of supposing that the Church of England was begun in the age that reformed, but also did much to impair her, has vitiated and deprived of value one of the most artistic and elaborate, and one of the most ambitious histories of England of the present century.¹ Nearly all historical writing is now become a

¹ That of Macaulay.

flattery of the people : among the books that flatter the people most enormously are those that contain this error about the Church.

It was a period that was filled with the revolution of the rich against the poor. This I have shown at length : but what, besides the poor themselves and their rights, perished to effect that revolution ? The sacred, the almost aristocratic character of poverty perished. Tendencies perished which had formed the second age of the world. For the world has had but three ages : the age of art and war ; the age of theology and enthusiasm ; the present age. The first produced the Parthenon and the Second Punic War : of the second the monuments are the *Summa Theologiæ*¹ and the Crusades : the present age is very philanthropic.

24. MARRIAGE OF PHILIP AND MARY

From *History of the Reign of Philip II.*, by WILLIAM PRESCOTT (Library Edition, ed. J. F. Kirk), Book I., Chapter IV.

[WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT (1796–1859).—Prescott, our first American historian, the son of a prosperous lawyer, was condemned by a strange fate to a life of extraordinary heroism. At the age of twenty-one, while at Harvard University, he was hit in the eye by a piece of bread thrown in fun after dinner by a fellow student ; the sight of this eye was irrevocably destroyed, and when, after taking his degree, he settled down to work in a lawyer's office, the other eye was soon sympathetically affected. For a time he thought he was condemned to total blindness ; for months he lived in darkness, and his sight never recovered sufficiently for him to read for more than perhaps an hour at a time. But these misfortunes only brought out the inward strength of character, which was concealed from all but his most intimate friends by a light-hearted gaiety and a keen delight in the pleasures of society.

He was wealthy as well as popular, he soon made a thoroughly happy marriage, and might well have settled down to the life of a sociable invalid. Instead, he determined to devote himself to history, taught himself to write with an ingenious machine called

¹ Of S. Thomas Aquinas.

a "noctograph," and fixed for himself a routine of study under which his secretaries read to him and wrote at his dictation for a regular seven hours a day. His eyes made it impossible for him to learn German, but he found that he could master Spanish, and after some hesitation decided to write the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella." In 1836 he published a three-volume work on this subject, the fruit of ten years' study. It was an instantaneous success. His knowledge of the period was thorough, and his style had a magnificent vigour and a fine polish which came partly from the fact that he had trained himself to remember verbally whole chapters of his book, so as to be able to spend his leisure time in improving their arrangement and polishing their language. He then turned to the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," and in 1843 brought out an account of the achievements of Cortez which was even more successful than his first book : it was followed by the "Conquest of Peru," and he then embarked on the work from which we quote. This was interrupted by his sudden death from apoplexy as he was on the point of beginning the third volume.

Prescott had travelled a great deal in Europe, was popular wherever he went, and was widely recognised as one of the ornaments of nineteenth century literature. His history suffers in depth and sometimes accuracy from the fact that his reading was necessarily so limited, and he was sometimes misled by his artist's instinct for the picturesque. But, like his friend Thierry, also handicapped by blindness, he wrote in a style so full of noble enthusiasm for his subject that his pictures of the great events and characters whom he described will always live.]

IN the month of March, 1554, Count Egmont¹ arrived in England, on a second embassy, for the purpose of exchanging the ratifications of the marriage-treaty. He came in the same state as before, and was received by the queen in the presence of her council. The ceremony was conducted with great solemnity. Mary kneeling down, called God to witness that in contracting this marriage she had been influenced by no motive of a carnal or worldly nature, but by the desire of securing the welfare and tranquillity of the kingdom. To her kingdom her faith had first been plighted ; and she hoped that Heaven would give her strength to maintain inviolate the oath she had taken at her coronation.

¹ 1522-1568 ; Flemish patriot who fought under Charles V. in Algiers, Germany, and France, and was executed by Alva in 1567.

This she said with so much grace that the bystanders, says Renard,¹—who was one of them,—were all moved to tears. The ratifications were then exchanged, and the oaths taken, in presence of the host, by the representatives of Spain and England; when Mary, again kneeling, called on those present to unite with her in prayer to the Almighty that He would enable her faithfully to keep the articles of the treaty and would make her marriage a happy one.

Count Egmont then presented to the queen a diamond ring, which the emperor had sent her. Mary, putting it on her finger, showed it to the company; “and assuredly,” exclaims the Spanish minister, “the jewel was a precious one, and well worthy of admiration.” Egmont, before departing for Spain, inquired of Mary whether she would intrust him with any message to Prince Philip. The queen replied that “he might tender to the prince her most affectionate regards, and assure him that she should be always ready to vie with him in such offices of kindness as became a loving and obedient wife.” When asked if she would write to him, she answered, “Not till he had begun the correspondence.”

This lets us into the knowledge of a little fact, very significant. Up to this time Philip had neither written nor so much as sent a single token of regard to his mistress. All this had been left to his father. Charles had arranged the marriage, had wooed the bride, had won over her principal advisers,—in short, had done all the courtship. Indeed, the inclinations of Philip, it is said, had taken another direction, and he would have preferred the hand of his royal kinswoman, Mary of Portugal. However this may be, it is not probable that he felt any great satisfaction in the prospect of being united to a woman who was eleven years older than himself, and whose personal charms, whatever they might once have been, had long since faded, under the effects of disease and a constitutional melancholy. But he loved power; and whatever scruples he might have entertained on his own account were silenced before the wishes of his father.

¹ The Imperial Ambassador.

"Like another Isaac," exclaims Sandoval,¹ in admiration of his conduct, "he sacrificed himself on the altar of filial duty." The same implicit deference which Philip showed his father in this delicate matter he afterwards, under similar circumstances, received from his own son.

After a pleasant run of a few days, the Spanish squadron came in sight of the combined fleets of England and Flanders, under the command of the Lord Admiral Howard,² who was cruising in the channel in order to meet the prince and convoy him to the English shore. The admiral seems to have been a blunt sort of man, who spoke his mind with more candour than courtesy. He greatly offended the Flemings by comparing their ships to mussel-shells. He is even said to have fired a gun as he approached Philip's squadron, in order to compel it to lower its topsails in acknowledgment of the supremacy of the English in the "narrow seas." But this is probably the patriotic vaunt of an English writer, since it is scarcely possible that the haughty Spaniard of that day would have made such a concession, and still less so that the British commander would have been so discourteous as to exact it on this occasion.

On the nineteenth of July the fleets came to anchor in the port of Southampton. A number of barges were soon seen pushing off from the shore; one of which, protected by a rich awning and superbly lined with cloth of gold, was manned by sailors whose dress of white and green intimated the royal livery. It was the queen's barge, intended for Philip; while the other boats, all gaily ornamented, received his nobles and their retinues.

The Spanish prince was welcomed, on landing, by a goodly company of English lords, assembled to pay him their obeisance. The earl of Arundel³ presented him, in the queen's name, with the splendid insignia of the order of the Garter. Philip's dress, as usual, was of plain black velvet,

¹ D. 1621; Spanish historian, who wrote a history of Charles V.

² 1510-1573; father of the admiral who defeated the Armada.

³ Henry Fitz Alan (1511?-1580), Mary's Lord Steward; afterwards conspired against Elizabeth on behalf of Mary Stuart.

with a berret cap, ornamented, after the fashion of the time, with gold chains. By Mary's orders, a spirited Andalusian jennet had been provided for him, which the prince instantly mounted. He was a good rider, and pleased the people by his courteous bearing and the graceful manner in which he managed his horse.

The royal procession then moved forward to the ancient church of the Holy Rood, where mass was said, and thanks were offered up for their prosperous voyage. Philip, after this, repaired to the quarters assigned to him during his stay in the town. They were sumptuously fitted up, and the walls of the principal apartment hung with arras, commemorating the doings of that royal polemic, Henry the Eighth. Among other inscriptions in honour of him might be seen one proclaiming him "Head of the Church" and "Defender of the Faith,"—words which, as they were probably in Latin, could not have been lost on the Spaniards.

The news of Philip's landing was received in London with every demonstration of joy. Guns were fired, bells were rung, processions were made to the churches, bonfires were lighted in all the principal streets, tables were spread in the squares, laden with good cheer, and wine and ale flowed freely as water for all comers. In short, the city gave itself up to a general jubilee, as if it were celebrating some victorious monarch returned to his dominions, and not the man whose name had lately been the object of such general execration. Mary gave instant orders that the nobles of her court should hold themselves in readiness to accompany her to Winchester, where she was to receive the prince; and on the twenty-first of July she made her entry, in great state, into that capital, and established her residence at the episcopal palace.

During the few days that Philip stayed at Southampton he rode constantly abroad, and showed himself frequently to the people. The information he had received, before his voyage, of the state of public feeling, had suggested to him some natural apprehensions for his safety. He seems to have resolved from the first, therefore, to adopt such a

condescending and indeed affable demeanour as would disarm the jealousy of the English and, if possible, conciliate their good-will. In this he appears to have been very successful, although some of the more haughty of the aristocracy did take exception at his neglecting to raise his cap to them. That he should have imposed the degree of restraint which he seems to have done on the indulgence of his natural disposition is good proof of the strength of his apprehensions.

The favour which Philip showed the English gave umbrage to his own nobles. They were still more disgusted by the rigid interpretation of one of the marriage-articles, by which some hundreds of their attendants were prohibited, as foreigners, from landing, or, after landing, were compelled to re-embark and return to Spain. Whenever Philip went abroad he was accompanied by Englishmen. He was served by Englishmen at his meals. He breakfasted and dined in public,—a thing but little to his taste. He drank healths, after the manner of the English, and encouraged his Spanish followers to imitate his example, as he quaffed the strong ale of the country.

On the twenty-third of the month the earl of Pembroke ¹ arrived, with a brilliant company of two hundred mounted gentlemen, to escort the prince to Winchester. He was attended, moreover, by a body of English archers, whose tunics of yellow cloth striped with bars of red velvet displayed the gaudy-coloured livery of the house of Aragon. The day was unpropitious. The rain fell heavily, in such torrents as might have cooled the enthusiasm of a more ardent lover than Philip. But he was too gallant a cavalier to be daunted by the elements. The distance, not great in itself, was to be travelled on horseback,—the usual mode of conveyance at a time when roads were scarcely practicable for carriages.

Philip and his retinue had not proceeded far when they were encountered by a cavalier, riding at full speed, and

¹ Henry Herbert, second Earl of Pembroke, who married Lady Jane Grey's sister; gentleman of the chamber to Philip II.; died 1601.

bringing with him a ring which Mary had sent her lover, with the request that he would not expose himself to the weather, but postpone his departure to the following day. The prince, not understanding the messenger, who spoke in English, and suspecting that it was intended by Mary to warn him of some danger in his path, instantly drew up by the road-side, and took counsel with Alva and Egmont as to what was to be done. One of the courtiers, who perceived his embarrassment, rode up and acquainted the prince with the real purport of the message. Relieved of his alarm, Philip no longer hesitated, but, with his red felt cloak wrapped closely about him and a broad beaver slouched over his eyes, manfully pushed forward, in spite of the tempest.

As he advanced, his retinue received continual accessions from the neighbouring gentry and yeomanry, until it amounted to some thousands before he reached Winchester. It was late in the afternoon when the cavalcade, soiled with travel, and thoroughly drenched with rain, arrived before the gates of the city. The mayor and aldermen, dressed in their robes of scarlet, came to welcome the prince, and, presenting the keys of the city, conducted him to his quarters.

That evening Philip had his first interview with Mary. It was private, and he was taken to her residence by the chancellor, Gardiner, bishop of Winchester. The royal pair passed an hour or more together ; and, as Mary spoke the Castilian fluently, the interview must have been spared much of the embarrassment that would otherwise have attended it.

On the following day the parties met in public. Philip was attended by the principal persons of his suite, of both sexes ; and as the procession, making a goodly show, passed through the streets on foot, the minstrelsy played before them till they reached the royal residence. The reception-room was the great hall of the palace. Mary, stepping forward to receive her betrothed, saluted him with a loving kiss before all the company. She then conducted him to a sort of throne, where she took her seat by his side, under a stately canopy. They remained there for an hour or more, conversing together, while their courtiers had leisure to become

acquainted with one another, and to find ample food, doubtless, for future criticism, in the peculiarities of national costume and manners. Notwithstanding the Spanish blood in Mary's veins, the higher circles of Spain and England had personally almost as little intercourse with one another at that period as England and Japan¹ have at the present.

The ensuing day, the festival of St. James, the patron saint of Spain, was the one appointed for the marriage. Philip exchanged his usual simple dress for the bridal vestments provided for him by his mistress. They were of spotless white, as the reporter is careful to inform us, satin and cloth of gold, thickly powdered with pearls and precious stones. Round his neck he wore the superb collar of the Golden Fleece, the famous Burgundian order; while the brilliant riband below his knee served as the badge of the no less illustrious order of the Garter. He went on foot to the cathedral, attended by all his nobles, vying with one another in the ostentatious splendour of their retinues.

Half an hour elapsed before Philip was joined by the queen at the entrance of the Cathedral. Mary was surrounded by the lords and ladies of her court. Her dress, of white satin and cloth of gold, like his own, was studded and fringed with diamonds of inestimable price, some of them, doubtless, the gift of Philip, which he had sent to her by the hands of the prince of Eboli,² soon after his landing. Her bright-red slippers and her mantle of black velvet formed a contrast to the rest of her apparel, and, for a bridal costume, would hardly suit the taste of the present day. The royal party then moved up the nave of the cathedral, and were received in the choir by the bishop of Winchester, supported by the great prelates of the English Church. The greatest of all, Cranmer, the primate of all England, who should have performed the ceremony, was absent,—in disgrace and a prisoner.

Philip and Mary took their seats under a royal canopy,

¹ *I.e.*, practically none, as was true in Prescott's day.

² Ruy Gomez, favourite of Philip II.

with an altar between them. The queen was surrounded by the ladies of her court,—whose beauty, says an Italian writer, acquired additional lustre by contrast with the shadowy complexions of the south. The aisles and spacious galleries were crowded with spectators of every degree, drawn together from the most distant quarters to witness the ceremony.

The silence was broken by Figueroa, one of the imperial council, who read aloud an instrument of the emperor, Charles the Fifth. It stated that this marriage had been of his own seeking; and he was desirous that his beloved son should enter into it in a manner suitable to his own expectations and the dignity of his illustrious consort. He therefore resigned to him his entire right and sovereignty over the kingdom of Naples and the duchy of Milan. The rank of the parties would thus be equal, and Mary, instead of giving her hand to a subject, would wed a sovereign like herself.

Some embarrassment occurred as to the person who should give the queen away,—a part of the ceremony not provided for. After a brief conference, it was removed by the marquis of Winchester¹ and the earls of Pembroke and Derby,² who took it on themselves to give her away in the name of the whole realm; at which the multitude raised a shout that made the old walls of the cathedral ring again. The marriage-service was then concluded by the bishop of Winchester. Philip and Mary resumed their seats, and mass was performed, when the bridegroom, rising, gave his consort the “kiss of peace,” according to the custom of the time. The whole ceremony occupied nearly four hours. At the close of it, Philip, taking Mary by the hand, led her from the church. The royal couple were followed by the long train of prelates and nobles, and were preceded by the earls of Pembroke and Derby, each bearing aloft a naked sword, the symbol of sovereignty. The effect of the spectacle was heightened by the various costumes of the two nations,—the richly-tinted and picturesque dresses of the Spaniards, and

¹ 1485–1572; the most pliant and cautious of the peers.

² Gentlemen of the chamber to both Edward VI. and Philip.

the solid magnificence of the English and Flemings, mingling together in gay confusion. The glittering procession moved slowly on, to the blithe sounds of festal music, while the air was rent with loyal acclamations of the populace, delighted, as usual, with the splendour of the pageant.

In the great hall of the episcopal palace a sumptuous banquet was prepared for the whole company. At one end of the apartment was a dais, on which, under a superb canopy, a table was set for the king and queen; and a third seat was added for Bishop Gardiner, the only one of the great lords who was admitted to the distinction of dining with royalty.

Below the dais, the tables were set on either side through the whole length of the hall, for the English and Spanish nobles, all arranged—a perilous point of etiquette—with due regard to their relative rank. The royal table was covered with dishes of gold. A spacious beaufet, rising to the height of eight stages, or shelves, and filled with a profusion of gold and silver vessels, somewhat ostentatiously displayed the magnificence of the prelate, or of his sovereign. Yet this ostentation was rather Spanish than English, and was one of the forms in which the Castilian grandee loved to display his opulence.

At the bottom of the hall was an orchestra, occupied by a band of excellent performers, who enlivened the repast by their music. But the most interesting part of the show was that of the Winchester boys, some of whom were permitted to enter the presence and recite in Latin their epithalamiums in honour of the royal nuptials, for which they received a handsome guerdon from the queen.

After the banquet came the ball, at which, if we are to take an old English authority, “the Spaniards were greatly out of countenance when they saw the English so far excel them.” This seems somewhat strange, considering that dancing is, and always has been, the national pastime of Spain. Dancing is to the Spaniard what music is to the Italian,—the very condition of his social existence. It did not continue late on the present occasion, and at the tem-

perate hour of nine the bridal festivities closed for the evening.

Philip and Mary passed a few days in this merry way of life at Winchester, whence they removed, with their court, to Windsor.

25. ELIZABETH'S EARLY DIFFICULTIES

From *The Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. II. Chapter XVI. ("The Anglican Settlement and the Scottish Reformation"), by F. W. MAITLAND.

WITHIN the country the prospect was dubious. The people were discontented: defeat and shame, pestilence and famine had lately been their lot. A new experiment would be welcome; but it would miserably fail were it not speedily successful. No doubt, the fires in Smithfield¹ had harmed the Catholic cause by confirming the faith and exasperating the passions of the Protestants. No doubt, the Spanish marriage was detested. But we may overestimate the dislike of persecution and the dislike of Spain. No considerable body of Englishmen would deny that obstinate heretics should be burnt. There was no need for Elizabeth to marry Philip or bring Spaniards into the land; but the Spanish alliance, the old Anglo-Burgundian² alliance, was highly valued: it meant safety and trade and occasional victories over the hereditary foe.³ Moreover, the English Reformers were without a chief; beyond Elizabeth they had no pretender to the throne; they had no apostle, no prophet; they were scattered over Europe and had been quarrelling, Knoxians against Coxians,⁴ in their foreign abodes. Edward's

¹ Where many of the Protestant martyrs were burnt. It was then an open space near St. Paul's Cathedral, on the outskirts of the city of London.

² Since Spain now ruled the Netherlands, Philip II. being a direct descendant of Charles the Bold.

³ France.

⁴ This refers to a great dispute at Frankfurt among the Marian exiles from England over the use of the Prayer Book. Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely, led the party for the Prayer Book; Knox, the great Scottish reformer, bitterly opposed it.

reign had worn the gloss off the new theology. We may indeed be sure that, had Elizabeth adhered to the old faith, she must have quelled plots and rebellions or herself been quelled. We look at Scotland, France, and the Netherlands, and, it may be, infer that the storm would have overwhelmed her. Perhaps we forget how largely the tempests that we see elsewhere were due to the momentous choice that she made for England. It must probably be allowed that most of the young men of brains and energy who grew to manhood under Mary were lapsing from Catholicism, and that the educated women were falling faster and further. London too, Bonner's London, was Protestant, and London might be worth an abolished Mass.¹ But when, after some years of fortunate and dexterous government, we see how strong is the old creed, how dangerous is Mary Stewart as its champion, we cannot feel sure that Elizabeth chose the path which was, or which seemed to be, the safest.

Of her own opinions she told strange tales. Puzzled by her shifty discourse, a Spanish envoy once suggested atheism. When a legal settlement had been made, it was her pleasure, and perhaps her duty, to explain that her religion was that of all sensible people. The difference between the various versions of Christianity "*n'estoit que bagatelle*." So she agreed with the Pope, except about some details; she cherished the Augsburg confession,² or something very like it; she was at one, or nearly at one, with the Huguenots. She may have promised her sister (but this is not proved) to make no change in religion; at any rate she had gone to mass without much ado. Nevertheless it is not unlikely that at the critical time her conduct was swayed rather by her religious beliefs or disbeliefs than by any close calculation of loss and gain. She had not her father's taste for theology; she was neither prig like her brother nor zealot like her

¹ *I.e.*, to win London, exasperated by the persecutions set on foot by Bishop Bonner, it might have been worth Elizabeth's while to abjure her own religion, as Henry IV₂ of France was to do. Henry said, "Paris is worth a Mass," and became a Catholic. Elizabeth, if she had been a Catholic, might have said, "London is worth an abolished Mass."

² The chief Lutheran creed, drawn up in 1530.

sister ; but she had been taught from the first to contemn the Pope, and during Edward's reign she had been highly educated in the newest doctrines. John Hooper, the father of the Puritans, had admired her displays of argumentative divinity.¹ More than one Catholic who spoke with her in later days was struck by her ignorance of Catholic verity. "The Bishop of Aquila traced her phrases to "the heretic Italian friars." He seems to have been thinking of Vermigli² and Ochino,³ and there may have been some little truth in his guess. Once she said that she liked Italian ways and manners better than any other, and sometimes seemed to herself half Italian. Her eyes filled with tears over Peter Martyr's congratulations. She had talked predestination with Fra Bernardino and had translated one of his sermons ; the Puritans were persuaded that if she would listen to no one else, she would listen to him. All this might have meant little ; but then she had suffered in the good cause. She had been bullied into going to mass ; she had been imprisoned ; she had nearly been excluded from the throne ; some ardent Catholics had sought her life ; and her suspected heresies had been at least a part of her offending. It would have been base to disappoint all those who had prayed for her and plotted for her, and pleasant it was when from many lands came letters which hailed her as the miraculously preserved champion of the truth. She had a text ready for the bearer of the good news : "This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes."

¹ Fled from England to Switzerland in 1539 ; became Somerset's chaplain in 1549 ; Bishop of Gloucester 1550, but refused to wear vestments ; burnt 1555.

² Vermiglio, christened Peter Martyr ; b. 1500 ; fled from Italy 1542 and joined the Swiss reformers ; became a professor at Oxford and was imprisoned by Mary ; d. 1562. He once congratulated Elizabeth on her knowledge of Italian.

³ 1487-1565 ; an Italian Capuchin monk, who became general of the order, but was driven from Italy as a heretic and lived in Switzerland, Germany, and England. He is also known as Fra Bernardino (see below).

26. PHILIP II., MARY STUART, AND ELIZABETH

From *Lectures on Modern History*, by LORD ACTON,
Lecture VII.

[JOHN EMMERICH EDWARD DALBERG, BARON ACTON (1834–1902).—To include Lord Acton's work in this volume seems almost like an insult to his memory. More than most things, Lord Acton hated "literary" history. He said of Carlyle: "I think him the most detestable of historians," and he hoped in his own generation to dispose of "conventional" history, and to inspire the next age to reach "ultimate" history. So he planned a book, the "Cambridge Modern History," covering the whole story of the modern world, written by a committee of experts so accurate and impartial that the reader could not tell without referring to the table of contents who had written any particular section of it. He was so determined to be sure of his facts that, though he knew more history than any man of his age, he wrote nothing but a few articles, lectures, and reviews.

Yet Acton was himself a man of most decided and individual views, and the master of a very distinctive epigrammatic style: though he wrote no books, he made a profound impression on his contemporaries, and exercised a great influence from his Professor's chair at Cambridge on the rising generation of students of history. The nature of that influence was two-fold. Firstly, Acton had a vehement belief in liberty, and above all in liberty of conscience: he planned the writing of a history of liberty throughout the ages, and his passion for freedom of thought and action was the inspiration of his life. This gave him a point of view which is all the more interesting from the fact that he was a strong, though liberal, Catholic, who was opposed to the proclamation of papal infallibility in 1870, but who believed firmly in the dogmas of the Catholic faith and in the mission of the Church to save men from the tyranny of the State by setting up a rival authority. Secondly, Acton had a very exalted view of the function and duties of a historian, a view which he expressed with great eloquence and power. The historian, he thought, was the keeper of the conscience of the civilised world: it was his duty not only to get at the truth of what happened, but to give a moral judgment on events and persons, to expose vice and wickedness and assign due credit to virtue.

For a third reason, Acton is of interest in the history of history: he was a cosmopolitan man—one of the small band of British scholars who have kept abreast of European culture. His grand-

father had risen in a remarkable life to be Prime Minister of the kingdom of Naples, his mother was descended from the famous German house of Dalberg, and his stepfather was Lord Granville, British Foreign Secretary under Russell and Gladstone. He was shut out from Cambridge as a young man by his religion and was educated largely in Germany: thus he began life with a knowledge of Europe to which few Englishmen ever attain, and this knowledge he extended throughout a long life by many interesting friendships and by his almost fabulous industry and thoroughness as a reader of books. All his life he kept up a card catalogue of notes and cross-references, which grew to such a size that its author himself was overwhelmed by it.

Acton, then, is cosmopolitan while Green is insular; he sees the meaning of history in the slow development of liberty, unlike Carlyle, who sees it in the achievements of men of force; he believes in the historian as a moral censor, while Creighton thinks his task is limited to the description of events and the analysis of character. Notice in this short excerpt how severe Acton is on both Elizabeth and Philip II., how appreciative, though himself a Catholic, of the Dutch Calvinists.]

WHAT is known as the Penal Laws begins with Mary's¹ captivity in England. There was the northern rising; the Pope issued a Bull deposing Elizabeth, and Philip undertook to make away with her; for the Queen of Scots, once Queen of France, now fixed her hopes on Spain and the forces of the Counter-Reformation. The era of persecution began which threw England back for generations, while France, Germany, Austria, the Netherlands, were striving for religious freedom. It was proposed to extirpate the Catholics. Negotiations were opened with the Scots, to give them back their queen, on condition that they would at once put her to death. And when she had been condemned for plotting treason, Elizabeth asked her gaoler to murder her in her prison. The execution at Fotheringay gave Elizabeth that security at home which she could never have enjoyed while Mary lived. But it was the signal of danger from abroad. Philip II. was already

¹ *I.e.*, Mary Queen of Scots (1542-1587). She fled to England in 1568 and was executed at Fotheringay in 1587.

preparing for war with England when Mary bequeathed her rights to him. The legal force of the instrument was not great, but it gave him a claim to fight for, constituting the greatest enterprise of the Reformation struggle. Sixtus V.,¹ the ablest of the modern Popes, encouraged him. Personally, he much preferred Elizabeth to Philip, and he offered her favourable terms. But he gave his benediction, and even his money, to the Spaniards when there was a chance that they would succeed. And their chances, in the summer of 1588, seemed very good. The Armada was stronger, though not much stronger, than the English fleet; but the army that was to be landed at the mouth of the Thames was immeasurably superior to the English. This was so evident that Philip was dazzled and listened to no advice. They might have sailed for Cork, and made Ireland a Spanish stronghold. They might have supplied Farnese² with the land force that he required to complete the conquest of the revolted provinces, putting off to the following year the invasion of England. When they came in sight of Plymouth, Recalde, one of the victors of Lepanto,³ and Oquendo, whose name lasted as long as the Spanish navy, for the ship of the line that bore it was sunk in Cervera's action, demanded to fight. But the orders were peremptory to sail for Dunkirk and to transport Farnese to Margate. The Armada made the best of its way to Gravelines, where they were attacked before Farnese could embark, and the expedition failed.

An American writer, meditating upon our history at Battle, on the spot where Harold fell, once expressed his thought in these words, "Well, well, it is a small island, and has been often conquered." It was not conquered in August 1588, because Drake held the narrow seas. The credit was not shared by the army. And it may be a happy

¹ 1521-1590; Pope 1585-1590: a great organiser and diplomatist, and a man of original mind.

² 1547-1592; Duke of Parma, the great general who won back the southern provinces of the Netherlands for Philip II.

³ Lepanto was the great victory won by Don John of Austria over the Turkish fleet in 1571 off the coast of Greece. Cervera was the Spanish admiral who led the whole Spanish navy to destruction in the harbour of Santiago de Cuba in the Spanish-American War, 1898.

fortune that the belated levies of Tilbury, commanded by Leicester, never saw the flash of Farnese's guns. For the superiority of Spain was not by sea, nor the greatness of England on land. But England thenceforth was safe, and had Scotland in tow. Elizabeth occupied a position for which her timorous and penurious policy, during so many years, had not prepared the world.¹ She proposed terms to Philip. She would interfere no more in the Low Countries, if he would grant toleration. Farnese entered into the scheme, but Philip refused. The lesson of the Armada was wasted upon him. He did not perceive that he had lost Holland as well as England.

The revolt of the Netherlands created a great maritime power ; for it was by water, by the dexterous use of harbours, estuaries and dykes, that they obtained independence. By their sea power they acquired the trade of the Far East, and conquered the Portuguese possessions. They made their universities the seat of original learning and original thinking, and their towns were the centre of the European press. The later Renaissance, which achieved by monuments of solid work what dilettantism had begun and interrupted in the Medicean age, was due to them and to the refuge they provided for persecuted scholars. Their government, imperfect and awkward in its forms, became the most intelligent of the European governments. It gave the right of citizenship to revolutionary principles, and handed on the torch when the turn of England came. There the sects were reared which made this country free ; and there the expedition was fitted out, and the king provided, by which the Whigs acquired their predominance. England, America, France have been the most powerful agents of political progress ; but they were preceded by the Dutch. For it was by them that the great transition was made, that religious change became political change, that the Revolution was evolved from the Reformation.

¹ Compare this verdict with Ranke's, pp. 148—150 below.

27. THE EARL OF LEICESTER IN THE
NETHERLANDS.

From *The History of the United Netherlands*, by JOHN MOTLEY, Vol. I., Chapter VII.

[JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814-1877).—Motley, the most brilliant of the American historians, was a distinguished diplomatist and was liked and admired in most of the capitals of Europe: A splendidly handsome man with an eager, impulsive temperament, he formed, as a student at Gottingen University, a firm friendship with Bismarck, who was his contemporary there; they laughed and drank, fought duels, and read Shakespeare and Goethe together. His first attempts at literature took the form of unsuccessful novels, but he soon found his vocation, which was to study the history of the little European Republic which he admired almost as much as his own country. He threw himself with intense energy into the study of the revolt of the Netherlands against Spain, and in 1856, after ten years' work, published his "Rise of the Dutch Republic" in four volumes. Though it had been refused by Murray's, the great London publishers, it was an immediate success, and was soon translated into half a dozen languages. He planned to carry on the story of Holland through the Thirty Years War down to the Treaty of Westphalia, but was interrupted by the American Civil War and by diplomatic appointments in Vienna and London, and only got as far as the threshold of the Thirty Years War. The quotation which follows is from the first volume of his second book, "The History of the United Netherlands."

Motley was by no means an impartial historian, and is very unfair both to Philip II. and Elizabeth. Much of his work has been superseded by later students, but his books are classics of historical writing in the grand style: he carries his laboriously acquired knowledge with perfect ease, and is one of the great masters of historical narrative.]

ROBERT DUDLEY, Earl of Leicester, was then fifty-four years of age. There are few personages in English history whose adventures, real or fictitious, have been made more familiar to the world than his have been, or whose individuality has been presented in more picturesque fashion, by chronicle, tragedy, or romance. Born in the same day

of the month and hour of the day with the Queen, but two years before her birth, the supposed synastry of their destinies might partly account, in that age of astrological superstition, for the influence which he perpetually exerted. They had, moreover, been fellow-prisoners together, in the commencement of the reign of Mary, and it is possible that he may have been the medium through which the indulgent expressions of Philip II. were conveyed to the Princess Elizabeth.

His grandfather, John Dudley, that "caterpillar of the commonwealth," who lost his head in the first year of Henry VIII. as a reward for the "grist which he brought to the mill"¹ of Henry VII.; his father, the mighty Duke of Northumberland, who rose out of the wreck of an obscure and ruined family to almost regal power, only to perish, like his predecessor, upon the scaffold, had bequeathed him nothing save rapacity, ambition, and the genius to succeed. But Elizabeth seemed to ascend the throne only to bestow gifts upon her favourite. Baronies and earldoms, stars and garters, manors and monopolies, castles and forests, church livings, and college chancellorships, advowsons and sinecures, emoluments and dignities, the most copious and the most exalted, were conferred upon him in breathless succession. Wine, oil, currants, velvets, ecclesiastical benefices, university headships, licenses to preach, to teach, to ride, to sail, to pick and to steal, all brought "grist to his mill." His grandfather, "the horse leach and shearer," never filled his coffers more rapidly than did Lord Robert, the fortunate courtier. Of his early wedlock with the ill-starred Amy Robsart, of his nuptial projects with the Queen, of his subsequent marriages and mock-marriages with Douglas Sheffield and Lettice of Essex, of his plottings, poisonings, imaginary or otherwise, of his countless intrigues, amatory and political—of that luxuriant creeping, flaunting, all-pervading existence which struck its fibres into the mould, and coiled itself through the whole fabric, of Elizabeth's life and reign—of all this the world has long known too much to render a repetition needful here. The inmost nature and the secret deeds of a man placed so

¹ An expression of Lord Bacon's in his "History of Henry VII."

high by wealth and station, can be seen but darkly through the glass of contemporary record. There was no tribunal to sit upon his guilt. A grandee could be judged only when no longer a favourite, and the infatuation of Elizabeth for Leicester terminated only with his life. He stood now upon the soil of the Netherlands in the character of a "Messiah," yet he had been charged with crimes sufficient to send twenty humbler malefactors to the gibbet. "I think," said a most malignant arraigner of the man, in a published pamphlet, "that the Earl of Leicester hath more blood lying upon his head at this day, crying for vengeance, than ever had private man before, were he never so wicked."

Certainly the mass of misdemeanours and infamies hurled at the head of the favourite by that "green-coated Jesuit," father Parsons,¹ under the title of 'Leycester's Commonwealth,' were never accepted as literal verities; yet the value of the precept, to calumniate boldly, with the certainty that much of the calumny would last for ever, was never better illustrated than in the case of Robert Dudley. Besides the lesser delinquencies of filling his purse by the sale of honours and dignities, by violent ejections from land, fraudulent titles, rapacious enclosures of commons, by taking bribes for matters of justice, grace, and supplication to the royal authority, he was accused of forging various letters to the Queen, often to ruin his political adversaries, and of plottings to entrap them into conspiracies, playing first the comrade and then the informer. The list of his murders and attempts to murder was almost endless. "His lordship hath a special fortune," said the Jesuit, "that when he desireth any woman's favour, whatsoever person standeth in his way hath the luck to die quickly." He was said to have poisoned Alice Drayton, Lady Lennox,² Lord Sussex,³ Sir Nicholas Throgmorton,⁴ Lord Sheffield, whose widow he married, and

¹ 1546-1610; Fellow of Balliol College: joined the Church of Rome, became a Jesuit, and conspired against Elizabeth; he is the "malignant arraigner" referred to above.

² 1515-1578; mother of Lord Darnley and grandmother of James I.

³ D. 1583; soldier and diplomatist; wished Elizabeth to marry a French prince, and so quarrelled with Leicester.

⁴ 1503-1635; a diplomatist and politician, who wrote an account of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers.

then poisoned Lord Essex,¹ whose widow he also married, and intended to poison, but who was said to have subsequently poisoned him—besides murders or schemes for murder of various other individuals, both French and English. “He was a rare artist in poison,” said Sir Robert Naunton,² and certainly not Cæsar Borgia, nor his father or sister, was more accomplished in that difficult profession than was Dudley, if half the charges against him could be believed. Fortunately for his fame, many of them were proved to be false. Sir Henry Sidney, lord deputy of Ireland, at the time of the death of Lord Essex, having caused a diligent inquiry to be made into that dark affair, wrote to the council that it was usual for the Earl to fall into a bloody flux when disturbed in his mind, and that his body when opened showed no signs of poison. It is true that Sir Henry, although an honourable man, was Leicester’s brother-in-law, and that perhaps an autopsy was not conducted at that day in Ireland on very scientific principles.

His participation in the strange death of his first wife was a matter of current belief among his contemporaries. “He is infamed by the death of his wife,” said Burghley, and the tale has since become so interwoven with classic and legendary fiction, as well as with more authentic history, that the phantom of the murdered Amy Robsart is sure to arise at every mention of the Earl’s name. Yet a coroner’s inquest—as appears from his own secret correspondence with his relative and agent at Cumnor³—was immediately and persistently demanded by Dudley. A jury was impannelled—every man of them a stranger to him, and some of them enemies. Antony Forster, Appleyard, and Arthur Robsart, brother-in-law and brother of the lady, were present, according to Dudley’s special request; “and if more of her friends could have been sent,” said he, “I would have sent them;” but

¹ Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex; d. 1576: Irish adventurer and father of Elizabeth’s favourite.

² 1563–1635; an important politician who left unpublished reminiscences of the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

³ The country house near Oxford where Leicester had left his wife. Thomas Blount was Leicester’s agent there.

with all their minuteness of inquiry, "they could find," wrote Blount, "no presumptions of evil," although he expressed a suspicion that "some of the jurymen were sorry that they could not." That the unfortunate lady was killed by a fall downstairs was all that could be made of it by a coroner's inquest, rather hostile than otherwise, and urged to rigorous investigation by the supposed culprit himself. Nevertheless, the calumny has endured for three centuries, and is like to survive as many more.

Whatever crimes Dudley may have committed in the course of his career, there is no doubt whatever that he was the most abused man in Europe. He had been deeply wounded by the Jesuit's artful publication, in which all the misdeeds with which he was falsely or justly charged were drawn up in awful array, in a form half colloquial, half judicial. "You had better give some contentment to my Lord Leicester," wrote the French envoy from London to his government, "on account of the bitter feelings excited in him by these villainous books lately written against him."

The Earl himself ascribed these calumnies to the Jesuits, to the Guise ¹ faction, and particularly to the Queen of Scots. He was said, in consequence, to have vowed an eternal hatred to that most unfortunate and most intriguing Princess. "Leicester has lately told a friend," wrote Charles Paget,² "that he will persecute you to the uttermost, for that he supposeth your Majesty to be privy to the setting forth of the book against him." Nevertheless, calumniated or innocent, he was at least triumphant over calumny. Nothing could shake his hold upon Elizabeth's affections. The Queen scorned but resented the malignant attacks upon the reputation of her favourite. She declared "before God and in her conscience, that she knew the libels against him to be most scandalous, and such as none but an incarnate devil himself could dream to be true." His power, founded not upon genius nor virtue, but upon woman's caprice, shone serenely above

¹ The extreme Catholic party in the French Wars of Religion.

² D. 1612; a Catholic conspirator in the service of Mary Stuart, and afterwards of Philip II.

the gulf where there had been so many shipwrecks. "I am now passing into another world," said Sussex, upon his death-bed, to his friends, "and I must leave you to your fortunes; but beware of the gipsy, or he will be too hard for you. You know not the beast so well as I do."

The "gipsy," as he had been called from his dark complexion, had been renowned in youth for the beauty of his person, being "tall and singularly well-featured, of a sweet aspect, but high foreheaded, which was of no discommendation," according to Naunton. The Queen, who had the passion of her father for tall and proper men, was easier won by externals, from her youth even to the days of her dotage, than befitted so very sagacious a personage. Chamberlains, squires of the body, carvers, cup-bearers, gentlemen-ushers, porters, could obtain neither place nor favour at court, unless distinguished for stature, strength, or extraordinary activity. To lose a tooth had been known to cause the loss of a place, and the excellent constitution of leg which helped Sir Christopher Hatton¹ into the chancellorship, was not more remarkable perhaps than the success of similar endowments in other contemporaries. Leicester, although stately and imposing, had passed his summer solstice. A big bulky man, with a long red face, a bald head, a defiant somewhat sinister eye, a high nose, and a little torrent of foam-white curly beard, he was still magnificent in costume. Rustling in satin and feathers, with jewels in his ears, and his velvet toque stuck as airily as ever upon the side of his head, he amazed the honest Hollanders, who had been used to less gorgeous chieftains. "Everybody is wondering at the great magnificence and splendour of his clothes," said the plain chronicler of Utrecht.² For, not much more than a year before, Fulke Greville³ had met at Delft a man whose external adornments were simpler; a somewhat slipshod personage, whom he thus pourtrayed:—"His uppermost

¹ 1540-1591; one of Elizabeth's chief advisers and her mouthpiece to Parliament.

² P. C. Bor, of Utrecht, author of one of the early vernacular chronicle histories of Holland, published 1621.

³ 1554-1628; friend of Sir P. Sidney, poet, statesman, and patron of letters.

garment was a gown," said the euphuistic ¹ Fulke, "yet such as, I confidently affirm, a mean-born student of our Inns of Court would not have been well disposed to walk the streets in. Unbuttoned his doublet was, and of like precious matter and form to the other. His waistcoat, which showed itself under it, not unlike the best sort of those woollen knit ones which our ordinary barge-watermen row us in. His company about him, the burgesses of that beer-brewing town. *No external sign of degree could have discovered the inequality of his worth or estate from that multitude.* Nevertheless, upon conversing with him, *there was an outward passage of inward greatness.*"

Of a certainty there must have been an outward passage of inward greatness about him; for the individual in unbuttoned doublet, and bargeman's waistcoat, was no other than *William the Silent*. A different kind of leader had now descended among those rebels, yet it would be a great mistake to deny the capacity or vigorous intentions of the magnificent Earl, who certainly was like to find himself in a more difficult and responsible situation than any he had yet occupied.

28. EXECUTION OF MARY STUART

From *The History of England*, by JAMES FROUDE, Vol. XII., Chapter LXIX.

HER last night was a busy one. As she said herself, there was much to be done and the time was short. A few lines to the King of France were dated two hours after midnight. They were to insist for the last time that she was innocent of the conspiracy, that she was dying for religion, and for having asserted her right to the crown; and to beg that out of the sum which he owed her, her servants' wages might be paid, and masses provided for her soul. After this

¹ "Euphues" was a fashionable novel, published in 1578, which popularised an elaborate and affected style of talk and writing.

she slept for three or four hours, and then rose and with the most elaborate care prepared to encounter the end.

At eight in the morning the Provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his returning with the sheriff however a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendour. The plain grey dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled paternosters was attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's ¹ gentlemen, the Sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury,² Kent, Paulet, Drury,³ and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's ⁴ brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. 'Melville,' she said, 'you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so, good Melville, farewell.' She kissed him, and turning asked for her chaplain du Preau. He was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by

¹ 1535 ?-1598; one of the Commissioners of the trial, afterwards Marquis of Winchester.

² 1528 ?-1590; much trusted by Elizabeth, and made by her "keeper" of Mary.

³ D. 1589; a lawyer and a master in Chancery.

⁴ Sir R. Melville (1527-1621), Chancellor of James VI.

enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated. Missing them she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. 'The Queen,' she said, 'would never deny her so slight a request;' and when Kent still hesitated, she added with tears, 'You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland.'

It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's¹ young wife Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized.

'Allons donc,' she then said—'Let us go,' and passing out attended by the Earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fire-place, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the Sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the Earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots as she swept in seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant.

¹ Gilbert Curle, Mary's secretary.

Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver ; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed and took their places, the Sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale ¹ then mounted a platform and read the warrant aloud.

In all the assembly Mary Stuart appeared the person least interested in the words which were consigning her to death.

‘Madam,’ said Lord Shrewsbury to her, when the reading was ended, ‘you hear what we are commanded to do.’

‘You will do your duty,’ she answered, and rose as if to kneel and pray.

The Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, approached the rail. ‘Madam,’ he began, with a low obeisance, ‘the Queen’s most excellent Majesty ;’ ‘Madam, the Queen’s most excellent Majesty’—thrice he commenced his sentence, wanting words to pursue it. When he repeated the words a fourth time, she cut him short.

‘Mr. Dean,’ she said, ‘I am a Catholic, and must die a Catholic. It is useless to attempt to move me, and your prayers will avail me but little.’

‘Change your opinion, Madam,’ he cried, his tongue being loosed at last ; ‘repent of your sins, settle your faith in Christ, by him to be saved.’

‘Trouble not yourself further, Mr. Dean,’ she answered ; ‘I am settled in my own faith, for which I mean to shed my blood.’

‘I am sorry, Madam,’ said Shrewsbury, ‘to see you so addicted to Popery.’

‘That image of Christ you hold there,’ said Kent, ‘will not profit you if he be not engraved in your heart.’

She did not reply, and turning her back on Fletcher knelt for her own devotions.

He had been evidently instructed to impair the Catholic complexion of the scene, and the Queen of Scots was determined that he should not succeed. When she knelt he commenced an extempore prayer in which the assembly joined.

¹ 1541–1601 ; a diplomatist and antiquary ; Secretary of State during Walsingham’s absence.

As his voice sounded out in the hall she raised her own, reciting with powerful deep-chested tones the penitential Psalms in Latin, introducing English sentences at intervals, that the audience might know what she was saying, and praying with especial distinctness for her holy father the Pope.

From time to time, with conspicuous vehemence, she struck the crucifix against her bosom, and then, as the Dean gave up the struggle, leaving her Latin, she prayed in English wholly, still clear and loud. She prayed for the Church which she had been ready to betray, for her son, whom she had disinherited, for the Queen whom she had endeavoured to murder. She prayed God to avert his wrath from England, that England which she had sent a last message to Philip to beseech him to invade. She forgave her enemies, whom she had invited Philip not to forget, and then, praying to the saints to intercede for her with Christ, and kissing the crucifix and crossing her own breast, 'Even as thy arms, oh Jesus,' she cried, 'were spread upon the cross, so receive me into thy mercy and forgive my sins.'

With these words she rose; the black mutes stepped forward, and in the usual form begged her forgiveness.

'I forgive you,' she said, 'for now I hope you shall end all my troubles.' They offered their help in arranging her dress. 'Truly, my Lords,' she said with a smile to the Earls, 'I never had such grooms waiting on me before.' Her ladies were allowed to come up upon the scaffold to assist her; for the work to be done was considerable, and had been prepared with no common thought.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot.

Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. 'Ne criez vous,' she said, 'j'ay promis pour vous.' Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a handkerchief.

'Adieu,' she said, smiling for the last time and waving her hand to them, 'Adieu, au revoir.' They stepped back from off the scaffold and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the Psalm, *In te, Domine, confido*, 'In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust,' Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the Earls being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white wand and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and laying down her head muttered: 'In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam.' The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The laboured illusion vanished. The

lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

‘So perish all enemies of the Queen,’ said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud Amen rose over the hall. ‘Such end,’ said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, ‘to the Queen’s and the Gospel’s enemies.’

Orders had been given that everything which she had worn should be immediately destroyed, that no relics should be carried off to work imaginary miracles. Sentinels stood at the doors who allowed no one to pass out without permission; and after the first pause, the Earls still keeping their places, the body was stripped. It then appeared that a favourite lapdog had followed its mistress unperceived, and was concealed under her clothes; when discovered it gave a short cry, and seated itself between the head and the neck, from which the blood was still flowing. It was carried away and carefully washed, and then beads, Paternoster, handkerchief—each particle of dress which the blood had touched, with the cloth on the block and on the scaffold, was burnt in the hall fire in the presence of the crowd. The scaffold itself was next removed: a brief account of the execution was drawn up, with which Henry Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury’s son, was sent to London, and then every one was dismissed. Silence settled down on Fotheringay, and the last scene of the life of Mary Stuart, in which tragedy and melodrama were so strangely intermingled, was over.

NOTE.—For another view of Mary’s career and character, see Andrew Lang’s “*History of Scotland*,” Vol. II., p. 185, on her marriage with Bothwell:

“It is the natural inference that she, like many other women, was not proof against the charms of Bothwell, who, moreover, had practically saved her after Riccio’s murder.

“No man can record this opinion without regret. Charm, courage, kindness, loyalty to friends and servants, all were Mary’s. But she fell; and passion overcame her, who to other influences presented a heart of diamond. They who have followed her fortunes, cruel in every change, must feel, if convinced of her passion, an inextinguishable regret, a kind of vicarious remorse, a blot, as it were, on their personal honour. Not all earth’s rivers

flowing in one channel can wash the stain away. As in the tragedy of *Æschylus*, the heroic queen has sacrificed herself and the noble nature that was born with her, to the love of the basest of mankind."

And p. 330, on her execution:—

"The kirk-session graciously acceded to his majesty's desire." [James VI.'s request that they should pray for the preservation of his mother]. "But Mary was in danger no more. On that very day was consummated one of the few crimes that have not been blunders. The only prison which her enemies could trust to hold the queen had closed on her:

‘To-night she doth inherit
The vasty halls of Death.’

May God have more mercy than man on this predestined victim of uncounted treasons, of unnumbered wrongs: wrongs that warped, maddened, and bewildered her noble nature, but never quenched her courage, never deadened her gratitude to a servant, never shook her loyalty to a friend.

‘She was a bad woman, disguised in the livery of a martyr, and, if in any sense at all she was suffering for her religion, it was because she had shown herself capable of those detestable crimes which in the sixteenth century appeared to be the proper fruits of it.’ So Mr. Froude, as if the professors of the fire-new gospel of Protestantism disdained the English desire to murder Mary and James, or the swords that shed the blood of Beaton,¹ or the daggers that clashed in the brain and breast of Riccio.”²

29. SINGEING THE KING OF SPAIN’S BEARD

From *Sir Francis Drake*, by JULIAN CORBETT (English Men of Action Series), Chapter IX.

[*SIR JULIAN CORBETT* (1854–1922).—Corbett was a Cambridge man who began life as a barrister, a journalist, and a writer of novels of adventure. In 1894 he went as special correspondent up the Nile with the Dongola expedition: his lives of Monk and of Drake were written on his return, and he followed them up with a series of works on British naval strategy—"Drake and the Tudor Navy," "The Successors of Drake," "England in the Mediterranean," "England in the Seven Years War," and "The Campaign of Trafalgar." He also edited many documents for

¹ 1494–1546; Papal legate and Bishop of St. Andrews, murdered because he had condemned Wishart, the popular Protestant preacher, to be burnt.

² 1533 ?–1566; Mary's secretary, murdered by Darnley, her husband, and others in Holyrood Palace.

the Navy Records Society and the papers of Lord Spencer, Pitt's First Lord of the Admiralty and Nelson's patron.

Corbett had a vivid style, and his books are admirably planned. Some of them are expansions of his lectures at the Naval War College. He was chosen to write the official history of the Navy in the Great War; he published two volumes, and had carried the story up to the Battle of Jutland when he died.]

ELIZABETH was in a resolute mood. Drake's ideas of naval warfare were developing a step further, and the Queen for the moment listened. He was beginning dimly to grasp that the command of the sea was the first object for a naval power to aim at. It was because he had not command of the seas that he had been unable to retain his hold of Cartagena,¹ for the troops which should have formed its garrison were wanted to defend his fleet. Wiser for the lesson, his aim was now to crush the Spanish navy, and then in undisputed control of the sea to gather in his harvest. The opposition were thoroughly alarmed, and while Drake in hot haste was driving on his preparations, they left no stone unturned to get his orders modified. They tampered with his men, they whispered slanders in his mistress's ear, they frightened her with threats from abroad, they tempted her with offers of peace from Parma² on the old disgraceful terms. For Walsingham,³ who, through thick and thin, was always at Drake's back, it was an unequal fight; with the staunchest of his party in disgrace for Mary's premature execution, he was single-handed against a host, and at last the friends of Spain prevailed. Early in April a messenger sped down to Plymouth with orders that operations were to be confined to the high seas. As Philip's ships were all snug in port, and could well remain there as long as Drake's stores allowed him to keep the sea, it was a complete triumph for Spain. But when the messenger dashed into Plymouth with

¹ Which he took the year before, in 1586. It is in Spanish South America, the chief port of what is now the State of Colombia, on the western coast of the Caribbean Sea.

² See p. 123, note 3.

³ D. 1590; Secretary of State, 1573 to his death.

the fatal packet he found the roadstead empty. Drake was gone.

In vain at the last moment a number of his sailors had been induced to desert; he had filled their places with soldiers. In vain a swift pinnace was despatched in pursuit; Drake had taken care no orders should catch him, and with his squadron increased by two warships from Lyme, was already off Finisterre, battling with a gale which drove the pinnace home. For seven days it raged and forced the fleet far out to sea. Still Drake held on in its teeth, and so well had he his ships in hand, that on the 16th, within twenty-four hours after the gale had blown itself out, the whole fleet in perfect order was sailing gaily eastwards past Cape St. Vincent.

Eastwards—for he had intelligence that Cadiz harbour was full of transports and store-ships, and on the afternoon of the 19th as he entered the bay he saw a forest of masts in the road behind the city. A council of war was summoned at once, and without asking their opinion he quietly told them he was going to attack. It was his usual manner of holding a council, but it took Borough's ¹ breath away. It shocked the old Queen's officer, and outraged his sense of what was due to his own reputation and experience, and the time-honoured customs of war. He wanted to talk about it, and think about it, and find out first whether it was too dangerous. And there was certainly some excuse for his caution. Cadiz stands on a precipitous rock at the end of a low and narrow neck of land, some five miles in length, running parallel to the coast. Within this natural breakwater are enclosed an outer and an inner port, and so cumbered with shoals and rocks was the entrance from the sea that no ship could get in without passing under the guns of the town batteries, while access from the outer to the inner port was only to be gained by the Puntal passage half a mile wide. Opposite Cadiz, on the other side of the outer harbour, was Port St. Mary, and within the Puntal channel, at the extreme

¹ 1536-1599; Elizabeth's comptroller of the Navy, vice-admiral to Drake.

end of the inlet, stood Port Royal. Both places, however, were so protected by shoals as to be unapproachable except to the port pilots. It was an ideal scene of action for galleys to develop their full capabilities. Two had already appeared to reconnoitre, and how many more there were no one could tell. Galleys, it must be remembered, were then considered the most formidable warships afloat and quite invincible in confined waters or calms. By all the rules of war, on which Borough was the first authority in the service, to attack was suicide ; but Drake had spent his life in breaking rules. He did not care. The enemy was there, his authority was in his pocket, the wind was fair, his officers believed in him, and as the sun sank low behind them the fleet went in.

A scene of terror and confusion followed. Every ship in the harbour cut its cables and sought safety in flight, some to sea, some across the bay to St. Mary's, some through the Puntal passage to the inner harbour and Port Royal. To cover the stampede ten galleys came confidently out from under the Cadiz batteries. All was useless. While the chartered cruisers swooped on the fugitives, the Queen's ships stood in to head off the advancing galleys as coolly as though they had fought them a hundred times before. In a few minutes the English Admiral had taught the world a new lesson in tactics. Galleys could only fire straight ahead ; and as they came on line abreast, Drake, passing with the Queen's four battle-ships athwart their course, poured in his heavy broadsides. Never before had such gunnery been seen. Ere the galleys were within effective range for their own ordnance they were raked and riddled and confounded, and to the consternation of the Spaniards they broke for the cover of the batteries. Two had to be hauled up to prevent their sinking, the rest were a shambles, and nothing was now thought of but how to protect the city from the assault which seemed inevitable. Hardly any troops were there : a panic seized the population ; and Drake was left alone to do the work for which he had come.

Beyond the batteries the fleet anchored with its prizes, plundering and scuttling with all its might, till the flood came

in again. Then all that remained were fired, and by the flare of the blazing hulks as they drifted clear with the tide, Drake moved the fleet into the mouth of the Puntal channel out of range of the batteries. He himself took up a position seawards of the new anchorage, to engage the guns which the Spaniards were bringing down from the town and to keep off the galleys; for as yet the work was but half done. In the inner harbour lay the splendid galleon of the Marquis de Santa Cruz and a crowd of great ships too big to seek the refuge of the shoals about Port Royal, and at daylight the *Merchant Royal* went boldly in with all the tenders in company. Then, in spite of the labours of the past night, the plundering, scuttling, and burning began again. Outside, the galleys were making half-hearted demonstrations against the English anchorage, but they were easily kept at bay. By noon it was all over, and Drake attempted to make sail. In the past thirty-six hours he had entirely revictualled his fleet with wine, oil, biscuit, and dried fruits. He had destroyed some twelve thousand tons of shipping, including some of the finest vessels afloat, and four ships laden with provisions were in possession of his prize crews. It was enough and more than enough. But the wind would not serve, and all day long he lay where he was, in sight of the troops that were now pouring along the isthmus into Cadiz. Again and again the galleys attempted to approach, and every time Drake's broadsides swept them back before they reached their effective range. Vainly too the Spaniards strove to post guns near enough to annoy the fleet. Nor did the struggle cease till at midnight a land-wind sprang up, and brushing from his path the galleys that sought to block the way, Drake made sail. By two o'clock he had cleared the batteries and was safe outside without losing a single man. Boldly enough then the galleys gave chase, but, unfortunately, the wind suddenly shifted completely round. Drake at once went about, and the galleys fled in most undignified haste, leaving the English fleet to complete its triumph by anchoring unmolested in full view of the town.

30. THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH

From *A Short History of the English People*, by JOHN RICHARD GREEN (Edition of 1885), Chapter VII., Section V.

WHAT Elizabeth really contributed to this commercial development was the peace and social order from which it sprang, and the thrift which spared the purses of her subjects by enabling her in ordinary times to content herself with the ordinary resources of the Crown. She lent, too, a ready patronage to the new commerce, she shared in its speculations, she considered its extension and protection as a part of public policy, and she sanctioned the formation of the great Merchant Companies which could then alone secure the trader against wrong or injustice in distant countries. The Merchant-Adventurers of London, a body which had existed long before, and had received a charter of incorporation under Henry the Seventh, furnished a model for the Russian Company, and the Company which absorbed the new commerce to the Indies. But it was not wholly with satisfaction that either Elizabeth or her ministers watched the social change which wealth was producing around them. They feared the increased expenditure and comfort which necessarily followed it, as likely to impoverish the land and to eat out the hardihood of the people. "England spendeth more on wines in one year," complained Cecil,¹ "than it did in ancient times in four years." The disuse of salt-fish and the greater consumption of meat marked the improvement which was taking place among the agricultural classes. Their rough and wattled farmhouses were being superseded by dwellings of brick and stone. Pewter was replacing the wooden trenchers of the earlier yeomanry; there were yeomen who could boast of a fair show of silver plate. It is from this period, indeed, that we can first date the rise of a conception which seems to us now a peculiarly English one, the conception of domestic comfort. The chimney-corner, so closely associated with family life, came into existence with

¹ 1520-1598; Elizabeth's chief adviser: made Lord Burleigh in 1571.

the general introduction of chimneys, a feature rare in ordinary houses at the beginning of this reign. Pillows, which had before been despised by the farmer and the trader as fit only "for women in child-bed," were now in general use. Carpets superseded the filthy flooring of rushes. The lofty houses of the wealthier merchants, their parapeted fronts, their costly wainscoting, the cumbrous but elaborate beds, the carved staircases, the quaintly figured gables, not only broke the mean appearance which had till then characterised English towns, but marked the rise of a new middle and commercial class which was to play its part in later history. A transformation of an even more striking kind proclaimed the extinction of the feudal character of the noblesse. Gloomy walls and serried battlements disappeared from the dwellings of the gentry. The strength of the mediæval fortress gave way to the pomp and grace of the Elizabethan Hall. Knowle, Longleat, Burleigh and Hatfield, Hardwick and Audley End, are familiar instances of the social as well as architectural change which covered England with buildings where the thought of defence was abandoned for that of domestic comfort and refinement. We still gaze with pleasure on their picturesque line of gables, their fretted fronts, their gilded turrets and fanciful vanes, their castellated gateways, the jutting oriels from which the great noble looked down on his new Italian garden its stately terraces, and broad flights of steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in hopeless rivalry of the cypress avenues of the South. It was the Italian refinement of life which remodelled the interior of such houses, raised the principal apartments to an upper floor—a change to which we owe the grand staircases of the time—surrounded the quiet courts by long "galleries of the presence," crowned the rude hearth with huge chimney-pieces adorned with fauns and cupids, with quaintly interlaced monograms and fantastic arabesques, hung tapestries on the walls, and crowded each chamber with quaintly carved chairs and costly cabinets. The life of the Middle Ages concentrated itself in the vast castle hall, where the

baron looked from his upper daïs on the retainers who gathered at his board. But the great households were fast breaking up; and the whole feudal economy disappeared when the lord of the household withdrew with his family into his "parlour" or "withdrawing-room," and left the hall to his dependants. He no longer rode at the head of his servants, but sate apart in the newly-introduced "coach." The prodigal use of glass became a marked feature in the domestic architecture of the time, and one whose influence on the general health of the people can hardly be over-estimated. Long lines of windows stretched over the fronts of the new manor halls. Every merchant's house had its oriel. "You shall have sometimes," Lord Bacon grumbled, "your houses so full of glass, that we cannot tell where to come out of the sun or the cold." But the prodigal enjoyment of light and sunshine was a mark of the temper of the age. The lavishness of a new wealth united with a lavishness of life, a love of beauty, of colour, of display, to revolutionize English dress. The Queen's three thousand robes were rivalled in their bravery by the slashed velvets, the ruffs, the jewelled purpoints of the courtiers around her. Men "wore a manor on their backs." The old sober notions of thrift melted before the strange revolutions of fortune wrought by the New World. Gallants gambled away a fortune at a sitting, and sailed off to make a fresh one in the Indies. Visions of galleons loaded to the brim with pearls and diamonds and ingots of silver, dreams of El Dorados where all was of gold, threw a haze of prodigality and profusion over the imagination of the meanest seaman. The wonders, too, of the New World, kindled a burst of extravagant fancy in the Old. The strange medley of past and present which distinguishes its masques and feastings only reflected the medley of men's thoughts. Pedantry, novelty, the allegory of Italy, the chivalry of the Middle Ages, the mythology of Rome, the English bear-fight, pastorals, superstition, farce, all took their turn in the entertainment which Lord Leicester provided for the Queen at Kenilworth. A "wild man" from the Indies chanted her praises, and Echo answered him.

Elizabeth turned from the greetings of sibyls and giants to deliver the enchanted lady from her tyrant "Sans Pitié." Shepherdesses welcomed her with carols of the spring, while Ceres and Bacchus poured their corn and grapes at her feet.

It was to this turmoil of men's minds, this wayward luxuriance and prodigality of fancy, that we owe the revival of English letters under Elizabeth.

31. QUEEN ELIZABETH AND LORD BURLEIGH

From *A History of England*, by LEOPOLD VON RANKE (English Translation), Vol. I., Book III., Chapter VII.

[LEOPOLD VON RANKE (1795-1886).—Ranke, himself the greatest modern historian after Gibbon, and the founder of the greatest school of historians in Europe, that of Germany, published in 1824 a little book on Italian and German history between 1494 and 1527 which marks the next step forward in the development of historical science since Gibbon. He was a little, quiet, placid man, with a big head and a gentle manner, born in Saxony, and beginning life as a classical schoolmaster in a Prussian gymnasium. Like so many others, he first became interested in history through reading one of Scott's novels, but, characteristically enough, what roused him was the discovery that Scott's pictures of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold were caricatures of those of Commynes, the contemporary and the servant of both. Truth, he decided, was more interesting than fiction: to get at what actually happened became the passion of his life. His originality was in his method. It consisted in the careful sifting and analysis of every source used: his first book contained an appendix in which he criticised with careful impartiality each of his authorities, weighing the bias and the prejudices of each against his opportunities for getting at the real truth: it was what Gibbon had done in his footnotes with his native skill and acuteness, but with Ranke this critical study of sources was reduced to a system. He was soon given a professorship at Berlin and sent abroad at the expense of the Prussian Government: he travelled all over Europe, meeting the great statesmen of the day and everywhere studying the national archives. In Venice he found the reports of the ambassadors of that famous republic, untouched by any previous historian, though they were clearly a mine of information

on the history of all the great countries. The point of view of the Venetian ambassadors, calm, business-like observers of events, exactly suited Ranke; by dint of reading their despatches he grew more and more like them—a courtly, dignified, tranquil visitor in every court in Europe, carefully analysing the characters and events in the history of each. Late in life he came to England, the home country of his wife, and was welcomed by the Prince Consort. He was attracted by the same period which had already drawn his British contemporaries Carlyle and Macaulay. After ten years' work he produced six great volumes, beginning with an outline of early English history, becoming more detailed with Henry VIII., treating very fully the hundred years from 1603 to 1702, and ending in 1760. This was his method with each of the many countries on the history of which he worked. He was equally at home in the great periods of the Latin, Teutonic, and Slavonic races. Before he died, in 1886, he began, though now blind and unable to write, a history of the world, which he carried in four great volumes down to the death of the Emperor Henry IV.

Ranke could read most of the important languages from Hebrew to Magyar. He gathered round him an army of pupils whom he fired with enthusiasm to attack the mediæval period before his own favourite epochs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the later events centering round the French Revolution. With German thoroughness he combined German organising skill, and none did more to make German scholarship a source of inspiration to Europe, and to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge. The width of his own knowledge and his calm impartiality made him greater than Macaulay: he had the European background and the philosophic detachment which the far more brilliant Whig historian lacked. He himself lacked Carlyle's prophetic fire and his poetic imagination, his style was cold, and he was repelled by scenes of passion and excitement. More at home in the council chamber than in the market place, he had only one passion himself, the love of truth, and he did not realise that most men are moved by less serene enthusiasms; but his greatness lay in the very fact that he could write as calmly and indulgently of the Counter-Reformation Popes as of the career of Luther,—of Philip II. as of Gustavus Adolphus. He lived through the period when race hatred and the blindness of patriotism were reaching their extreme, but he never forgot that the European nations are one family, each of whom has its contribution to make to the common stock of European civilisation. French historians who have credited every great idea to the

French, Prussian historians who have tried to prove that every good thing has come from between the Elbe and the Oder, English historians who have written of Parliament as if it were the final achievement of humanity, are put to shame by this long life devoted to the study and appreciation of great men and great events wherever they were to be found.]

ELIZABETH was one of those sovereigns who have beforehand formed an idea for themselves as to the duties of government. Four qualities, she says once, seemed to her necessary for it : justice and self-control, highmindedness and judgment ; she might pride herself on the two first : never in a case of equal rights had she favoured one person more than another : never had she believed a first report, but waited for fuller knowledge : the two others she would not claim for herself, for they were men's virtues. But the world ascribed a high degree of these very virtues to her. Men descried her subtle judgment in the choice of her servants, and the directing them to the services for which they were best fitted. Her high heart was seen in her despising small advantages, and in her unshaken tranquillity in danger. While the storm was coming on from Spain, no cloud was seen on her brow : by her conduct she animated nobles and people, and inspirited her councillors. Men praised her for two things, for zealous participation in deliberation and for care in seeing that what was decided on was carried into effect.

But we may not look for an ideal female ruler in Queen Elizabeth. No one can deny the severities which were practised under her government even with her knowledge. The systematic hypocrisy imputed to her may seem an invention of her enemies or of historians not thoroughly informed ; she herself declares truthfulness a quality indispensable for a prince ; but in her administration, as well as in that of most other rulers, reasonings appear which rather conceal the truth than express it ; in each of her words, and in every step she took, we perceive a calculation of what is for her advantage ; she displays striking foresight and

even a natural subtlety. Elizabeth was very accessible to flattery, and as easily attracted by an agreeable exterior as repelled by slight accidental defects; she could break out at a word that reminded her of the transitory nature of human affairs or of her own frailty: vanity accompanied her from youth to those advancing years, which she did not wish to remark or to think were remarked. She liked to ascribe successes to herself, disasters to her ministers: they had to take on themselves the hatred felt against disagreeable or doubtful regulations, and if they did not do this quite in unison with her mood, they had to fear her blame and displeasure. She was not free from the fickleness of her family: but on the other hand she displayed also the amiable attention of a female ruler: as when once during a speech she was making in a learned language to the learned men of Oxford, on seeing the Lord Treasurer standing there with his lame foot, she suddenly broke off, ordered a chair to be brought him, and then continued; indeed it was said she at the same time wished to let it be remarked that no accident could discompose her. As Harrington,¹ who knew her from personal acquaintance, expresses himself: her mind might be sometimes compared to a summer morning sky, beneficent and refreshing: then she won the hearts of all by her sweet and modest speech. But she was repellent in the same degree in her excited state, when she paced to and fro in her chamber, anger in every look, rejection in every word: men hastened out of her way. Among other correspondence we learn to know her from that with King James of Scotland,—one side of her political relations, to which we shall return:—how does every sentence express a mental and moral superiority as well as a political one! not a superfluous word is there: all is pith and substance.

From care for him and intelligent advice she passes to harsh blame and most earnest warning: she is kind and sharp, friendly and rough, but almost ever more repellent

¹ 1561-1612; Elizabeth's godson: sent by Essex to plead for him to the Queen, who, however, refused to listen to him. Well known as a wit and author at the Court.

and unsparing than mild. Never had any sovereign a higher idea of his dignity, of the independence belonging to him by the laws of God and man, of the duty of obedience binding on all subjects. She prides herself on no external consideration influencing her resolutions, threats or fear least of all ; when once she longs for peace, she insists on its not being from apprehension of the enemy, but only from abhorrence of bloodshed. The action of life does not develop merely the intellectual powers : between success and failure, in conflict and effort and victory, the character moulds itself and acquires its ruling tone. Her immense good fortune fills her with unceasing self-confidence, which is at the same time sustained by trust in the unfailing protection of Providence. That she, excommunicated by the Pope, maintains herself against the attacks of half the world, gives her whole action and nature a redoubled impress of personal energy. She does not like to mention her father or her mother : of a successor she will not hear a word. The feeling of absolute possession is predominant in her appearance. It is noticeable how on festivals she moves in procession through her palace : in front are nobles and knights in the costume of their order, with bared heads ; next the bearers of the insignia of royalty, the sceptre, the sword, and the great seal : then the Queen herself in a dress covered with pearls and precious stones ; behind her ladies, brilliant in their beauty and rich attire : to one or two, who are presented to her, she reaches out her hand to kiss as she goes by in token of favour, till she arrives at her chapel, where the assembled crowd hails her with a ' God save the Queen,' she returning them thanks with gracious words. Elizabeth received the whole reverence, once more unbounded, which men paid to the supreme power. The meats of which she was to eat were set on the table with bended knee, even when she was not present. It was on their knees that men were presented to her.

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William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, her treasurer, as economical as herself, was likewise her first minister. He had assisted

her with striking counsel even before her accession, and since lived and moved in her administration of the state. He was one of those ministers who find their calling in a boundless industry,—he needed little sleep, long banquets were not to his taste : never was he seen inactive even for half an hour ; he kept notes of everything great and small ; business accompanied him even to his chamber, and to his retirement at S. Theobald's. His anxious thoughts were visible in his face, as he rode on his mule along the roads of the park ; he only lost sight of them for a moment when he was sitting at table among his growing children : then his heavy eyebrows cleared up, light merriment even came from his lips. Every other charm of life lay far from him : for poetry and poets he had no taste, as Spenser was once made to feel : in literature he patronised only what was directly useful ; he recommended no one except for his being serviceable. Magnanimous he was not ; he was content with being able to say to himself, that he drew no advantage from any one's ill fortune. He was designated even then as the man who set the English state in motion : this he always denied, and sought his praise in the fact that he carried out the views of the Queen, as she adopted them after hearing the plans proposed or even after respectful remonstrances. He had to bear many a slander : most of the reproaches made against him he brought himself to endure quietly : but if, he said, it could be proved against him that he neglected the Queen's interest, the war against Spain, and the support of the Netherlands, then he was willing to become liable to eternal blame. He was especially effective also through a moral quality—he never lost heart. It was remarked that he worked with the greatest alacrity when others were most doubtful. For he too had an absolute confidence in the cause which he defended. When the enemies' fortune stood highest, he was heard to say with great tranquillity, ' they can do no more than God will allow.'

PART III
THE STUARTS
1603—1702

32. JAMES I

From *Historical Sketches*, by THOMAS CARLYLE, Chapter IV.

THIS King James, with his large hysterical heart, with his large goggle-eyes glaring timorously inquisitive on all persons and objects, as if he would either look through them or else be fascinated by them, and, so to speak, start forth *into* them, and spend his very soul and eyesight in the frustrate attempt to look through them,—remains to me always a noticeable, not unloveable man. The liveliest recognition of innumerable things, such a pair of goggle-eyes glaring on them, could not fail.

He is a man of swift discernment, ready sympathy, ready faculty in every kind; vision clear as a lynx's, if it were deep enough! Courtiers repeat his Majesty's repartees and speeches: was there ever seen such a head of wit? He, with his lynx eyes, detected in Monteaule's¹ letter some prophecy of 'suddenness,' prophecy of—probable Gunpowder barrels; and found Guy Faux and his cellar, and dark lantern, his Majesty, I think it chiefly was. He detected the 'Sleeping Preacher,' a sneaking College-graduate, of semi-Puritan tendencies, who pretended to preach in his sleep. He was great in Law-suits, of logical acumen rarely paralleled; your most tangled skein of law-pleading or other embroiled logic, once hang it on the Royal judgment, he will wind it off for you to the inmost thrum. He delights in doing lawsuits, presiding over conferences; testifying to himself and others what a divine lynx faculty he has. He speaks like a second Solomon; translucent with logic, radiant with wit, with ready ingenuity, and prismatic play of colours. Gunpowder plots, Sleeping Preachers, what

¹ 1575–1622; was warned of Gunpowder Plot in a letter from his brother-in-law, Tresham.

or whom will he not detect ? No impostor or imposture, you would say, can well live before this King. None ;—except, alas, that one Semi-impostor already lived *in* him, with a fair stock of unconscious impostures laid up : these from within did yearn responsive to their kindred who lived without ! In this sense, impostors and impostures had a good time of it with King James : many bright speciosities were welcome ; and certain rude noblenesses were indignantly radiated forth, and bidden go to Chaos.

But truly, if excellent discourse made an able man, I have seldom heard of any abler. For every why he has his wherefore ready ; prompt as touchwood blazes up, with prismatic radiances, that astonishing lynx-faculty ; which has read and remembered, which has surveyed men and things, after its fashion, with extensive view. The noble sciences he could, for most part, profess in College class-rooms ; he is potent in theology as a very doctor ; in all points of nicety a Daniel come to judgment. A man really most quick in speech ; full of brilliant repartees and coruscations ; of jolly banter, ready wit, conclusive speculation : such a faculty that the Archbishops stand stupent, and Chancellor Bacon, not without a certain sincerity, pronounces him wonderfully gifted.

It is another feature of this poor king that he was of hot temper. A man promptly sympathetic, loquacious, most vehement, most excitable : can be transported into mere rage and frenzy on small occasions ; will swear like an Ernulphus, call the gods and the devils to witness what a life he has of it ; will fling himself down and ‘bite the grass,’ say courtiers, ‘merely because his game has escaped him in the wood.’ Consider it : ‘My game is gone, may all the devils follow it ; and you, ye blockheads,—*maledictum sit !* And then, when the fit is past, how his Majesty repents of it, in the saddest silence, with pious ejaculations to Heaven for forgiveness ! Poor king, his tongue is too big for him, his eyes are vigilant, goggle-eyes : physically and spiritually the joints and life-apparatus are ill-compacted in him.

Nor can we say, he has no heart ; rather he has too much heart ; a heart great, but flaccid, loose of structure, without

strength : the punsters might say he suffered from 'enlargement of the heart.' His life expended itself in spasmodic attachments, favouritisms, divine adorations of this or the other poor undivine fellow-creature ;—passionate clutchings at the unattainable ; efforts not strong but hysterical. How he struggled for a Spanish Match ¹ ; how the passionate spasmodic nature of him cramped itself, with desperate desire, on this as on the one thing needful, and he was heard to say once with exultation : 'The very Devil cannot balk me now !' The one thing needful because the one thing unattainable. Alas, O reader, what is it to thee and me, at this date, whether the Spanish Match take effect or take no effect ? . . .

His Majesty, with that peculiar 'divine faculty' of his, could not be expected to govern England, or to govern anything, in a successful manner. Clever speech is good ; but the Destinies withal are born deaf. How happy had his Majesty been, could he have got the world to go by coaxing, by brilliant persuasion, and have been himself left at liberty to hunt ! . . . What trouble he had with his Parliaments ! To the last it was an unintelligible riddle to him, what the factious Commons, with their mournful Puritanic Constitutional Petitions and Remonstrances could rationally mean. Do they mean anything but faction, insane rebellion, sacrilegious prying into our royal mysteries of State ? Apparently not.

That this poor King, especially in his later years, took to favouritisms, is, as it were, the general summary of him, good and bad, and need not surprise us. With such eyes he could not but discriminate in the liveliest manner what had a show of nobleness from what had none. His eyes were clear and shallow ; his heart was not great, but morbidly enlarged. Nay, we are to say moreover, that his favourites, naturally enough hated by all the world, were by no means hateful persons. Robert Carr,² son of the Laird of Ferniehirst, who quitted otter-hunting and short commons in the pleasant land

¹ The idea of marrying Prince Charles to the Spanish Infanta.

² Carr died in 1645, but fell from favour in 1614. He pleaded guilty to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in 1616, and was imprisoned till 1622.

of Teviotdale, to come hither, and be Earl of Somerset and a world's wonder had various qualities, I find, besides his 'beauty.' Audacity, dexterity, graceful courteous ways; shrewd discernment, swift activity, in the sphere allotted him, had recommended Robert Car. Poor Car, had he staid in his poor homeland, hunting otters, or what else there might be; roving weather-tanned by Jedwood, Teviotdale, and the breezy hills and clear-rushing rivers; and fished for himself there, though on short commons, being a younger brother,—how much luckier had he been, and perhaps we! Or he might have gone abroad, and fought the Papists, under my Lord Vere.¹ In Roxburghshire, as an eldest son, as a real Laird with rents to eat, he would have been the delight of men.

As for George Villiers,² it is universally agreed he was the prettiest man in England in several specious respects. A proud man, too, rather than a vain; with dignity enough, with courage, generosity; all manner of sense and manfulness in the developed or half-developed state; a far-glancing man. Such a one this King might delight to honour. Poor old King, his own old dislocated soul loved to repose itself on these bright young beautiful souls; in their warmth and auroral radiance he felt that it was well with him. Crabbed Cecil,³ Earl of Salisbury, had ended; advancing age and increase of sorrow were coming on his Majesty, when he betook himself to Car. These accursed Favourites, they were called, and passionately said to be, several things; they were properly Prime Ministers of England, chosen by the royal 'divine faculty,' such as it was. Bad Prime Ministers, very ill-chosen;—but not the worst; I have known far worse. We ourselves, who live under mere Prime Ministers chosen by a Collective Wisdom and bursts of Parliamentary eloquence, have not we had worse,—Heavens, are we sure we ever had much better! Prime Ministers are difficult to choose. By kings unheroic, and by peoples unheroic, they are impossible to choose.

¹ 1565–1635, the first English soldier of the day; fought for the Dutch and for Frederick of the Palatinate.

² Duke of Buckingham; murdered 1628.

³ Son and successor of Lord Burghley; died 1612.

33. BACON'S CHARACTER AND OPINIONS

From *The History of England, 1603-1640*, by SAMUEL GARDINER (Octavo Edition), Vol. II., Chapter XVI.

[SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER (1829-1902).—The two most detailed English historians are Macaulay and Gardiner. Macaulay gave twenty years of his life to the study of twenty years of his country's history: Gardiner devoted the whole of his to the study of two generations between 1603 and 1656. Between them they have made the seventeenth century in England as well known as any in the history of the world. Gardiner's eighteen volumes, like Macaulay's four, are based on unsurpassed knowledge of original materials, and are alive with an amazing wealth of detail. Care is lavished on the study of minor characters and long-forgotten episodes, and no contemporary, however well informed, could have possessed a tenth of the knowledge of his own time that was patiently reconstructed by its historian.

But Gardiner differed from his brilliant predecessor even more than he resembled him. His method was the method of Ranke rather than of Michelet; no book was less likely than his to rival the popularity of a fashionable novel, and, if he had not Ranke's European culture, he was his rival in calm detachment and the steady refusal to condemn men whose opinions did not suit him. His own life was a heroic struggle with poverty. He lost his Oxford fellowship by becoming a follower of Edward Irving, the religious revivalist whose daughter he married. He found time and money for research by hackwork, wrote text-books, read examination papers, and lectured at girls' schools to earn enough money to read foreign archives, and only in 1884 was recognised in his old university by being elected a research fellow of All Souls College. He refused the Regius Professorship offered him in 1894 for fear that it would distract him from his work. Death snatched from him the fulfilment of his one great ambition—to carry his work on to 1660; he only reached 1656. But this austere student was as fair to Buckingham and James I. as to Pym and Hampden. He was himself a descendant of Cromwell's daughter Bridget; for fifteen years he was a deacon in the Irvingite church; his natural sympathies were with the Puritans. But these personal feelings made him all the more keen to be fair to the other side. A fine rivalry in impartiality can be studied by comparing his work with Ranke's. Ranke is harder on James I.,

Gardiner on Charles, whose shuffling foreign policy he was the first to investigate fully. But beside their patient tolerance the heavy censoriousness of Acton and the breezy cocksureness of Macaulay ring equally hollow. Yet each has a warmth of human sympathy and an insight into human motive as remote from the cold analysis of Hallam and Guizot as it is from the truculence of Carlyle.

Gardiner's limitations are the result of his method. He started with no theory, except the desire to get at the truth : he did not explain his chosen half-century, he described it—each episode as he took it up was studied by the help of every available scrap of evidence and summarised in a volume which was sent to the press as soon as it was written. He is like an explorer in a jungle who resigns to some one else the mapping of continents and is content if he can leave behind him a good road through what was once an impenetrable forest. He was not a philosopher using history to enforce a theory of life, but a scientist using accurate instruments where they had never been used before. Amateur readers of history are bewildered by his detail, and complain that they cannot see the wood for the trees : his style is often lifeless, and his habit of leaving the facts to speak for themselves fails to enlighten those who have not the background of knowledge to see their significance ; so he will never be popular, as Froude will always be. But to students like himself he is the ideal historian ; as York Powell says, “ he ripens like old ale in the eastern counties.” His life and work have been an inspiration to later workers in the same field, and of all the historians whom we shall notice in this book his work in its majestic completeness is the least likely to be superseded by later studies.]

AMONGST those who took a prominent part in establishing this conclusion was Bacon ; and though he has not left on record any sketch of his views on the English constitution, there can be little difficulty in arriving at his real opinion on the relations which ought to subsist between the Government and the representatives of the people. His speeches and actions in political life all point in one direction, and they are in perfect accordance with the slight indications of his feelings on this most important subject which are scattered over his writings, and with his still more expressive silences. There can be no doubt whatever that his ideal form of government was one in which the Sovereign was assisted by councillors and other ministers selected from

among the wisest men of the kingdom, and in which he was responsible to no one for his actions within the wide and not very clearly defined limits of his political prerogative. The House of Commons, on the other hand, was called upon to express the wishes of the people, and to enlighten the Government upon the general feeling which prevailed in the country. Its assent would be required to any new laws which might be requisite, and to any extraordinary taxation which might be called for in time of war, or of any other emergency. The House of Lords would be useful as a means of communication between the King and the Commons, and would be able to break the force of any collision which might arise between them. In order that the Government might preserve its independence, and that, whilst giving all due attention to the wishes of its subjects, it might deliberate freely upon their demands, it was of the utmost importance that the Sovereign should have at his disposal a revenue sufficient to meet the ordinary demands upon the Treasury in time of peace, and that he should be able to command respect by some means of inflicting punishment on those who resisted his authority, more certain than an appeal to the juries in the courts of law. According to the idea, however, which floated before Bacon's mind, such interferences with the ordinary courts of law would be of rare occurrence. The Sovereign, enlightened by the wisdom of his Council, and by the expressed opinions of the representatives of the people, would lose no time in embodying in action all that was really valuable in the suggestions which were made to him. He would meet with little or no opposition, because he would possess the confidence of the nation, which would reverence in their King their guide in all noble progress, and the image of their better selves.

It is impossible to deny that in such a theory there is much which is fascinating, especially to minds which are conscious of powers which fit them for the government of their fellow-men. In fact, it was nothing else than the theory of government which had been acted on by Elizabeth with general assent, though in her hands it had been modified by the tact

which she invariably displayed. It was, therefore, likely to recommend itself to Bacon, who had not only witnessed the glories of that reign, but had been connected with the Government both by the recollection of his father's services, and by his own aspirations for office.

The glories of the reign of Elizabeth, however, would have failed to exercise more than a passing influence over a man of Bacon's genius, if the tendencies of his own mind had not led him to accept her theory of government even when it reappeared mutilated and distorted in the hands of her successor. The distinguishing characteristic of Bacon's intellect was its practical tendency. In speculative as well as in political thought, the object which he set before him was the benefit of mankind. "Power to do good," as he himself has told us, he considered to be the only legitimate object of aspiration. His thoughts were constantly occupied with the largest and most sweeping plans of reform, by which he hoped to ameliorate the condition of his fellow-creatures. No abuse escaped his notice, no improvement was too extensive to be grasped by his comprehensive genius. The union with Scotland, the civilisation of Ireland, the colonisation of America, the improvement of the law, and the abolition of the last remnants of feudal oppression, were only a few of the vast schemes upon which his mind loved to dwell.

With such views as these, it was but natural that Bacon should fix his hopes upon the Sovereign and his Council, rather than upon the House of Commons. It was not to be expected that the Commons would adopt with any earnestness schemes which, except where they touched upon some immediate grievance, were so far in advance of the age in which he lived, that even after the lapse of two centuries and a half the descendants of the generation to which they were addressed are still occupied in filling up the outline which was then sketched by the master's hand. Nor, even if the House of Commons had possessed the will, was it at that time capable of originating any great and comprehensive legislative measure. It was as yet but an incoherent mass, agitated by strong feelings, and moved by a high and sturdy

patriotism, ready indeed to offer a determined resistance to every species of misgovernment, but destitute of that organization which can alone render it possible for a large deliberative assembly, without assistance from without, to carry on satisfactorily the work of legislation. The salutary action of a ministry owing its existence to the support of the House, and exercising in turn, in right of its practical and intellectual superiority, an influence over all the proceedings of the legislature, was yet unknown. To Bacon, above all men, a change which should make the House of Commons master of the executive government was an object of dread ; for such a change would, as he imagined, place the direction of the policy of the country in the hands of an inexperienced and undisciplined mob.

Nor was it only on account of its superior capability of deliberation on involved and difficult subjects that Bacon's sympathies were with the Privy Council ; he looked upon it with respect from the mere fact of its being the organ of the executive government, by means of which those measures of improvement by which he set such store were to be carried out. He had always before him the idea of the variety of cases in which the Government might be called to act, and he allowed himself to believe that it would be better qualified to act rightly if it were not fettered by strict rules, or by the obligation to give an account of its proceedings to a body which might be ignorant of the whole circumstances of the case, and which was only partially qualified to judge of the wisdom of the measures which had been taken.

Whilst, however, he was desirous to restrain the House of Commons within what he considered to be its proper bounds, he had the very highest idea of its utility to the State. Whenever occasion offered, it was Bacon's voice which was always among the first to be raised for the calling of a Parliament. It was there alone that the complaints of the nation would make themselves fully heard, and that an opportunity was offered to the Government, by the initiation of well-considered remedial legislation, to maintain that harmony which ought always to exist between the nation and its rulers.

Englishmen do not need to be told that this theory of Bacon's was radically false ; not merely because James was exceptionally unworthy to fill the position which he occupied, but because it omitted to take into account certain considerations which render it false for all times and for all places, excepting where no considerable part of the population of a country are raised above a very low level of civilisation. He left out of his calculation, on the one hand, the inevitable tendencies to misgovernment which beset all bodies of men who are possessed of irresponsible power ; and, on the other hand, the elevating operation of the possession of political influence upon ordinary men, who, at first sight, seem unworthy of exercising it.

We can hardly wonder, indeed, that Bacon should not have seen what we have no difficulty in seeing. That Government owes its stability to the instability of the ministers who, from time to time, execute its functions, is a truth which, however familiar to us, would have seemed the wildest of paradoxes to the contemporaries of Bacon. That the House of Commons would grow in political wisdom and in power of self-restraint when the executive Government was constrained to give account to it of all its actions, would have seemed to them a prognostication only fit to come out of the mouth of a madman. That the strength of each of the political bodies known to the constitution would grow, not by careful demarcation of the limits within which they were to work, but by the harmony which would be the result of their mutual interdependence, was an idea utterly foreign to the mind of Bacon. Even if such a thought had ever occurred to him, at what a cost of all that he valued most in his better moments would it have been realised ! The supremacy of the representatives of the people over the executive Government would undoubtedly be accompanied by an indefinite postponement of those reforms upon which he had set his heart, and, to him, the time which must be allowed to elapse before the House of Commons was likely to devote itself to those reforms, must have seemed likely to be far longer than it would be in reality—if, indeed, he did not despair of any

satisfactory results at all from such a change. In this, no doubt, he was mistaken ; but it must be remembered that, unlike the continental statesmen who have in our own day fallen into a similar error, he had no beacon of experience to guide him. England was then, as she has always been, decidedly in advance, so far as political institutions are concerned, of the other nations of Europe. She had to work out the problem of government unaided by experience, and was entering like Columbus upon a new world, where there was nothing to guide her but her own high spirit and the wisdom and virtue of her sons. On such a course as this even Bacon was an unsafe guide. Far before his age in his knowledge of the arts of government, in all matters relating to the equally important subject of constitutional law, he, like his master, 'took counsel rather of time past than of time future.'¹

But, after all, it is impossible to account for Bacon's political errors merely by considerations drawn from the imperfections of his mighty intellect. If he had been possessed of fine moral feelings he would instinctively have shrunk from all connection with a monarch who proposed to govern England with the help of Rochester and the Howards.² But there was something in the bent of his genius which led him to pay extraordinary reverence to all who were possessed of power. The exaggerated importance which he attached to the possession of the executive authority led him to look with unbounded respect on those who held in their hands, as he imagined, the destinies of the nation. The very largeness of his view led him to regard with complacency actions from which a man of smaller mind would have shrunk at once. His thoughts flowed in too wide a channel. They lost in strength what they gained in breadth. An ordinary man, who has set his heart upon some great scheme, if he fails in accomplishing it, retires from the scene and waits his time. But whenever Bacon failed in obtaining

¹ A quotation from Bacon's "Henry VII."

² Rochester was one of the titles of Robert Carr. Lord Henry Howard, afterwards Earl of Northampton, is described by Gardiner as "of all those who gathered round the new King . . . the least deserving of the favours which he received."

support for his views he had always some fresh plan to fall back upon. He never set before himself any definite object as one for which it was worth while to live and die. If all his plans were rejected, one after another, there would be at least something to be done in the ordinary exercise of his official duties; and the mere pleasure of fulfilling them efficiently would blind him to the rottenness of the system of which he had made himself a part.

To Bacon the Royal prerogative was the very instrument most fitted for his purpose. To act as occasion might require, without being bound by the necessity of submitting to an antiquated, and, it might be, an absurd restriction of the law, was the very highest privilege to which he could aspire. He could not but regard the Sovereign who had it in his power to admit him to share in wielding this mighty talisman as a being raised above the ordinary level of mortals, and he was ever ready to shut his eyes to the faults with which his character was stained.

How far he did this voluntarily it is impossible to say with certainty. No doubt, in his time, the complimentary phrases which he used were looked upon far more as a matter of course than they would be at the present day. It is only those who are unaccustomed to the language of Bacon's contemporaries that his flattery appears at all noticeable. In many points, too, in which we condemn the conduct of James, that conduct would appear to Bacon to be not only defensible, but even admirable. Where, on the other hand, he was unable to praise with honesty, he may have been content to praise out of policy. To do so was the only manner in which it was possible to win the King's support, and he knew that without that support he would be powerless in the world. Some allowance must also be made for his general hopefulness of temper. He was always inclined to see men as he would have them to be, rather than as they were. Nothing is more striking in his whole career than the trustful manner in which he always looked forward to a new House of Commons. He never seemed to be able to understand what a gulf there was between his own principles and those of the

representatives of the people. Whatever cause of quarrel there had been, it was in his eyes always the result of faction. He was sure that, if the real sentiments of the gentlemen of England could be heard, justice would be done him. It would seem as if he regarded the King as he regarded the Parliament ; both had it in their power to confer immense benefits on England—both, it might be hoped, and even believed, would do their part in the great work.

Nor can it be denied that if he loved office for the sake of doing good, he also loved it for its own sake. He was profuse in his expenditure, and money therefore never came amiss to him. His impressionable mind was open to all the influences of the world ; he liked the pomp and circumstance of power, its outward show and grandeur, the pleasant company and the troops of followers which were its necessary accompaniments. His mind was destitute of that pure sensitiveness which should have taught him what was the value of power acquired as it was alone possible for him to acquire it. The man who could find nothing better to say of marriage than that wife and children are impediments to great enterprises, was not likely to regard life from its ideal side. He learned the ways of the Court only too well. Of all the sad sights of this miserable reign, surely Bacon's career must have been the saddest. It would have been something if he had writhed under the chains which he had imposed upon himself. Always offering the best advice only to find it rejected, he sank into the mere executor of the schemes of inferior men, the supporter of an administration whose policy he was never allowed to influence.

34. BACON'S END

From *Evenings with a Reviewer*, by JAMES SPEDDING, Vol. II.

[JAMES SPEDDING (1808–1881).—Spedding was a born researcher who devoted thirty years to the one task of studying the life and times of Bacon. Thus he built up a body of knowledge which makes him, for his own chosen period, the equal of Gardiner and Masson, the two other great authorities on the

seventeenth century. A quiet and amiable bachelor, he did not take a degree at Cambridge, because examinations had to be done in a hurry, and he hated hurry as much as he loved learning. He refused the under-secretaryship of the Colonial Office with £2,000 a year, out of devotion to the memory of Bacon, and was fond of displaying his ignorance of almost everything outside his chosen field. He was the close friend of Tennyson and Fitzgerald: Tennyson admired his wisdom and fairmindedness. He was killed in London by being run over by a cab, and his last words were spoken to point out that the driver was not to blame.

Our excerpt is taken from a privately printed book of Spedding's thrown into dialogue form, in which he examines at length Macaulay's slashing attack on Bacon's character in the *Edinburgh Review*. Spedding never showed the book to Macaulay, who died without knowing that his superficiality and prejudice had been patiently and completely exposed. Spedding, however, was biassed in the other direction and over-praises his hero, while his ignorance of science makes it impossible for him to give a judgment on the real value of Bacon's work. Still, his "Letters and Life of Francis Bacon" is a monument of patient labour and a mine of learning.]

HAD this been all,¹ the tale would have ended dismally and drearily enough; for though that warning was salutary and needful, it might surely have been given in the person of a meaner man, and would have been but a poor fruit to gather from such a life as his. But the heart of Bacon was made for other service than that; his adversity was sent for sweeter and nobler uses; his example was to point another moral, not less salutary, and far brighter and more sublime. For myself at least, much as one must grieve over such a fall of such a man, and so forlorn a close of such a life, I have always felt that, had he not fallen, or had he fallen upon a fortune less desolate in its outward conditions, I should never have known how good and how great a man he really was,—hardly, perhaps, how great and how invincible a thing intrinsic goodness is. Turning from the world without to the world which was within him, I know nothing more

¹ In 1621 Bacon was impeached for bribery, deprived of the Great Seal, fined, and sent to the Tower. He was released in a few days, but lived in retirement till his death in 1626, writing his "Henry VII.," the enlarged Latin edition of his "Advancement of Learning," and the "Sylva Sylvarum."

inspiring, more affecting, more sublime, than the undaunted energy, the hopefulness, trustfulness, clearness, patience, and composure with which his spirit sustained itself under that most depressing fortune. The heart of Job himself was not so sorely tried, nor did it pass the trial better. Through the many volumes which he produced during those five years, I find no idle repining, no vain complaint of others, no weak justification of himself; no trace of a disgusted, a despairing, or a faltering mind.

The only mark which distinguishes the compositions of that period from those of his most flourishing days, is a style more concise, rapid, and collected; the hurry of a man who feels his days crowding towards their close, and who cannot afford to look aside from his object to the right hand or to the left. And let no one think that it was moral apathy that hardened him, or hope of fame that flattered him, or pleasure in the exercise of intellectual power that engrossed him, into forgetfulness of his mortal condition, and enabled him to sustain his spirit at that height. Moral apathy with a temperament so extremely delicate and sensitive as his was impossible; of fame no man knew better both the true value as a means and the utter vanity as an end; not to add that, had he studied the mere enjoyment either of glory or of intellectual activity, he would have sought for it elsewhere than in the dry and ill-appreciated drudgery to which his task now chiefly chained him. It was not in the gifts or the glory of them that the secret of his strength and consolation lay, but in the purpose to which they were dedicated;—a purpose which carried him far beyond the horizon of his own interests; a purpose so great and of such a nature that in the presence of it personal joys and sorrows were as nothing; a purpose from the accomplishment of which he expected for himself nothing, for mankind everything. “*Res enim humani generis agitur; non nostra.*” It was because his mind,—collected in a great and last effort to save this purpose from perishing, and intent upon the Hope that like

“a poisoning eagle burn’d
Above the unrisen tomorrow,”—

had not leisure to dwell upon himself, that it enjoyed to the last, and, carried with it to the very gates of death, that freshness, freedom, and unclouded brightness, which contrasts so signally with the condition of his body and estate.

35. STRAFFORD

From *The Constitutional History of England*, by HENRY HALLAM (Octavo Edition), Vol. II., Chapter VIII.

[HENRY HALLAM (1777-1859).—Hallam was a Whig lawyer who turned to history in middle life. In 1818 he published a book on “The State of Europe during the Middle Ages,” which showed ripe learning, careful scholarship, and good judgment. He followed this up with a “Constitutional History of England from Henry VII.’s Accession to the Death of George II.,” which appeared in 1827, and his last work was “The Introduction to the Literature of Europe during the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.” Hallam had an admirably clear mind and great thoroughness; there is no flash of genius in his work, but it faithfully reflects the beliefs and prejudices of a well-educated professional man of his day: he pities Cromwell for having “drunk the dregs of a besotted fanaticism,” and, like Gibbon, he has no real understanding of the place of religion in mediæval life. He was a disciple of Voltaire, only too ready to label as “barbarous” or “superstitious” great tracts of history which subsequent study has shown to be full of importance in the development of civilisation. But Hallam was a good workman, who used with great care and precision a well-trained legal mind and a scholar’s conscience. Before his day, English constitutional history cannot be said to have existed, and he is the pioneer of Stubbs as a student of our institutions.]

WITHOUT resigning his presidency of the northern council, Wentworth was transplanted in 1633 to a still more extensive sphere, as lord-deputy of Ireland. This was the great scene on which he played his part; it was here that he found abundant scope for his commanding energy and imperious passions. The Richelieu of that island, he

made it wealthier in the midst of exactions, and, one might almost say, happier in the midst of oppressions. He curbed subordinate tyranny ; but his own left a sting behind it that soon spread a deadly poison over Ireland. But of his merits and his injustice towards that nation I shall find a better occasion to speak. Two well-known instances of his despotic conduct in respect to single persons may just be mentioned : the deprivation and imprisonment of the lord chancellor Loftus for not obeying an order of the privy council to make such a settlement as they prescribed on his son's marriage—a stretch of interference with private concerns which was aggravated by the suspected familiarity of the lord-deputy with the lady who was to reap advantage from it ; and, secondly, the sentence of death passed by a council of war on lord Mountnorris,¹ in Strafford's presence, and evidently at his instigation, on account of some very slight expressions which he had used in private society. Though it was never the deputy's intention to execute this judgment of his slaves, but to humiliate and trample upon Mountnorris, the violence and indecency of his conduct in it, his long persecution of the unfortunate prisoner after the sentence, and his glorying in the act at all times, and even on his own trial, are irrefragable proofs of such vindictive bitterness as ought, if there were nothing else, to prevent any good man from honouring his memory.

The haughty and impetuous primate found a congenial spirit in the lord-deputy. They unbosom to each other, in their private letters, their ardent thirst to promote the king's service by measures of more energy than they were permitted to exercise. Do we think the administration of Charles during the interval of parliaments rash and violent ? They tell us it was over-cautious and slow. Do we revolt from the severities of the star-chamber ? To Laud and Strafford they seemed the feebleness of excessive lenity. Do we cast on the crown-lawyers the reproach of having betrayed their country's liberties ? We may find that, with their utmost

¹ 1585–1660 ; principal Secretary of State for Ireland before Wentworth's arrival.

servility, they fell far behind the expectations of the court, and their scruples were reckoned the chief shackles on the half-emancipated prerogative.

The system which Laud was longing to pursue in England, and which Strafford approved, is frequently hinted at by the word Thorough. "For the state," says he, "indeed, my lord, I am for Thorough; for I see that both thick and thin stay somebody, where I conceive it should not, and it is impossible to go thorough alone." "I am very glad" (in another letter) "to read your lordship so resolute, and more to hear you affirm that the footing of them that go thorough for our master's service is not upon fee, as it hath been. But you are withal upon so many Ifs, that by their help you may preserve any man upon ice, be it never so slippery. As first, if the common lawyers may be contained within their ancient and sober bounds; if the word Thorough be not left out, as I am certain it is; if we grow not faint; if we ourselves be not in fault; if we come not to a peccatum ex te Israel¹; if others will do their parts as thoroughly as you promise for yourself, and justly conceive of me. Now I pray, with so many and such Ifs as these, what may not be done, and in a brave and noble way? But can you tell when these Ifs will meet, or be brought together? Howsoever I am resolved to go on steadily in the way which you have formerly seen me go; so that (to put in one *if* too), if anything fail of my hearty desires for the king and the church's service, the fault shall not be mine." "As for my marginal note" (he writes in another place), "I see you deciphered it well" (they frequently corresponded in cipher), "and I see you make use of it too; do so still, thorough and thorough. Oh that I were where I might go so too! but I am shackled between delays and uncertainties; you have a great deal of honour here for your proceedings; go on a God's name." "I have done," he says some years afterwards, "with expecting of Thorough on this side."

The lord-deputy fully concurred in this theory of vigorous

¹ *I.e.*, we do not have to confess that we have sinned ourselves.

government. They reasoned on such subjects as cardinal Granville ¹ and the duke of Alva had reasoned before them. "A prince," he says in answer, "that loseth the force and example of his punishments, loseth withal the greatest part of his dominion. If the eyes of the Triumviri be not sealed so close as they ought, they may perchance spy us out a shrewd turn when we least expect it. I fear we are hugely mistaken, and misapply our charity thus pitying of them, where we should indeed much rather pity ourselves. It is strange indeed," he observes in another place, "to see the frenzy which possesseth the vulgar now-a-days, and that the just displeasure and chastisement of a state should produce greater estimation, nay reverence, to persons of no consideration either for life or learning, than the greatest and highest trust and employments shall be able to procure for others of unspotted conversation, of most eminent virtues and deepest knowledge : a grievous and overspreading leprosy ! but where you mention a remedy, sure it is not fitted for the hand of every physician ; the cure under God must be wrought by one Æsculapius ² alone, and that in my weak judgment to be effected rather by corrosives than lenitives : less than Thorough will not overcome it ; there is a cancerous malignity in it, which must be cut forth, which long since rejected all other means, and therefore to God and him I leave it."

36. THE DEATH OF STRAFFORD

From *A History of England*, by SAMUEL GARDINER (Octavo Edition), Vol. IX., Chapter XCVIII.

AFTER an anxious and probably sleepless night, Charles met his Council on Sunday morning. Its members, with one accord, advised him to yield. The

¹ Cardinal Granvella (1517-1586), one of Charles V.'s chief advisers ; sent by Philip II. to the Netherlands, where he remained till 1564. He was followed by Alva (1508-1586), under whom the Revolt of the Netherlands broke out.

² *I.e.*, physician. Æsculapius was the god of healing.

judges were asked whether they held Strafford to have been guilty of treason, and they answered in the affirmative. Four bishops were then called on to satisfy Charles's conscience. Was it right for him to set up his individual opinion against the opinion of the judges? Juxon ¹ advised him to refuse his assent to the Bill 'seeing he knew his lordship to be innocent.' Williams ² argued that the King had a public as well as a private conscience, and that he ought to submit his judgment to those who were learned in the law. In ordinary cases in which men were condemned to death the responsibility rested on the judges, not on the King, and so it should be now.

Charles still hesitated. His soul was wrung with agony. The bishops were summoned a second time. This time Usher ³ was amongst them, and Usher sided with Juxon. Williams persisted in the view which he had taken of the King's duty.

All day long the street in front of Whitehall was blocked by a shouting multitude. Every minute it was expected that an attempt would be made to dash in the doors. The mob took up the cry that the Queen Mother ⁴ was at the bottom of the mischief, and guards had to be despatched to St. James's to preserve her from attack. The Queen, alarmed for her mother's safety and her own, was no longer in a position to urge resistance. By this time, too, Charles probably knew that nothing would be gained by further resistance. Strafford was no longer in his hands to dispose of. A last attempt to effect his escape had been tried and had failed. The Earl had offered Balfour ⁵ 20,000*l.* and a good marriage for his son, if he would connive at his evasion, and Balfour had been proof against the temptation. The

¹ 1582-1663; then Bishop of London; afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

² 1582-1650; Archbishop of York 1641: a rival of Laud, who was imprisoned in the Tower, 1637-1640.

³ 1581-1656; Archbishop of Armagh.

⁴ This was Marie de Medici, wife of Henry IV. and mother of Louis XIII., who took refuge in England from Richelieu in 1638.

⁵ D. 1660; became Governor of the Tower 1630; afterwards a Parliamentary general.

unscrupulous Newport ¹ was now installed as Constable of the Tower, and he had given assurance that if the King refused his assent to the Bill he would order Strafford's execution without it.

It was nine in the evening before Charles, wearied out with the long mental conflict, gave way at last. "If my own person only were in danger," he said, with tears in his eyes, as he announced his resolution to the Council, "I would gladly venture it to save Lord Strafford's life; but seeing my wife, children, and all my kingdom are concerned in it, I am forced to give way unto it."

In after-years Charles bitterly repented his compliance. He never lamented that which made the compliance almost inevitable—his want of confidence in the constitutional resistance of the peers, and his resort to intrigues which he knew not how to conduct, and to force which he knew not how to employ. Better, indeed, would it have been for Charles to have remained firm to the end. No doubt even Williams's argument was not entirely without its value. Some way must be discovered in which the performance of national acts shall be loosed from bondage to the intelligence and conscience of a single man; but the time had not yet come when kings would cease to be responsible for actions which had become mere formalities. Charles sinned against his conscience. Let him who has seen wife and child, and all that he holds dear, exposed to imminent peril, and has refused to save them by an act of baseness, cast the first stone at Charles.

The Houses were pitiless, as terrified men are. They had no confidence in Charles. Stone-dead, they thought, had no fellow.

Strafford himself had no hope that he would be spared. He had offered his life for the safety of the King, the strong for the weak. Yet the news that Charles had abandoned him came on him like a shock. "Put not your trust in princes," he cried, "nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation."

¹ 1597 ?–1666; afterwards joined the King and fought at Newbury, 1646.

The next day, the last of his life on earth, Strafford's thoughts reverted to his old and tried friend, now his fellow-prisoner. He asked Balfour if he might be allowed to see Laud. Balfour told him that he must first have leave from Parliament. "No," said Strafford, "I have gotten my despatch from them, and will trouble them no more. I am now petitioning a higher Court, where neither partiality can be expected, nor error feared." He would rather send a message by Usher, who had come to console him in his last hours. "Desire the Archbishop," he said, "to lend me his prayers this night, and to give me his blessing when I do go abroad to-morrow, and to be in his window, that by my last farewell I may give him thanks for this and all his former favours."

Laud was not likely to refuse his friend's last request. As Strafford was led to execution in the morning, he saw the old man at the window. "My lord," he said with a humble reverence, "your prayers and blessing." Laud raised his hands to implore God's mercy on the tried comrade who was treading the path to freedom on which he was one day to follow. Overcome by his emotion, he fell fainting to the ground. Strafford's last words to him, "Farewell, my lord, and God protect your innocence!" were addressed to ears that heard them not.

Strafford's step was firm, and his port erect. His friends said of him that his look was more like that of a general at the head of an army than of a prisoner led to execution. When the sad procession reached the Tower gates, Balfour advised him to take a coach, lest the people should tear him in pieces. "No, Master Lieutenant," was the proud reply; "I dare look death in the face, and I hope the people too. Have you a care that I do not escape, and I care not how I die, whether by the hand of the executioner or the madness and fury of the people. If that may give them contentment, it is all one to me."

No such danger was to be feared. It was calculated that there were full two hundred thousand persons on Tower Hill. They had not come as murderers. They believed that they were there to witness an act of justice.

From the scaffold the fallen statesman addressed his last words to those amongst that vast multitude who were within hearing. He told them truly that he had ever held 'parliaments in England to be the happy constitution of the kingdom and nation, and the best means under God to make the king and his people happy.' He wished that all who were present would consider 'whether the beginning of the people's happiness should be written in letters of blood.' After professing his attachment to the Church of England he knelt for awhile in prayer, remaining on his knees for a quarter of an hour. He then rose, took leave of his brother, and sent messages to his wife and children. Having fulfilled all earthly duties, he prepared himself for death. "I thank God," he said, as he took off his upper garment, "I am not afraid of death, nor daunted with any discouragement rising from my fears, but do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." The executioner then drew out a handkerchief to cover his eyes. "Thou shalt not bind my eyes," said Strafford, "for I will see it done." He placed his neck upon the block, telling the executioner that after he had meditated awhile, he would spread forth his hands as a sign to him to strike. After a little while the hands were spread to grasp the mantle of the Eternal Father. The blow fell, and that life of disappointed toil had reached its end.

It is possible now to understand that in his own sense Strafford was speaking the truth when he declared his devotion to the parliamentary constitution, and that yet he was, in the truest sense, the most dangerous enemy of parliaments. He attempted to maintain the Elizabethan constitution, long after it was possible to maintain it, and when the only choice lay between absolute government and Parliamentary supremacy. In contending against the latter, he was, without knowing what he was doing, giving his whole strength to the establishment of the former.

Yet, ruinous as his success would have been, in his devotion to the rule of intelligence he stands strangely near to one side of the modern spirit. Alone amongst his generation his

voice was always raised for practical reforms. Pym and Hampden looked upon existing society as something admirable in itself, though needing to be quickened by a higher moral spirit, and to be relieved from the hindrances thrown in its way by a defective organisation. Strafford regarded that society as full of abuses, and sought in the organisation which was ready to his hand, the lever by which those abuses might be removed. In happier times Pym and Strafford need never have clashed together, save in the bloodless contests of parliamentary debate.¹

Doubtless it was well for Strafford himself that he found no mercy. What a lot would have been his if he had lived to hear, from behind the prison-bars, of the rout of Naseby and the tragedy of Whitehall! ² What a far worse lot would have been his if he had lived to break away from his obligations, and to help the King to a victory which could only be made secure by the establishment of military rule! A pamphlet of the day represented the case more truly than is generally to be expected from such ephemeral productions. When Charon, we are told, was ferrying over the Styx the latest arrival, he complained that his boat was sinking under the unwonted weight. He is informed that the explanation is easy. That passenger had swallowed three kingdoms. On landing, Strafford is accosted by Noy,³ who asks him for news from the world of living men, and offers to conduct him amongst the lawyers, who are paying their respects to the ghost of Coke.⁴ Strafford turns proudly away. Noy wishes to know where he will choose his residence. "In any place," is the reply, "so that I may have that which I come for—rest."

Such was the utmost for which a contemporary could dare to hope. A great poet of our own day, clothing the reconciling spirit of the nineteenth century in words which never

¹ Compare this paragraph with Hallam's view in the previous excerpt.

² The King's execution there, January 30th, 1649.

³ 1577-1634; the Attorney-General who prosecuted Prynne in the Star Chamber.

⁴ 1552-1634; the rival of Bacon, famous for his knowledge of the laws England and for his resistance to the royal prerogative.

could have been spoken in the seventeenth, has breathed a higher wish. On his page an imaginary Pym, recalling an imaginary friendship, looks forward hopefully to a reunion in a better and brighter world. "Even thus," Pym is made to say—and we may well wish that it had been possible for him to say it—

" Even thus, I love him now :
 And look for my chief portion in that world
 Where great hearts led astray are turned again,
 (Soon it may be, and, certes, will be soon :
 My mission over, I shall not live long,)
 Ay, here I know I talk—I dare and must,
 Of England, and her great reward, as all
 I look for there ; but in my inmost heart,
 Believe, I think of stealing quite away
 To walk once more with Wentworth—my youth's friend
 Purged from all error, gloriously renewed,
 And Eliot shall not blame us."

Browning's "Strafford," Act V., Sc. ii.

37. PURITANISM

From *The History of the Great Civil War*, by SAMUEL GARDINER (Octavo Edition), Vol. I., Chapter I.

IT is the glory of Puritanism that it found its highest work in the strengthening of the will. To be abased in the abiding presence of the Divine Sufferer, and strengthened in the assurance of help from the risen Saviour, was the path which led the Puritan to victory over the temptations which so easily beset him. Then, as ever, it was not in the lap of ease and luxury that fortitude and endurance were most readily fostered, nor was it by culture and intelligence that the strongest natures were hardened. The spiritual and mental struggle through which the Puritan entered on his career of divine service was more likely to be real with those who were already inured to a hard struggle with the physical conditions of the world, and whose minds were not distracted

by too comprehensive knowledge of many-sided nature. The flame which flickered upwards burnt all the purer where the literature of the world, with its wisdom and its folly, found no entrance. It is not in the measured cadences of Milton, but in the homely allegory of the tinker of Elstow,¹ that the Puritan gospel is most clearly revealed.

England, it has been said by one who, in our own days, has exhibited the old Puritan virtues to a world which had well-nigh forgotten them, has been saved by its adventurers—that is to say, by the men who, careless whether their ways are like the ways of others, or whether there may not be some larger interpretation of the laws by which the world is governed than any which they have themselves been able to conceive, have set their hearts on realising, first in themselves and then in others, their ideal of that which is best and holiest. Such adventurers the noblest of the Puritans were. Many things existed not dreamed of in their theology, many things which they misconceived, or did not even conceive at all; but they were brave and resolute, feeding their minds upon the bread of heaven, and determined within themselves to be servants of no man and of no human system. It was with such as these that Falkland² failed to count; and to fail to count with them was to neglect that very quality of self-denying and therefore masterful purpose, the presence of which saves Parliamentary majorities from dwindling into a mere expression of predominant indolence, and the accumulation of knowledge from ministering to the satisfaction of learned drones.

Thus it came about that, whilst the noblest elements on the King's side were favourable to peace, the noblest elements on the side of the Parliament were favourable to war. That it was so was not merely owing to the bitter memories which had been branded on the mind of the Puritan by long oppression. The man of intellect necessarily looks forward to a gradual process of amelioration which can but be checked by the interposition of violence. The man of strong moral purpose is no less prompt to think that the evil of the world

¹ John Bunyan.

² See note, p. 184.

can be removed or at least diminished by the intervention of power; and in this particular case he had to dread, if Charles regained his authority, not merely the absence of power in his own hands, but its active exercise against himself.

If war there was to be, it was well that it should not be waged entirely on social or political grounds, and above all, that it should not degenerate, like the troubles of the French Revolution, into a war of classes. It is true that, on the whole, the nobility and gentry took the side of the King, whilst the townsmen and the yeomanry took the side of the Parliament. Yet there were enough of Puritan nobles and gentlemen, and enough of townsmen and yeomen who were not Puritans, to prevent the religious cleft from accurately coinciding with the social cleft.

38. CHALGROVE FIELD

From *The History of the Great Civil War*, by SAMUEL GARDINER, Vol. I., Chapter VIII.

[To understand this excerpt a good map of the country round Oxford is essential.]

WOULD the sword be able to make good the defiance which the Houses had flung in the face of the King? Essex ¹ had at last been reinforced, and had broken up from his quarters at Reading. On June 10 ² he occupied Thame. Three days later his army was still further increased, and he was able to send his advanced guard to Wheatley, in the immediate neighbourhood of a royalist post on Shotover Hill. It is hardly likely that so cautious a strategist as Essex contemplated an attack on Oxford as long as it was held by forces not inferior to his own, and he probably intended no more than to protect Buckinghamshire from

¹ 1591-1646; son of Elizabeth's favourite: 1642, made general of the army of the Parliament; resigned 1645.

² 1643.

plunder, and to interpose an obstacle in the way of the Queen's march from Yorkshire. In the meanwhile he allowed his own troops to scatter themselves over a wide extent of country, so as to invite attack by an enemy whose cavalry was far superior to his own.

Hampden, it is said, warned Essex of the risk to which he was exposed. For purposes of attack the Parliamentary army was insufficient, and on the 17th a force of 2,500, sent by Essex to capture Islip, retreated without striking a blow. Such vacillating tactics were dangerous when Rupert was within striking distance. On the same afternoon he rode out of Oxford at the head of a select body of some 1,700 men, of which the greater part was cavalry. He had learned from Colonel Hurry, a Scottish deserter, that a sum of 21,000*l.* was on its way to Thame from London, and he resolved to strike for the prize. An hour after midnight the tramp of his band was heard by the sentinels at Tetsworth; shots were fired and an alarm given. Two hours later, as the sky was whitening before the dawn, he surprised a few of Essex's soldiers at Postcombe. In the early morning light he surrounded Chinnor, and fell suddenly upon a party of newly levied men who were soundly sleeping in the hamlet. Some fifty poor wretches were shot down or knocked on the head as they attempted to escape, and 120 surrendered themselves as prisoners. It was now time to look out for the expected convoy. Rupert's proceedings, however, had been too noisy for secrecy. The drivers were warned by a countryman, and they turned the heads of their team into the woods which clothed the sides of the Chiltern Hills, where, now that the enemy had been fully roused, Rupert could not venture to follow.

Through his own want of judgment Rupert had missed his prey. Sweeping round as he returned under the hills to his left, as if loth to hurry back, he at last, skirmishing as he went with the gathering foe, directed his march upon Oxford. Sending forward his foot to Chiselhampton Bridge to guard the line of retreat, he faced with his horse on Chalgrove Field the now increasing numbers of the enemy, roused by

the tidings of his presence from the villages round. Amongst them, though as yet he knew it not, was Hampden, who had slept that night at Watlington, and who, roused from his sleep by the cry of alarm, had thrown himself as a volunteer amongst the ranks of the first comrades with whom he met. The Parliamentary troops were indeed insufficient to combat Rupert with any prospect of success, but they hoped that by threatening him, they might hold him back till succours could arrive from headquarters. It was dangerous to play such a game with Rupert. "This insolency," he said to his companions, "is not to be borne." He was the first to leap the hedge behind which the enemy was drawn up. By the confession of the gallant troopers who followed him, the Roundheads fought that day as they had never fought before. The odds of numbers were, however, against them, and after a while they broke and fled. This time Rupert did not gallop off in wild pursuit. Knowing that a large force sent by Essex would soon be on the place of combat, he drew rein and made his way safely to Oxford with his prisoners.

It is not with Rupert that the thoughts of the visitor to Chalgrove Field are mainly concerned. Hampden's is the abiding presence there. With his head bowed low over his horse's neck the warrior-statesman had ridden off, early in the fight, sorely wounded in the shoulder. For six days he lay at Thame in agony from which he was only released by death.

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So little was it Hampden's habit to put himself forward in political life, that the historian is apt to ask himself whether, after all, he deserved the fame which has crowned him. Other men outstripped him in the senate and in the field. He seldom spoke in the House of Commons, and never at any length. As a soldier he won no battles and reduced no fortresses. Yet the impression which he made upon his contemporaries cannot be lightly set aside. Friend and foe are of one mind in recognising his power. A thoroughly loyal man, without even the infirmity of ambition, his first and last thought was his duty to his country. Inspired with

the loftiest and most enduring courage, ready to throw himself into the breach in peace or war whenever occasion demanded the sacrifice, he had too high a reverence for the virtue of subordination to resist the authority which he regarded as lawful. He was never heard to murmur. The belief that he regarded the generalship of Essex as too cautious and hesitating was too widely spread to be altogether false, but he never attempted, even indirectly, to weaken his authority. He doubtless felt—for such men feel rather than reason—that insubordination was worse than bad generalship, and he made no exception when his own person was concerned.

That Hampden, if he had lived, would have brought about a peace on terms satisfactory to both parties is an idea which could only arise amongst those who misunderstand alike his character and the political situation. His ideas on Church and State were such as ought to have made it easy for him to come to an understanding with Falkland,¹ but he never could have come to an understanding with Charles. The constant intrigues, the reliance on foreign aid, the plots and conspiracies which occupied so large a space in Charles's statesmanship, built up a wall of separation between him and Hampden which could never be passed over. If there was still a lurking hope in Hampden's mind that Charles might be won over from his evil counsellors, it was never likely to be more. For the present open war was the path of duty. To tear asunder the web of mingled violence and deceit which was ennobled by the name of constitutional right was the work to which Hampden had devoted himself, in all modesty, but with all the vigour of a well-balanced nature, and there is no reason to suppose that he would ever have learned to place confidence in Charles as long as Charles's nature remained unaltered.

¹ The friend of Clarendon, who opposed Laud, but would not vote for abolishing the bishops; tried to stop the Civil War, and threw away his life in despair at Newbury in 1643.

39. BATTLE OF DUNBAR

From *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, by THOMAS CARLYLE, Letters CXXXIX—CXLVI. and Letter CXXXIX.

[NOTE.—After his return from Ireland, whither he had gone in 1649, Cromwell was sent by the Commonwealth Government against the Scots, with whom the English had quarrelled after the first Civil War. Fairfax refused to serve against them, so Cromwell became commander-in-chief.]

THE small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much honeycombed,—on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Frith of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay, and fishy little village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and foreshadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven bay to that of the next seabight St. Abb's-ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, 'not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea,' Oliver Cromwell's Army, on Monday 2d of September 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Town behind it,—in very forlorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His Ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him; but visible elsewhere in the Earth no help.

Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. The crossing of *which*, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream-courses, no Army, hardly a

solitary Scotch Packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley¹ has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them,—a long Hill of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes for fashion's sake the Down, adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of Twenty-thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief Dignitaries of the Country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the Twelfth year of its existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable heath-continents behind him; embraces, as within outspread tiger-claws, the base-line of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made impassable; behind Oliver is the sea; in front of him Lesley, Doon Hill, and the heath-continent of Lammermoor. Lesley's force is of Three-and-twenty-thousand, in spirits as of men chasing, Oliver's about half as many, in spirits as of men chased.² What is to become of Oliver?

The base of Oliver's 'Dunbar Peninsula,' as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon 'an entanglement very difficult'), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocksmouth House on his left; 'about a mile and a half from sea to sea.' Brocksmouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh's mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small Rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock*, *Brocksburn*; which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley's Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The

¹ D. 1682; fought at Marston Moor and beat Montrose at Philiphaugh; then joined Charles II. as commander-in-chief of the Scottish Army; taken prisoner after Worcester, 1651.

² But, as Gardiner points out, Cromwell's men were veterans, and Leslie's not only inexperienced, but divided by faction.

reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday 3d of September 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the Southcountry Officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a 'deep ditch, forty feet in depth, and about as many in width,'—ditch dug out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill; forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position: his force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen; he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers, in ranking them there. 'Before sunrise on Monday' Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook; 'about four in the afternoon' his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down; and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground; cornfields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday 2d September 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first; a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents; sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this 'Peninsula;' which is a low though very uneven tract of ground; now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson ¹ as a place of plashes ² and rough bent-grass; terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farm-house on this tract, where now are not a few: thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning; they had at first been lodged 'in the Church,' an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, 'at the south end of Dunbar.' We have notice of only one other

¹ D. 1684; a follower of Fairfax's, who wrote "Memoirs" of the time.

² Plashes = marshy pools.

'small house,' belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground: it stands close by the Brock Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts¹: this of course, as the one 'pass' in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert² lodged 'six horse and fifteen foot' in this poor hut early in the morning: Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out; killing some and 'taking three prisoners;'—and so got possession of this pass and hut; but did not keep it. Among the three prisoners was one musketeer, 'a very stout man, though he has but a wooden arm,' and some iron hook at the end of it, poor fellow. He 'fired thrice,' not without effect, with his wooden arm; and was not taken without difficulty: a handfast stubborn man; they carried him across to General Lesley to give some account of himself. In several of the old Pamphlets, which agree in all the details of it, this is what we read:

'General *David* Lesley (old Leven, the other Lesley,³ 'being in the Castle of Edinburgh, as they relate), asked this man, If the Enemy did intend to fight? He replied, "What do you think we come here for? We come for nothing else!"—"Soldier," says Lesley, "how will you fight, when you have shipped half of your men, and all your great guns?" The Soldier replied, "Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too!"—A most dogged handfast man, this with the wooden arm, and iron hook on it! 'One of the Officers asked, How he durst answer the General so saucily? He said, "I only answer the question put to me!"' Lesley sent him across, free again, by a trumpet: he made his way to Cromwell; reported what had passed, and added doggedly, He for one had lost twenty shillings by the business,—plundered from

¹ Professor Firth argues that this house really stood on the other side of the stream.

² For Lambert see note, p. 190. Pride is famous as the author of "Pride's Purge" of the Long Parliament, Dec. 6th, 1648.

³ Alexander Leslie (d. 1661); fought for Gustavus Adolphus and with Cromwell at Marston Moor, and had now joined the Royalists.

him in this action. 'The Lord General gave him thereupon two pieces,' which I think are forty shillings; and sent him away rejoicing.—This is the adventure at the 'pass' by the shepherd's hut in the bottom of the glen, close by Brocksburn itself.

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other 'pass' across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocks mouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock; the steep grassy glen, or 'broad ditch forty feet deep,' flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope: passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at this 'pass,' on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago. Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with unmilitary eyes at the ground as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there,—which gradually coalesce into a kind of image for you; and some spectrum of the Fact becomes visible; rises veritable, face to face, on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun; the footprint of a Hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here!—

'The Lord General about four o'clock,' says the old Pamphlets, 'went into the Town to take some refreshments,' a hasty late dinner, or early supper, whichever we may call it; 'and very soon returned back,' . . . Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order; walking at

last with Lambert ¹ in the Park or Garden of Brocks-mouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astir on the Hill-side ; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley in fact is coming wholly down to the basis of the Hill, where his horse had been since sunrise : coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there ; and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right ; edging himself, ' shogging,' as Oliver calls it, his whole line more and more to the right ! His meaning is, to get hold of Brocks-mouth House and the pass of the Brook there ; after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will !—Lesley in fact considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost ; that, on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack ? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side ; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to manœuvre or assist : beat this right wing where it now stands ; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main-battle, the whole Army is beaten ? Lambert eagerly assents, " had meant to say the same thing." Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents ; as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin tomorrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night ; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet ;—2d of September means 12th by our calendar : the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever

¹ 1619–1683 ; one of the best soldiers in the Commonwealth Army ; afterwards quarrelled with Cromwell : was imprisoned for nineteen years on the accession of Charles II. For Monk, see note on p. 205, below.

has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry ! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man !—Thus they pass the night ; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents ; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays ; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some, extinguish their matches,¹ all but two in a company ; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English ; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway ; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there ; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, ' a Cornet praying in the night ; ' a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined : Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them ; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no : this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful ; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance !—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds ; and over St. Abb's Head, a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet ; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is

¹ Matches = slow-burning wicks or cords of hemp, by means of which muskets were fired.

impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake ; thinking to surprise us ; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once ; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient ;—behold Lambert at last ! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence ; the cannons awaken along all the Line : “ The Lord of Hosts ! The Lord of Hosts ! ” On, my brave ones, on !—

The dispute ‘on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour.’ Plenty of fire, from fieldpieces, snaphances,¹ matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock ;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out ! But here on the right, their horse, ‘with lancers in the front rank,’ charge desperately ; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet ;—back a little ; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests ; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. ‘Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot.’ Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet ! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them : fieldpieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn ; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon the place : ‘I never saw such a charge of foot and horse,’ says one ; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded ; Hodgson heard him say, “ They run ! I profess they run ! ” And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, ‘and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, “ Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,” ’—or in Rous's metre.

Let God arise, and scattered
Let all His enemies be ;
And let all those that do Him hate
Before His presence flee !

Even so, the Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin ;

¹ The type of flint-lock usually employed in the Civil War.

rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither ; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar, the chase goes as far as Haddington ; led by Hacker.¹ 'The Lord General made a halt,' says Hodgson, 'and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm,' till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill ; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky :

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nati-ons that be ;
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify !

For great to-us-ward ever are
His lovingkindnesses ;
His truth endures forevermore :
The Lord O do ye bless !

And now, to the chase again.

40. CROMWELL'S CHARACTER

From *Four Lectures on the English Revolution*, by THOMAS HILL GREEN (reprinted from Vol. III. of his *Collected Works*), Lecture IV.

[THOMAS HILL GREEN (1836-1882).—Green was a philosopher who did not disdain to make some use of history. The passage we quote is from a course of lectures given at Edinburgh in 1867, just after he had become a member of the staff at Balliol College, Oxford. Here he built up a great reputation as a teacher, and in 1878 became Professor of Moral Philosophy. Four years later, when he was only forty-six, he died, within a year of his namesake the historian, who was almost exactly the same age.

No wonder Green was attracted by the Puritan Revolution, for he was himself a Puritan in character and conduct, and even in appearance. Diffident, taciturn, and indolent by nature, he would have done very little without the intense moral purpose which

¹ D. 1660 ; one of the regicides, who commanded a regiment under Cromwell ; hanged in 1660.

directed his conduct and shaped his ideas. This made him a most effective opponent of the utilitarian school of philosophy, then all-powerful at Oxford, and, though he admired its great exponent J. S. Mill as a man, he led the reaction against the "sterile individualism" of his teaching. He not only preached but practised a strong sense of social duty, took an active part in local politics, fighting the brewers and supporting education and parliamentary reform as a Liberal of independent views: he served on the school board and as a guardian. No man courted popularity less, but when he died the crowd of townspeople and university men who spontaneously followed his body stretched for over a mile.]

BY the beginning of the year 1653, Sir Henry Vane,¹ who had hitherto been organising victory for Blake, had become alive to the danger of military domination, which he specially dreaded, and was pressing forward a bill for a new parliament. It was upon this bill that the final rupture with Cromwell took place. In its chief features it corresponded with the petitions of the army and levellers which had been rife in the agitation of 1647-8. There was to be a parliament of four hundred members, who should be distributed among the counties according to wealth and population. In the boroughs there was to be a uniform rental qualification of householders; in the counties such a property qualification as should exclude tenants subject to control. There was to be a freehold qualification of 40s., a copyhold of 5*l.*, and a leasehold of 20*l.* annual value. This system of distribution and qualification was afterwards adopted by Cromwell, except that he substituted for the property qualifications the uniform, and very high, one of 200*l.* of real or personal estate. Cromwell's objection to the bill was that it gave the existing members the right both of sitting in the new house without re-election and of deciding on the admissibility of new members. In other words it constituted the Rump a many-headed dictatorship, to regulate the work of reconstruction. To this he opposed a plan of his own for delegating the resettlement to an assembly of notables, to be specially summoned for the purpose; a plan which we may readily

¹ 1613-1662; one of the leading men in the Commonwealth Government.

admit was merely meant as such a screen for his own dictatorship as would satisfy the demands of the 'fifth monarchy' or republican officers.

As usual he behaved with perfect explicitness. On April 19 he had a conference of members of parliament and officers of the army at his lodgings, and urged the importance of an immediate dissolution and a convocation of notables. St. John ¹ was the only civilian who supported him, but according to his own account the meeting closed with an understanding that Vane's bill should not be pressed. Next morning the conference was renewed, but in the presence of only a few 'parliament men,' of whom Whitelock ² was one. The sequel is best described in his words. 'Cromwell being informed during this debate that the parliament was sitting, and that it was hoped they would put a period to themselves, which would be the most honourable dissolution for them; hereupon he broke off the meeting, and the members of parliament with him left him at his lodgings and went to the house, and found them in debate of an act, the which would occasion other meetings of them again, and prolong their sitting.' This was Vane's bill, which he was pressing through its last stages, in disregard, according to Cromwell, of the pledge given the night before. Colonel Ingoldsby ³ brought word to Cromwell of what the house was doing, 'who was so enraged thereat, expecting they should have meddled with no other business but putting a period to their sitting without more delay, that he presently commanded some of the officers of the army to fetch a party of soldiers, with whom he marched to the house.' The rest of the story is too familiar to need repetition. It is noticed, however, that he did not introduce the soldiers at once, but sat quietly in his place, till the motion was put from the chair, 'that the bill do now pass.' It was then, at the last moment, *i.e.* at which it was possible to stop the establish-

¹ D. 1673; Hampden's counsel in the Ship Money case: Chief Justice.

² 1605-1675; manager of Strafford's impeachment. Member of the Commonwealth Government; afterwards urged Cromwell to be king.

³ D. 1685; one of the regicides; afterwards a member of Cromwell's Upper House.

ment of a permanent oligarchy under the forms of law, that he broke into a violent speech, which ended with his calling in the soldiers. His conduct at this crisis, as throughout his public life, corresponded exactly to the account which he gave of it himself. Into parliament, as into battle, he carried the 'waiting spirit' in which the sectaries believed. He trusted for guidance to a sudden inspiration interpreting the necessity of events. At last, at the critical point, just when he saw Lesley making a gap in his line at Dunbar, 'the spirit of God was strong upon him,' he would no longer consult 'flesh and blood,' but took the decisive step. The dissolution of the Rump was clearly inevitable so soon as it broke with and sought to defy its armed constituency, which, as Cromwell had always maintained, was an equally legitimate authority with itself, and far more truly representative. The violence of manner with which Cromwell turned it out and locked the door, of which, says Whitelock, even 'some of his bravadoes were ashamed,' is quite unique in his history, and doubtless aggravated the difficulty of subsequent reconciliation with the commonwealth's men. The best explanation of it is a remark in one of his private letters; 'I have known my folly do good, when affection (passion) has overcome my reason.' It is a curious trait in his character, that when wrought up after much hesitation to a decisive act, of which he saw the danger, he gave the loose to that boisterous vehemence for which he had early been noted, but which he could generally suppress. The same trait appears in his behaviour at the signature of the death-warrant of Charles.¹

He had now to grapple with the question which the Rump had fingered in vain. The Lord's people were to be saved from themselves, and the interests of the world so reformed and adjusted that it might yield them fit habitation. The task, as I have shown in the previous lectures, was in the nature of the case a hopeless one. The claim of the saints was at once false and self-contradictory; false, for the secular world, which it sought to ignore, had rights no less divine than its own; and self-contradictory, since even

amongst the most sectarian of the sectaries it was constantly hardening into authority hostile to the individual persuasion in which it originated. 'That hath been one of the vanities of our contest. Every sect saith, "Oh, give me liberty." But give it him, and to the best of his power he will yield it to no one else.'¹ Cromwell's labour, however, was not wholly in vain. During five years, by the mere force of his instinct of settlement, his commanding energy, and that absorbing sympathy miscalled hypocrisy, which enabled him to hold the hearts of the sectaries even while he disappointed their enthusiasm, he at least kept the peace between the saints and the world, secured liberty of conscience, and placed it on ground which even the flood of prelatrical reaction was not able wholly to submerge. But while protecting the godly interest, he was obliged more and more to silence its pretension. A gradual detachment from the saints, and approximation to the ancient interests, was the necessary policy of his later years.

¹ A quotation from one of Cromwell's speeches.

[NOTE.—T. H. Green's view of Cromwell may be compared with that of Gardiner in "*Cromwell's Place in History*," Lecture VI.:

"With Cromwell's memory it has fared as with ourselves.² Royalists painted him as a devil. Carlyle painted him as the masterful saint who suited his peculiar Valhalla. It is time for us to regard him as he really was, with all his physical and moral audacity, with all his tenderness and spiritual yearnings, in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought, the greatest because the most typical Englishman of all time. This, in the most enduring sense, is Cromwell's place in history. He stands there, not to be implicitly followed as a model, but to hold up a mirror to ourselves, wherein we may see alike our weakness and our strength."

See also p. 201, below, for Guizot's view.]

² *I.e.*, the English people.

41. THE DEATH OF CROMWELL

From *L'Histoire de la République d'Angleterre et de Cromwell*, by FRANÇOIS GUIZOT, Vol. II.

[FRANÇOIS GUIZOT (1787-1874).—Guizot, like Macaulay, was a statesman as well as an historian. Both under Louis XVIII. and under Louis Philippe he held important posts in the Government, and for a time was Louis Philippe's first minister. Thus he was prevented from becoming, as he might have become, a French Ranke: like Ranke, he was a middle-class Protestant with an enthusiasm for history; like him, he had the organising ability to found a school and to develop the study of original materials; like him, he saw Europe as a whole and could survey the past without passion and prejudice. But, unlike Ranke, he had the Frenchman's love of sweeping generalisations, and was less interested in personalities than in movements: he loved to survey the whole course of some great period and to show the inevitable rise and decline of institutions and points of view. His critics complained that he made history too neat, as if it were a series of chemical experiments in which there was no room for chance or adventure.

English history, with its regular progress and lack of violent revolutions, interested and suited him, and he studied it carefully, though without discovering much new material or doing much original research, in order to emphasise the advantages of not going to extremes either of revolution or of reaction. He admired Cromwell and accepted most of Carlyle's defence of him in his later studies, but, as will be seen in this excerpt, he disliked his statesmanship, and thought that, as Protector, he had been false to his principles. The passage shows that on occasion Guizot could paint a detailed picture full of vivid touches, and a pathos all the more convincing because the historian keeps so discreetly in the background and allows, as Carlyle would never do, the records to speak for themselves. But as Ranke is most at home in the council chamber, so Guizot is most himself when, like a surveyor on a mountain-top, he maps out with calm precision the course of some great stream of human affairs.]

LA fièvre s'était fort aggravée: les médecins furent d'avis que le Protecteur changeât d'air et quittât Hamptoncourt pour Londres. Il rentra à Whitehall le 24 août 1658, et de ce moment, malgré quelques apparences de

répît, le mal et le péril devinrent de plus en plus pressants. Cromwell ne s'occupa plus d'affaires publiques, et parut n'y plus penser. Dans son âme pourtant, il n'avait point renoncé à la vie et à tout avenir terrestre ; ayant entendu ses médecins s'entretenir de son pouls qu'ils trouvaient désordonné et intermittent, ces paroles le frappèrent ; il fut saisi d'une sueur froide, se trouva presque mal, se remit dans son lit, fit appeler un secrétaire, et régla ses affaires intérieures et privées. Le lendemain matin, l'un de ses médecins entra dans sa chambre : " Pourquoi avez-vous l'air si triste ? lui demanda Cromwell ;—Ceux sur qui pèse la responsabilité de votre vie ne peuvent pas ne pas être fortement préoccupés ;—Vous autres médecins, vous croyez que je vais mourir," et prenant la main de sa femme lady Elizabeth, qui était auprès de lui : " Je te déclare que je ne mourrai pas de cette maladie-ci ; j'en suis sûr." Le médecin le regardait, sans doute avec quelque air de surprise : " Vous croyez que je suis fou, reprit Cromwell ; mais je dis la vérité, et fondé sur des motifs plus certains qu'Hippocrate et Galien ¹ ne vous en peuvent fournir. Dieu a accordé cette réponse, non pas aux prières de moi seul, mais à celles d'hommes qui ont avec lui un commerce bien plus intime. Ayez donc confiance ; chassez de vos yeux la tristesse, et traitez-moi comme un pauvre domestique. Vous pouvez beaucoup par votre science ; mais la nature peut bien plus que tous les médecins ensemble, et Dieu est infiniment plus puissant que la nature." Le voyant si vivement excité après une nuit presque sans sommeil, le médecin lui ordonna un repos absolu, sortit de la chambre et rencontrant un de ses confrères : " Je crains, lui dit-il, que notre malade ne soit bien près de la folie," et il lui répéta ce qu'il venait d'entendre. " Êtes-vous à ce point étranger dans ce palais, répondit l'autre, et ne savez-vous pas ce qui s'est passé la nuit dernière ? Les chapelains du Protecteur et tous les saints, leurs amis, dispersés dans les différentes parties du palais, se sont mis en prières pour son salut, et ils ont tous entendu cette voix de Dieu :—Il guérira. —Ils s'en tiennent pour assurés."

¹ Both famous Greek physicians.

Non-seulement dans le palais de Whitehall, mais dans une multitude d'églises et de maisons de Londres, des prières ferventes s'élevaient pour la guérison du Protecteur : prières à la fois sincères et intéressées, suscitées et par la sympathie et par la crainte ; indépendamment des hommes attachés à sa personne ou à son gouvernement, et dont la fortune se trouvait liée à la sienne, Cromwell était, pour tous ceux des révolutionnaires et des sectaires que le fanatisme républicain n'avait pas rendus ses ennemis, le représentant de leur cause, le défenseur de leurs libertés civiles et religieuses ; quel serait leur sort s'il mourait ? Sous quel joug tomberaient-ils ? Et leurs prières n'étaient pas, pour eux, des formules froides et vaines ; ils avaient une ferme foi dans leur accès auprès de Dieu, et la présomption de croire qu'il leur révélait ses desseins : " Seigneur, s'écriait Goodwin, l'un des chapelains du Protecteur, nous ne te prions pas pour sa guérison ; tu nous l'as déjà accordée ; ce que nous te demandons maintenant, c'est sa prompte guérison." Les politiques n'étaient pas si tranquilles, et pourtant, eux aussi, ils espéraient beaucoup : " Jamais, écrivait Thurloe ¹ à Henri Cromwell, ² il n'y a eu, pour aucun homme, un tel trésor de prières ; tous les esprits, bons ou mauvais, sont frappés de consternation, à l'idée de ce qui pourrait arriver s'il plaisait à Dieu de retirer aujourd'hui Son Altesse de ce monde ; puisque Dieu a tant incliné les cœurs à le prier, j'ai la confiance qu'il inclinera son oreille à les exaucer."

Cromwell était loin de guérir ; les crises devenaient de plus en plus violentes et rapprochées, et en en sortant, il tombait dans un abattement profond. La plus vive sollicitude sur l'avenir agitait sa famille et ses conseillers. Qui serait son successeur ? Aux termes de l'acte constitutionnel, c'était à lui de le désigner. Depuis sa maladie et avant de quitter Hamptoncourt pour revenir à Londres, Cromwell lui-même s'en était préoccupé ; il avait chargé un de ses secrétaires, John Barrington, d'aller chercher dans son cabinet, à Whitehall, au fond d'un tiroir, un papier cacheté

¹ 1616-1668 ; Cromwell's Secretary of State.

² 1628-1674 ; the ablest of Cromwell's sons : Lord Deputy of Ireland.

sous forme d'une lettre adressée a Thurloe, et dans laquelle, au moment de la seconde constitution du Protectorat, il avait d'avance nommé son successeur, sans en dire à personne le nom. On ne trouva point ce papier, et Cromwell n'en parla plus. Quand le danger parut imminent, les enfants et les gendres du Protecteur, lord Faulconbridge entre autres, pressèrent Thurloe, son seul confident véritable, de lui adresser à ce sujet quelque question, quelque insinuation. Thurloe le promit et tarda à le faire. Il n'avait lui-même, sur les intentions de son maître, aucune certitude ; Cromwell les avait tenues absolument secrètes, ne voulant enlever l'espérance de lui succéder à aucun de ceux qui pouvaient y avoir quelque prétention. Quelques personnes disaient que son choix ne porterait sur aucun de ses fils, mais sur son gendre Fleetwood,¹ plus agréable à l'armée et aux républicains. Dans ce doute, Thurloe hésitait à se charger de demander au Protecteur une réponse positive, ne voulant se mettre mal avec aucun des prétendants.

A ces perplexités de ceux qui l'entouraient, Cromwell ne prenait plus aucune part : les affaires du monde, les questions de la politique, les intérêts même des personnes qui lui tenaient de plus près s'éloignaient et s'évanouissaient à mesure qu'il sortait de l'arène de la vie ; son âme se repliait sur elle-même, et retrouvait, en avançant vers les mystères de l'avenir éternel, d'autres pensées, d'autres perplexités que celles qui s'agitaient autour de son lit. La foi religieuse de Cromwell avait bien peu gouverné sa conduite ; les combinaisons, les passions, les nécessités terrestres s'étaient emparées de lui ; il s'y était adonné avec un emportement cynique, décidé à réussir, à grandir, à dominer à tout prix ; le chrétien avait disparu devant le politique révolutionnaire et despote ; mais en disparaissant, il n'avait point péri : les croyances chrétiennes étaient restées au fond de cette âme chargée de mensonges et d'attentats ; quand vint l'épreuve suprême, elles reparurent, et selon la belle expression de l'archevêque Tillotson, en présence de la mort, "l'enthousiasme religieux de Cromwell prit le dessus sur son hypocrisie." Le 2 septembre, après un violent accès de

¹ D. 1692 ; married Cromwell's daughter Bridget, the widow of Ireton.

fièvre qui l'avait jeté dans le délire, il était rentré en pleine possession de ses sens ; ses chapelains étaient assis auprès de lui : " Dites-moi," demanda-t-il à l'un d'entre eux, " est-il possible de déchoir de l'état de grâce ? "—" Ce n'est pas possible," répondit le chapelain.—" En ce cas, je suis tranquille," dit Cromwell, " car je sais que j'ai été une fois en état de grâce." Il se retourna, et se mit, à haute voix, en prières : " Seigneur," dit-il, " je suis une misérable créature . . . ; tu as fait de moi, indigne, un instrument pour ton service ; ce peuple souhaite que je vive ; ils croient que cela vaut mieux pour eux et tournerait à ta gloire. D'autres ont envie que je meure. Seigneur, pardonne-leur à tous, et de quelque façon que tu disposes de moi, accorde-leur tes bénédictions . . . ; donne-leur le repos, et à moi aussi ; pour l'amour de Jésus-Christ, auquel, comme à toi et au Saint-Esprit, soient honneur et gloire à toujours ! Amen ! "

A cet élan de piété succéda un état de torpeur qui se prolongea jusqu'à la fin du jour. Quand la nuit vint, une forte agitation saisit Cromwell ; il parlait, mais à voix basse et entrecoupée, n'achevant pas ses idées ni ses paroles : " Vraiment Dieu est bon ; il ne me. . . . Dieu est bon. . . . Je voudrais vivre pour le service de Dieu et de son peuple ; mais ma tâche est accomplie ; Dieu sera avec son peuple." On lui offrit quelque chose à boire, en l'engageant à dormir : " Je ne veux ni boire ni dormir ; je ne pense qu'à me hâter, car il faut que je parte." Le jour se levait ; c'était le 3 septembre, son jour heureux, avait-il dit souvent, l'anniversaire de ses victoires de Dunbar et de Worcester. Par une coïncidence étrange, la nuit qui venait de finir avait été très-orageuse ; une tempête violente causa, sur terre et sur mer, beaucoup de désastres. Cromwell retomba dans une apathie dont il ne sortit plus ; entre trois et quatre heures de l'après-midi, ayant, depuis quelque temps déjà, perdu toute connaissance, il poussa un profond soupir ; les assistants s'approchèrent de son lit ; il venait d'expirer.

A cette nouvelle, un frémissement universel, bien que très-divers, circula dans toute l'Angleterre. Cavaliers et Républicains, Épiscopaux et Presbytériens, Anabaptistes et

Niveleurs,¹ tous les ennemis de Cromwell respirèrent, comme des prisonniers délivrés ; mais ils ne remuèrent point. Ils firent plus ; ils continrent leur joie. L'armée et l'inquiétude publique leur imposaient. Officiers et soldats se montraient dévoués à leur général mort, et le public, n'ayant plus de maître, se demandait avec anxiété comment il aurait un gouvernement. Les douleurs de famille et les tristesses officielles parurent seules. Les unes étaient sincères, et les autres, par convenance et par calcul, se manifestèrent avec un grand éclat, croyant, par la pompe de leurs hommages envers le passé, s'assurer de l'avenir : " Le porteur de cette lettre, écrivait le 7 septembre, lord Faulconbridge à Henri Cromwell, donnera à Votre Seigneurie les tristes détails de la mort de votre incomparable père, évènement qui enlève à ces pauvres nations le plus grand personnage et le plus grand instrument de bonheur public ; non-seulement de notre siècle, mais de tous les siècles. La nuit qui a précédé sa mort, et pas plus tôt, en présence de quatre ou cinq membres du Conseil, il a déclaré milord Richard son successeur ; . . . et environ trois heures après sa mort (temps employé uniquement à rédiger l'acte, non en hésitations et en disputes) le frère de Votre Seigneurie, maintenant Son Altesse, a été proclamé Protecteur de ces nations, avec la pleine adhésion du Conseil, de l'armée et de la Cité. . . . Pendant les jours où feu Son Altesse touchait à sa fin, la consternation du peuple était inexprimable. . . . S'il en était ainsi hors de la famille, vous pouvez juger de ce qui se passait dans son sein. Ma pauvre femme, je ne sais vraiment que faire d'elle ; quelquefois elle semble se calmer ; mais elle tombe tout à coup dans un nouvel accès de désespoir ; son cœur est près de se briser, et je ne puis la blâmer, car je sais ce qu'elle a perdu." Le même messenger portait aussi à Henri Cromwell une lettre de Thurloe qui lui disait : " Il a plu à Dieu de donner à Son Altesse votre frère un bien facile et paisible début dans son gouvernement ; il n'y a pas un chien qui remue la langue, tant est profond le calme où nous sommes." Au sein de ce calme, les enthousiastes, pieusement adulateurs

¹ The Levellers, an extreme Puritan sect.

qui avaient entouré le lit de mort de Cromwell, élevaient seuls la voix, disant à ses amis et à ses serviteurs désolés : "Cessez de pleurer ; vous avez bien plutôt raison de vous réjouir ; il était votre Protecteur ici-bas ; il sera pour vous un Protecteur bien plus puissant, maintenant qu'il est assis, avec Christ, à la droite de Dieu."

Plus de deux mois après ces explosions de douleur et d'enthousiasme domestiques, le 23 novembre 1658, les obsèques du Protecteur furent célébrées dans l'église de l'abbaye de Westminster, avec une pompe qui surpassa tout ce qu'on avait jamais fait en Angleterre pour les funérailles des rois.

42. CHARLES II. COMES TO LONDON

From *The Life of Milton in Connexion with the History of His Time*, by DAVID MASSON, Vol. VI., Book I., Chapter I.

[DAVID MASSON (1822-1907).—Masson had a knowledge of the seventeenth century which almost rivalled Gardiner's. He was the son of a stone-cutter of Aberdeen, who studied for the ministry but became a journalist and a publishers' reader, made friends with Carlyle and Thackeray, and in 1853 was appointed Professor of English Literature at University College, London. Between 1859 and 1880 he published his six-volume "*Life of Milton*," which is also a complete history of Milton's age in England. Masson afterwards returned to Scotland to a professorship at Edinburgh. Here for thirty years he wrote and taught with great energy and success : he was widely popular with the five hundred students who passed through his hands.

The quotation which follows shows how thoroughly he knew his authorities. A reference to his great book will show with what patient care he fitted into his accounts of public events the details of Milton's private life.]

ON Friday the 25th¹ there was the landing at Dover. The King and the two Dukes² went ashore together about noon in one barge, the captain of Montague's³ ship steering,

¹ May, 1660.

² The Duke of York (afterwards James II.) and the Duke of Gloucester, the King's two brothers.

³ 1625-1672 ; afterwards Earl of Sandwich, one of Blake's colleagues under the Protectorate ; killed in battle with the Dutch at Solebay.

and Montague himself attending bare-headed. On the beach, "infinite the crowd of people, and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts," with shouting and joy "past imagination" when his Majesty set foot on the ground, and General Monk¹ stepped forward from the rest with a profound obeisance, as if to prostrate himself, but his Majesty took him by the hand most gloriously and kissed and embraced him. Others round Monk were kissing the hem of his Majesty's garments; and one of these, who says he observed his Majesty's countenance closely on his first stepping ashore, thought he could see in it "a mixture of other passions besides joy." As there was to be no stay at Dover, a canopy had been prepared, under which his Majesty walked, attended by Monk, to a chair of state at some little distance from the water-side; and here, while he talked with Monk, the Mayor and Aldermen of Dover made their formal salutations. They presented him with "a very rich Bible," which he graciously accepted, saying "it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world." Then, in a coach which was in waiting, he and the two Dukes, with Monk, drove off through the town on their way to Canterbury, these four inside, and the Duke of Buckingham² stowed in the boot. To Montague, who had never stirred from the barge, it was a relief to know that his part of the great business was thus happily over without the slightest mismanagement. He returned to his ship, thanking God; and his last order to Pepys that night was that a mark at the head of the chief cabin, which his Majesty had made with his own hands that morning, in record of his exact height, should be carefully gilded, and a crown and the letters C. R. placed in gold beside it. All future visitors to the ship were to be shown that mark, and to know that it was in this ship that Charles had come over.

At Canterbury the Royal party made a halt of nearly three days, with a fresh influx of people of rank to welcome

¹ 1608-1670; afterwards Duke of Albemarle, soldier, sailor, statesman, one of Cromwell's chief advisers, and the prime mover in the Restoration.

² 1628-1652; son of Charles I.'s favourite: afterwards a member of the Cabal.

his Majesty, and with more and more of conversation between his Majesty and Monk. . . . One reason for the delay at Canterbury had been that his Majesty wished to enter London on his birthday, Tuesday the 29th, when he would be thirty years old.

So it was arranged, and so it happened. Of that extraordinary royal progress of King Charles from Rochester to Whitehall on the 29th of May, 1660, there was to be a remembrance to all generations. Who can describe it? The long highway of more than five-and-twenty miles from Rochester was lined on both sides with acclaiming multitudes, so that it seemed "one continued street wonderfully inhabited." On Blackheath there was the passage of review through the bannered army of horse and foot, fifty thousand strong, drawn up to salute his Majesty, with the address of loyalty presented by the commanding officer, and all the other picturesque incidents, as imagined by Scott for the last scene of his *Woodstock*. At the skirts of London itself there were the kneeling Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, with a rest for civic ceremonial, and for the collation which had been provided; and thence through the City, the trained-bands and City Companies keeping order in the streets, and the windows all hung with tapestry, there was the procession as far as to Fleet Street and Temple Bar. After it had passed Temple Bar one could see how it was finally marshalled. Major General Browne¹ led the whole, with a troop of three hundred in cloth of silver; next came a marching mass in purple velvet; next a troop in buff, with silver sleeves and green scarfs; then smaller troops in blue and silver, grey and silver, and pure grey, all with trumpeters before them, as finely apparelled as those of the former troops; then three troops more in rich habits, but of colours not reported; then the Sheriff's-men, in red cloaks, and with pikes in their hands, to the number of four-score, and six hundred picked men of the City-companies, in black velvet suits with chains of gold; then kettledrums, trumpets, and streamers; then

¹ Died 1669; Parliamentary general, but favourable to Charles I. after his capture: Lord Mayor of London 1660.

twelve London ministers ; then the Knights of the Bath and their Esquires ; then more kettledrums and trumpets, preceding his Majesty's life-guard of horse ; then, in a blaze of various colours, the City-marshal, the City-waits, and all other City-officers, concluding with the two Sheriffs, the Aldermen, the Heralds and Macers, and the Lord Mayor carrying the sword ; then Lord General Monk and the Duke of Buckingham ; then, O then, HIS MAJESTY himself, between the Dukes of York and Gloucester ; then a number of the King's servants ; and, last of all, a troop of horse with white colours, and the Lord General's life-guard, and five regiments more of horse, and two troops of mounted noblemen and gentlemen. It was about half-past seven in the evening when his Majesty thus arrived at Whitehall, where meanwhile the two Houses of Parliament were assembled in the Banqueting House, ranged in due order. In among these his Majesty walked, with strange thoughts perhaps as he remembered his father's last moments in that fatal room, with the scaffold ready outside ; and, after he had seated himself in the chair of state and there had been all obeisances, he was addressed in prepared orations by the two Speakers,—by the Earl of Manchester ¹ for the Lords, and by Sir Harbottle Grimstone ² for the Commons. His Majesty replied briefly, but suitably, excusing himself for his brevity by declaring that the fatigue of his journey, and the confusion of joyful noises still in his ears, unfitted him for saying much. He was, indeed, so completely tired out that the religious service in Westminster Abbey with which the day was to have ended had to be exchanged for private service in the presence-chamber of Whitehall. He slept in Whitehall that night, the first time since January, 1641–2, when he had left it with his father as a boy of twelve.

Over England, Scotland, and Ireland flew the news of the King's triumphant entry into his capital, and everywhere with the same delirium of joy. In Edinburgh, Dublin, and all considerable towns, there were proclamations and re-pro-

¹ 1603–1685 ; lawyer and M.P. : expelled by Pride's Purge ; Speaker 1660.

² 1602–1671 ; Parliamentary general, who quarrelled with Cromwell 1644.

clamations, with peals of bell-ringing, bonfires and shouting mobs, public feasts and wine running from the spouts for the general benefit, drinkings of his Majesty's health and of Monk's, and burnings of Oliver in effigy, by himself or with a twin-effigy of the Devil. For months and months the delirium was to continue, and even to grow; nor through the whole reign of Charles was there ever to be an end, or even much visible abatement, of that mood of popular adoration of the monarch, with hatred to the memory of Oliver and all his belongings, which ran through the Islands, like a sudden epidemic, in the first year of the Restoration.

43. THE COFFEE HOUSES

From *The History of England*, by LORD MACAULAY, Vol. I., Chapter III.

[THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY (1800–1859).—Macaulay, the greatest English historian since Gibbon, first made his name as an essayist and as a parliamentary orator. He was one of the statesmen on whom Carlyle vented his satire, and he showed even greater skill as a writer than as an orator. His articles and notices of books in the *Edinburgh Review*, the great Whig organ of the day, made a sensation by the brilliance of the style, the vast knowledge they displayed, and the vigorous, if narrow, views they expressed; and his speeches in favour of the Reform Bill of 1832 seemed to mark him out for high office. After five years in India as a member of the Supreme Council, Macaulay set to work on a history of England, and, though still a politician and member of Parliament (he was Secretary for War between 1839 and 1841), became more and more immersed in this work. In 1848 he published two volumes beginning with the reign of Charles II., though the detailed narrative did not open till the accession of James II.; volumes three and four appeared in 1855, but in 1859 Macaulay died, having taken his story only as far as the death of William III., a period of seventeen years.

Of the gifts required by the perfect historian, Macaulay had three—an enthusiasm which made the past more vivid than the present, a marvellous memory, fed by incessant reading (he never forgot what he read and he could pick the heart out of a book

almost as quickly as most men could turn over its pages), and a brilliant style. He aimed to make his history so interesting that, as he said, "it would supersede for a few days the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies," and one hundred and forty thousand copies of it were sold in a generation: it rivalled the *Waverley* novels in the day of their greatest success, and made of Macaulay's popularity the British counterpart of Michelet's. Everything that could be known about this period Macaulay had read and remembered, and with wonderful skill he wove all this knowledge into a connected narrative which sweeps on with quenchless vitality, without a check, without an obscurity, like a splendid piece of tapestry made and unrolled by some mighty machine.

The gifts he lacked were just those of Carlyle—a subtle judgment of character and the power of speculative thought. His father Zachary, the enemy of the slave trade, a man of intense religious convictions, never sympathised with his son's precocious literary ambitions, and the boy, who bore the paternal snubs with exemplary patience, seems to have lost in his turn the power of sympathising with characters and ideas like his father's. In nature he was as kindly and cheerful as Carlyle was dyspeptic and unhappy, and he lived and died a genial, friendly, generous bachelor. But, especially as a young man, on paper he was a violent controversialist, who assumed that whatever the Whig party did and believed was right, and that their opponents were either villains or imbeciles. Many of his historical characters are gross caricatures: none of them are subtle or profound studies of human nature. He admired and loved his own country and its institutions, but knew very little about anything but the external history of other lands: he had nothing to correspond to Carlyle's sympathetic grasp of the work and outlook of Goethe, and yet "I wish I was as cocksure of anything as Macaulay is of everything," said Lord Melbourne. As Macaulay grew older he began to see that Tories as well as Whigs had done something for England, and to become more tolerant of those with whom he disagreed, but he never ceased to be a Whig partisan.]

THE coffee house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time¹ have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern

¹ In 1688.

machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favourite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm. The Court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, during Danby's ¹ administration, to close the coffee houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own head quarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered

¹ The Earl of Danby (1631-1712). His five years' Administration came to an end in 1678.

with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris ; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington,¹ to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room ; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's.² That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau³ and the ancients. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved*⁴ ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars,⁵ sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and indexmakers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press

¹ A character in "The Relapse," a play by Vanbrugh, who also appears in Sheridan's "Trip to Scarborough."

² A coffee house called after the Christian name of its proprietor.

³ In France at this time a great literary controversy was going on between Perrault, a writer of biography and fairy tales, and Boileau, the most famous court poet of the day.

⁴ A tragedy by Otway, produced 1682.

⁵ Barristers from the Temple Inns of Court.

was to get near the chair where John Dryden sate. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire ; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's ¹ treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee houses where no oath was heard, and where lankhaired men discussed election and reprobation ² through their noses ; Jew coffee houses where dark-eyed money changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other ; and Popish coffee houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

These gregarious habits had no small share in forming the character of the Londoner of that age. He was, indeed, a different being from the rustic Englishman. There was not then the intercourse which now exists between the two classes. Only very great men were in the habit of dividing the year between town and country. Few esquires came to the capital thrice in their lives. Nor was it yet the practice of all citizens in easy circumstances to breathe the fresh air of the fields and woods during some weeks of every summer. A cockney, in a rural village, was stared at as much as if he had intruded into a Kraal of Hottentots. On the other hand, when the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he gazed at the

¹ René le Bossu (1631-1680), French author.

² Two of the doctrines of the Calvinists, who divided the world into "the elect" and "the reprov'd," *i.e.* the damned.

shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the waterspouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendour of the Lord Mayor's Show. Money croppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whetstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honour. If he asked his way to Saint James's, his informants sent him to Mile End. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, of secondhand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone. There he was once more a great man, and he saw nothing above himself except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the Judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the Lord Lieutenant.

44. RICHARD BAXTER

From *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, by JAMES STEPHEN (Edition of 1849), Vol. II., Essay I.

[*SIR JAMES STEPHEN* (1789-1859).—Stephen was the son of a barrister who belonged to the famous "Clapham sect" of Low Church enthusiasts, gave up most of his life to the fight against the slave trade, and married as his second wife a sister of Wilberforce. Stephen himself, like his father, was a deeply religious man. He had great ability, a subtle and vigorous mind, and a

considerable gift of eloquence. He made a most promising start at the Bar, and in 1825 he became permanent legal adviser to the Colonial Office and the Board of Trade. While in this position he drew up the Bill abolishing slavery in the British Empire. By this work, which he accomplished against time, between one Saturday morning and midday on the following Monday (almost the only occasion in his life when he worked on Sunday), he severely damaged his health. In 1836 he became Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies and finally gave up his legal ambitions.

As a civil servant he was conscientious, industrious, and competent to an extraordinary degree. His knowledge and experience made him so powerful that he was nicknamed "Mr. Over-Secretary Stephen." He took a leading part in the granting of responsible government to Canada. In 1847 he retired, and two years later became Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He had always been interested in history, and had given what leisure he had to it for many years. In 1849 he published the book from which we quote, and in 1852 two volumes of lectures on the history of France. As will be seen from our excerpt, Stephen was a most accomplished writer. Small as it is in bulk, his historical work is of the highest quality: his judgment of men was excellent; he had a fine critical sense combined with wide sympathies, and showed great skill in handling his material. He wrote in the grand manner, and is sometimes pompous and didactic; but it is impossible to read him without admiring the mind and character of a man in whom intense religious feeling combined with mental energy to produce a rare blend of refinement and manliness.

The quotation which follows is from a sketch of Richard Baxter (1615-1691), the Presbyterian writer and preacher who served as a chaplain in the Civil War, quarrelled with the Independents, and left the Church of England when Charles II. signed the Act of Uniformity. In 1685 he was charged before Judge Jeffries with libelling the Church of England.]

THERE were passages in the judicial career of Jeffries¹ in which abhorrence, disgust, indignation, and all other feelings of the sterner kind, gave way to the irresistible sense of the ludicrous; and, 'to be grave exceeds all powers of face,' even when reading the narrative of this proceeding, which was drawn up by one of the spectators. The judge

¹ 1648-1689; Lord Chief Justice 1682: presided at trial of Titus Oates; tried Baxter 1685; held the "bloody assize" after Monmouth's rebellion. Died in the Tower after James II.'s flight.

entered the court with his face flaming, 'he snorted and squeaked, blew his nose and clenched his hands, and lifted up his eyes, mimicking their manner, and running on furiously, as, he said, they used to pray.' The ermined buffoon extorted a smile even from the nonconformists themselves. Pollexfen, the leading counsel for the defence, gave into the humour, and attempted to gain attention for his argument by a jest. 'My Lord,' he said, 'some will think it a hard measure to stop these men's mouths, and not to let them speak through their noses.' 'Pollexfen,' said Jeffries, 'I know you well. You are the patron of the faction; this is an old rogue, who has poisoned the world with his Kidderminster¹ doctrine. He encouraged all the women to bring their bodkins and thimbles, to carry on the war against their King, of ever blessed memory. An old schismatical knave—a hypocritical villain!' 'My Lord,' replied the counsel, 'Mr. Baxter's loyal and peaceable spirit, King Charles would have rewarded with a bishopric, when he came in, if he would have conformed.' 'Aye,' said the judge, 'we know that; but what ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he would not conform? Is he wiser or better than other men? He hath been, ever since, the spring of the faction. I am sure he hath poisoned the world with his linsey-woolsey doctrine—a conceited, stubborn fanatical dog!' After one counsel, and another, had been overborne by the fury of Jeffries, Baxter himself took up the argument. 'My Lord,' he said, 'I have been so moderate with respect to the Church of England, that I have incurred the censure of many of the Dissenters on that account.' 'Baxter for Bishops,' exclaimed the judge, 'is a merry conceit indeed! Turn to it, turn to it!' On this one of the counsel turned to a passage in the libel, which stated, 'that great respect is due to those truly called bishops amongst us.' 'Ay,' said Jeffries, 'this is your Presby-

¹ Baxter became a lecturer at Kidderminster in 1641; it was there that in 1680 he wrote his most famous book, "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." Kidderminster was already known for its woollen manufactures and carpets; hence Jeffries' allusions to "bodkins," etc.

terian cant, *truly* called to be bishops ; that is of himself, and such rascals, called the bishops of Kidderminster, and other such places. The bishops set apart by such factious, snivelling, Presbyterians as himself ; a Kidderminster bishop he means, when, according to the saying of a late learned author,¹ every parish shall maintain a tythe-pig metropolitan.' Baxter offering to speak again, Jeffries exploded in the following apostrophe. 'Richard ! Richard ! dost thou think here to poison the court ? Richard, thou art an old fellow—an old knave ; thou has written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition, I might say treason. as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty Don, and a doctor of your party at your elbow ; but I will crush you all. Come, what do you say for yourself, you old knave—come speak up, what doth he say ? I am not afraid of him, or of all the snivelling calves you have got about you,'—alluding to some persons who were in tears at this scene. 'Your Lordship need not,' said Baxter, 'for I'll not hurt you. But these things will surely be understood one day ; what fools one sort of Protestants are made, to prosecute the other.' Then lifting up his eyes to Heaven, he said, 'I am not concerned to answer such stuff, but am ready to produce my writings, in confutation of all this ; and my life and conversation are known to many in this nation.'

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and, but for the resistance of the other judges, Jeffries would have added whipping through the city, to the sentence of imprisonment. It was to continue until the prisoner should have paid five hundred marks. Baxter was at that time in his seventieth year. A childless widower, groaning under agonies of bodily pain, and reduced by former persecutions to sell all that he possessed, he entered the King's Bench prison in utter poverty ; and remained there for nearly two years, hopeless

¹ Butler, author of the anti-Puritan satire, "Hudibras." Tythe-pig metropolitan means a village bishop.

of any other abode on earth. But the hope of a mansion of eternal peace and love raised him beyond the reach of human tyranny. He possessed his soul in patience. Wise and good men resorted to his prison, and brought back from him greetings to his distant friends, and maxims of piety and prudence. Happy in the review of a well-spent life, and still happier in the prospect of its early close, his spirit enjoyed a calm for which his enemies might have joyfully resigned their mitres and their thrones. His pen, the faithful companion of his troubles, as of his joys, still plied the Herculean tasks which habit had rendered not merely easy, but delightful to him; and what mattered the gloomy walls or the obscene riot of a gaol, while he was free to wander from early dawn to nightfall over the sublime heights of devotion, or through the interminable, but, to him, not pathless, wilderness of psychology? There pain and mortal sickness were unheeded, and even his long-lost wife forgotten, or remembered only that he might rejoice in the nearer approach of their indissoluble re-union. The altered policy of the Court restored him for a while to the questionable advantage of bodily freedom. 'At this time,' says the younger Calamy,¹ 'he talked about another world like one that had been there, and was come as an express from thence to make a report concerning it.' But age, sickness, and persecution had done their work. His material frame gave way to the pressure of disease, though, in the language of one of his last associates, 'his soul abode rational, strong in faith and hope.' That his dying hours were agitated by the doubts which had clouded his earlier days, has been often, but erroneously, asserted. With manly truth, he rejected, as affectation, the wish for death to which some pretend. He assumed no stoical indifference to pain, and indulged in no unhallowed familiarity on those awful subjects which occupy the thoughts of him whose eye is closing on sublunary things, and is directed to an instant eternity. In profound lowliness, with a settled reliance on the Divine mercy, repeating at frequent intervals the prayer of the Redeemer on whom his

¹ 1635 ?-1685; a Puritan and a Presbyterian minister.

hopes reposed, and breathing out benedictions on those who encircled his dying bed, he passed away from a life of almost unequalled toil and suffering, to a new condition of existence, where he doubted not to enjoy that perfect conformity of the human to the Divine will, to which, during his long and painful pilgrimage, it had been his ceaseless labour to attain.

45. THE DEATH OF MONMOUTH

From *The History of England*, by LEOPOLD VON RANKE, Vol. IV., Book XVII., Chapter II.

HE had thought that he would enter London as a king¹; many thousands had expected this; they saw him now arrive as a prisoner, already by attainder condemned to death: they were perplexed and confounded, but dumb at the sight.

On the urgent entreaty of Monmouth, James II. granted him a last audience. Monmouth thought that his position at the head of a great party, and his acquaintance with its leaders, would induce the King to pardon him. He apologised for what had happened as the result of the influence of others and of ignorance; he fell at his uncle's feet and besought him not, by ordering his death, to shed the blood of the Stuarts—his own blood. The King felt no touch of pity nor of any other emotion; he warned his nephew to take care for the welfare of his soul. "Then, sire," said Monmouth, "there is no hope for me?" James did not answer him. Some consciousness of his own dignity awoke once more in Monmouth: he had come trembling; he left the place with steady steps.

An audience without a parallel! Yet it did not convince Monmouth, who loved life, that he was hopelessly lost: he prayed the King at least to grant a delay that he might be able to attend in earnest to the welfare of his soul; he sued for every kind of intercession. James II. remained immovable.

Monmouth had been allowed to choose the form of religion which should supply clergymen to attend him. Many

¹ Monmouth was defeated at Sedgemoor on July 5th, 1685. He was the son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters.

thought that he was without religion, as so many others were at this time ; he declared himself a Protestant of the Anglican confession. But the clergymen who attended him had a difficult task in dealing with him. He told them that he was no atheist, but believed in a Supreme Being and in a future life ; that he thought that he was reconciled with his God. He was reminded of the offence which he had given by his way of life : he had for many years kept separate from his wife,¹ and had lived in company with Henrietta Wentworth. He complained "that his wife had never been willing to support him with her money, which Henrietta had done with gladness ; he had been too young when he married ; the marriage was lawful in the sight of the Church, but not in the sight of God ; he allowed it only an outward, not an inward legitimacy ; his second connexion on the contrary had been favoured by God, and had converted him to a regular life."

Yet he did not refuse to the Duchess his testimony that she had always dissuaded him from his undertakings against the present King. And in order to protect his children from all persecution that might have threatened them on account of his former pretensions he declared that Charles II. had never told him that he had been married to his mother.

And yet he had from the first based all his actions on the supposition that such a marriage had taken place. He repented of his last undertaking and of the blood which had been shed in its prosecution ; but he would never acknowledge the doctrine that resistance to a king was unlawful, nor the fact that he had been engaged in a rebellion. The ministers of the Church had refused him absolution and the sacrament ; he affirmed that an inner voice told him that he was going to God.

In his religion there was a vein of enthusiasm ; he did not absolutely reject the mediation of the Church in his relations to God, but he was also very far from completely acknowledging its necessity.

Monmouth may be counted among representative men. They are not always great men, but rather men in whom society and the age exhibit themselves in their contradictions.

¹ The Countess of Buccleuch, whom he married in 1663.

The dearly loved son of a king, of whom no one knew whether he had not really been married to Monmouth's mother ; in the fresh beauty of his childhood eagerly flattered and spoiled by the ladies who were then most closely attached to the King by lawful or unlawful ties ; as he grew up, entangled in the sensual life of the court, which however offered intellectual excitements also ; married early to a rich young lady without having any attachment to her at heart, or being more faithful to her than his father and even his uncle were to their wives ; not free from complicity in the rude insults by which an affront offered to the King in Parliament was avenged ; then taking part, body and soul, in the military enterprise which was intended to hinder or undo the peace of Nimuegen,¹ and in which the Stuart family, of which he felt himself a member of equal birth to the others, acted together for the last time ;—he was thus in the first epoch of his life an image of the nobility of the courts of the time, which was brilliant in outward cultivation, immoral, active, and arrogant. But when the great quarrel about his uncle's change of creed broke out, and the Exclusion question divided men's minds, Monmouth was induced by the great Whigs to oppose his uncle, and assumed this position in its whole significance ; he adopted the fundamental principles of the Whigs, and drew near to the Nonconformists. At the same time Shaftesbury's² doctrines set his deepest ambition in motion : if the Exclusion had been carried he would have gained the position of heir to the throne.

Monmouth cannot be compared, even at a distance, with William Russell³ as to morality of conduct, nor with Algernon Sidney⁴ as to intellectual cultivation ; but he belonged to their party and school : in the year 1682 he only escaped their fate because he was the King's son. He would have

¹ 1678 ; the climax of Louis XIV.'s success against Spain, which united against him Charles II., James, and James' new son-in-law, William III.

² The Duke of York, afterwards James II.

³ The founder of the Whig Party.

⁴ 1659-1683 ; son of first Duke of Bedford : supported the Exclusion Bill ; implicated in the Rye House Plot ; executed for high treason. Sidney, d. 1683, the Republican and Whig statesman, was executed for complicity in the same plot.

been absolutely incapable of aiming at the death of the King, his father ; he loved him as he was loved by him, from nature and habit. But Monmouth would have readily co-operated in inducing the King to separate himself from the Duke of York, and to throw himself altogether into the arms of the other party, so far as that could be effected without personal violence ; just as his father, on account of possible contingencies, was not sorry to see Monmouth in the ranks of his opponents. In these relations Monmouth lived for a second series of years, supple, compliant, yet at last full of resolution to resist : always under the influence of others, to which, however, he gave effect by decisions of his own ; driven hither and thither in many directions, yet not given up by any side ; and more truly at peace with himself than he had been before, because the kind of marriage of conscience in which he lived saved him from other excesses, and kept alive higher tendencies in his soul. Finally the death of his father summoned him to assert in person the claim which he preferred, and to defend it in arms ; he adopted this course unwillingly and yet willingly ; not without a sense of the danger into which he was rushing, but without measuring its full extent.

We dwell on his character all the more, because he was a thorough Stuart ; ever full of hope and spirit in the midst of his difficulties ; more carried away by impulse, than guided in his course by well-considered resolutions ; his soul always swelling at once with ambition and with ideas, though the latter took with him a direction different from those of his family. The cause entrusted to his guidance was indeed of no small consequence : it was the cause of the Nonconformists as against uniformity, and of political freedom as against the rising arbitrary power of the sovereign. Monmouth stood in opposition to the Parliament of that time as well as to the King ; his peculiar position was that he attempted to combine a hereditary right, which however in his person was very doubtful, with the wishes and will of the people, and thereby to give effect to both. He was not moulded of as strong metal as Argyll,¹ yet he possessed

¹ D. 1685 ; executed for leading the Scottish rebellion against James II.

qualities which were wanting to the latter : he knew how to gain and to keep friendships ; men marvelled at his understanding so well how to treat the people, to keep together his undisciplined forces even without money, and to obviate the unfavourable impressions which might be feared from the defeat of Argyll, and from the King's offers of amnesty. James II. himself was astonished at the ability with which Monmouth had made his arrangements for the surprise of Sedgemoor ; but the battle was a type of his whole undertaking ; the power which he attacked was at once too strong and too well disciplined for him ; he succumbed with all his plans to its superior force ; and like so many other eminent Englishmen he died on the scaffold, where he showed a brave spirit and met with cruel sufferings. When he had already knelt down he raised his head once more, leaning upon his elbow, and asked the executioner to let him feel his axe ; he found it not sufficiently sharp : the man maintained that it was sharp and heavy enough ; but he had to strike five times before life left the body of the victim.

46. THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

From *History of England*, by LORD MACAULAY, Vol. VI., Chapter XVIII.

[NOTE.—After the Revolution of 1688 the Tory clans in the Highlands rose against the great Whig clan of the Campbells, whom the advent of William III. had restored to power after the execution of Argyll in 1685 for complicity in Monmouth's rising. In 1689, Graham of Claverhouse, a relative of Montrose's, led the Tory clans into battle at the pass of Killiecrankie, but was killed and his army dispersed. The Government then set to work to pacify the Highlands. An amnesty was promised to all who would take an oath to William III. before the end of 1691. Mac Ian, the head of the Glencoe branch of the Macdonalds, was late in doing so.]

MEANWHILE the Master of Stair ¹ was forming, in concert with Breadalbane ² and Argyle, ³ a plan for the destruction of the people of Glencoe. It was necessary to

¹ 1648–1707 ; William's chief representative in Scotland as Lord Advocate, son of the Earl of Stair.

² 1635–1716 ; a Campbell, who joined William III. He became Earl of Breadalbane in 1681.

³ D. 1703 ; the head of the Campbells ; became Earl in 1685 on his father's death. Grandson of Montrose's great enemy ; became Duke of Argyll 1701.

take the King's pleasure, not, indeed, as to the details of what was to be done, but as to the question whether Mac Ian and his people should or should not be treated as rebels out of the pale of the ordinary law. The Master of Stair found no difficulty in the royal closet. William had, in all probability, never heard the Glencoe men mentioned except as banditti. He knew that they had not come in by the prescribed day. That they had come in after that day he did not know. If he paid any attention to the matter, he must have thought that so fair an opportunity of putting an end to the devastations and depredations from which a quiet and industrious population had suffered so much ought not to be lost.

An order was laid before him for signature. He signed it, but, if Burnet may be trusted, did not read it. . . . But, even on the supposition that he read the order to which he affixed his name, there seems to be no reason for blaming him.¹ That order, directed to the Commander of the Forces in Scotland, runs thus : "As for Mac Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the other Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves." These words naturally bear a sense perfectly innocent, and would, but for the horrible event which followed, have been universally understood in that sense. It is undoubtedly one of the first duties of every Government to extirpate gangs of thieves. This does not mean that every thief ought to be treacherously assassinated in his sleep, or even that every thief ought to be put to death after a fair trial, but that every gang, as a gang, ought to be completely broken up, and that whatever severity is indispensably necessary for that end ought to be used. . . . If the King had read and weighed the words which were submitted to him by his Secretary, he would probably have understood them to mean that Glencoe was to be occupied by troops, that resistance, if resistance were attempted, was to be put down with a strong hand, that severe punishment

¹ This passage is a good instance of Macaulay's bias in favour of William III. Burnet was the author of a "History of His Own Times," a leading authority for the period.

was to be inflicted on those leading members of the clan who could be proved to have been guilty of great crimes, that some active young freebooters, who were more used to handle the broad sword than the plough, and who did not seem likely to settle down into quiet labourers, were to be sent to the army in the Low Countries, that others were to be transported to the American plantations, and that those Macdonalds who were suffered to remain in their native valley were to be disarmed and required to give hostages for good behaviour. A plan very nearly resembling this had, we know, actually been the subject of much discussion in the political circles of Edinburgh. There can be little doubt that William would have deserved well of his people if he had, in this manner, extirpated not only the tribe of Mac Ian, but every Highland tribe whose calling was to steal cattle and burn houses.

The extirpation planned by the Master of Stair was of a different kind. His design was to butcher the whole race of thieves, the whole damnable race. Such was the language in which his hatred vented itself. He studied the geography of the wild country which surrounded Glencoe, and made his arrangements with infernal skill. If possible the blow must be quick and crushing, and altogether unexpected. But if Mac Ian should apprehend danger and should attempt to take refuge in the territories of his neighbours, he must find every road barred. The pass of Rannoch ¹ must be secured. The Laird of Weem, who was powerful in Strath Tay, must be told that, if he harbours the outlaws, he does so at his peril. Breadalbane promised to cut off the retreat of the fugitives on one side, Mac Callum More ² on another. It was fortunate, the Secretary wrote, that it was winter. This was the time to maul the wretches. The nights were so long, the mountain tops so cold and stormy, that even the hardest men could not long bear exposure to the open air without a roof or a spark of fire. That the women and the

¹ Leading eastward from the head of Glencoe, with Strath Tay beyond it.

² Highland name for the Earl of Argyll, the head of the Campbells. Inverary, the centre of the Argyll country, is due south of Glencoe.

children could find shelter in the desert was quite impossible. While he wrote thus, no thought that he was committing a great wickedness crossed his mind. He was happy in the approbation of his own conscience. Duty, justice, nay charity and mercy, were the names under which he disguised his cruelty; nor is it by any means improbable that the disguise imposed upon himself.

Hill, who commanded the forces assembled at Fort William,¹ was not entrusted with the execution of the design. He seems to have been a humane man; he was much distressed when he learned that the government was determined on severity; and it was probably thought that his heart might fail him in the most critical moment. He was directed to put a strong detachment under the orders of his second in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton. To Hamilton a significant hint was conveyed that he had now an excellent opportunity of establishing his character in the estimation of those who were at the head of affairs. Of the troops entrusted to him a large proportion were Campbells, and belonged to a regiment lately raised by Argyle, and called by Argyle's name. It was probably thought that, on such an occasion, humanity might prove too strong for the mere habit of military obedience, and that little reliance could be placed on hearts which had not been ulcerated by a feud such as had long raged between the people of Mac Ian and the people of Mac Callum More.

Had Hamilton marched openly against the Glencoe men and put them to the edge of the sword, the act would probably not have wanted apologists, and most certainly would not have wanted precedents. But the Master of Stair had strongly recommended a different mode of proceeding. If the least alarm were given, the nest of robbers would be found empty; and to hunt them down in so wild a region would, even with all the help that Breadalbane and Argyle could give, be a long and difficult business. "Better," he wrote, "not meddle with them than meddle to no purpose. When the thing is resolved, let it be secret and sudden." He was obeyed; and it was determined that the Glencoe men

¹ Due north of Glencoe, at the head of Loch Linnhe.

should perish, not by military execution, but by the most dastardly and perfidious form of assassination.

On the first of February a hundred and twenty soldiers of Argyle's regiment, commanded by a captain named Campbell and a lieutenant named Lindsay, marched to Glencoe. Captain Campbell was commonly called in Scotland Glenlyon, from the pass in which his property lay. He had every qualification for the service on which he was employed, an unblushing forehead, a smooth lying tongue, and a heart of adamant. He was also one of the few Campbells who were likely to be trusted and welcomed by the Macdonalds: for his niece was married to Alexander, the second son of Mac Ian.

The sight of the red coats approaching caused some anxiety among the population of the valley. John, the eldest son of the Chief, came, accompanied by twenty clansmen, to meet the strangers, and asked what this visit meant. Lieutenant Lindsay answered that the soldiers came as friends, and wanted nothing but quarters. They were kindly received, and were lodged under the thatched roofs of the little community. Glenlyon and several of his men were taken into the house of a tacksman¹ who was named, from the cluster of cabins over which he exercised authority, Inverriggen. Lindsay was accommodated nearer to the abode of the old chief. Auchintriater, one of the principal men of the clan, who governed the small hamlet of Auchnaion, found room there for a party commanded by a serjeant named Barbour. Provisions were liberally supplied. There was no want of beef, which had probably fattened in distant pastures; nor was any payment demanded: for in hospitality, as in thievery, the Gaelic marauders rivalled the Bedouins. During twelve days the soldiers lived familiarly with the people of the glen. Old Mac Ian, who had before felt many misgivings as to the relation in which he stood to the government, seems to have been pleased with the visit. The officers passed much of their time with him and his family. The long evenings were cheerfully spent by the peat fire with the help of some packs of cards which had found their way to that remote

¹ A middleman who sub-lets small holdings.

corner of the world, and of some French brandy which was probably part of James's farewell gift to his Highland supporters. Glenlyon appeared to be warmly attached to his niece and her husband Alexander. Every day he came to their house to take his morning draught. Meanwhile he observed with minute attention all the avenues by which, when the signal for the slaughter should be given, the Macdonalds might attempt to escape to the hills; and he reported the result of his observations to Hamilton.

Hamilton fixed five o'clock in the morning of the thirteenth of February for the deed. He hoped that, before that time, he should reach Glencoe with four hundred men, and should have stopped all the earths in which the old fox and his two cubs,—so Mac Ian and his sons were nicknamed by the murderers,—could take refuge. But, at five o'clock precisely, whether Hamilton had arrived or not, Glenlyon was to fall on, and to slay every Macdonald under seventy.

The night was rough. Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. While they were contending with the wind and snow, Glenlyon was supping and playing at cards with those whom he meant to butcher before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Lindsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old Chief on the morrow.

Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended crossed the mind of the Chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state; and some of them uttered strange exclamations. Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering. "I do not like this job," one of them muttered: "I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds. But to kill men in their beds——" "We must do as we are bid," answered another voice. "If there is anything wrong, our officers must answer for it." John Macdonald was so uneasy that, soon after midnight, he went to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John, much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. "Some of Glengarry's ¹ people have

¹ A glen to the north-east of Glencoe, in Perthshire.

been harrying the country. We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that if you were in any danger, I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife?" John's suspicions were quieted. He returned to his house, and lay down to rest.

It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off; and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise; and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host Inverriggen and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy twelve years old clung round the Captain's legs, and begged hard for life. He would do anything: he would go anywhere: he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting: but a ruffian named Drummond shot the child dead.

At Auchnaion the tacksman¹ Auchintriatier was up early that morning, and was sitting with eight of his family round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor. His brother, who alone had escaped unhurt, called to Serjeant Barbour, who commanded the slayers, and asked as a favour to be allowed to die in the open air. "Well," said the Serjeant, "I will do you that favour for the sake of your meat which I have eaten." The mountaineer, bold, athletic, and favoured by the darkness, came forth, rushed on the soldiers who were about to level their pieces at him, flung his plaid over their faces, and was gone in a moment.

Meanwhile Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old Chief and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. Mac Ian, while putting on his clothes and calling to his servants to bring some refreshment for his visitors, was shot through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her

¹ A middleman who lets out land to sub-tenants.

fingers : but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day.

The statesman, to whom chiefly this great crime is to be ascribed, had planned it with consummate ability : but the execution was complete in nothing but in guilt and infamy. A succession of blunders saved three fourths of the Glencoe men from the fate of their chief. All the moral qualities which fit men to bear a part in a massacre Hamilton and Glenlyon possessed in perfection. But neither seems to have had much professional skill. Hamilton had arranged his plan without making allowance for bad weather, and this at a season when, in the Highlands, the weather was very likely to be bad. The consequence was that the fox earths, as he called them, were not stopped in time. Glenlyon and his men committed the error of despatching their hosts with firearms instead of using the cold steel. The peal and flash of gun after gun gave notice, from three different parts of the valley at once, that murder was doing. From fifty cottages the half naked peasantry fled under cover of night to the recesses of their pathless glen. Even the sons of Mac Ian, who had been especially marked out for destruction, contrived to escape. They were roused from sleep by faithful servants. John, who, by the death of his father, had become the patriarch of the tribe, quitted his dwelling just as twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets marched up to it. It was broad day long before Hamilton arrived. He found the work not even half performed. About thirty corpses lay wallowing in blood on the dunghills before the doors. One or two women were seen among the number, and a yet more fearful and piteous sight, a little hand, which had been lopped in the tumult of the butchery from some infant. One aged Macdonald was found alive. He was probably too infirm to fly and, as he was above seventy, was not included in the orders under which Glenlyon had acted. Hamilton murdered the old man in cold blood. The deserted hamlets were then set on fire ; and the troops departed, driving away with them many sheep and goats, nine hundred kine, and two hundred of the small shaggy ponies of the Highlands.

It is said, and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible. How many old men, how many women with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; how many, having crawled, spent with toil and hunger, into nooks among the precipices, died in those dark holes, and were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens, can never be known. But it is probable that those who perished by cold, weariness, and want were not less numerous than those who were slain by the assassins. When the troops had retired, the Macdonalds crept out of the caverns of Glencoe, ventured back to the spot where the huts had formerly stood, collected the scorched corpses from among the smoking ruins, and performed some rude rites of sepulture. The tradition runs that the hereditary bard of the tribe took his seat on a rock which overhung the place of slaughter, and poured forth a long lament over his murdered brethren and his desolate home. Eighty years later that sad dirge was still repeated by the population of the valley.

The survivors might well apprehend that they had escaped the shot and the sword only to perish by famine. The whole domain was a waste. Houses, barns, furniture, implements of husbandry, herds, flocks, horses, were gone. Many months must elapse before the clan would be able to raise on its own grounds, the means of supporting even the most miserable existence.

47. THE WORK OF WILLIAM III.

From *The Growth of British Policy*, by JOHN SEELEY, Vol. II., Part V., Chapter II.

[SIR JOHN SEELEY (1834–1895).—Between 1869 and 1895 Sir John Seeley was Professor of Modern History at Cambridge: a practical, vigorous, hardheaded man, with a mind like that of a good lawyer, he wielded a great influence over his generation. His own interests were wide—his first book was a religious argument of considerable power, published anonymously and called “*Ecce Homo*,” which created a great sensation at the time. His

first historical work was an elaborate life of the reformer of the Prussian state system, Stein : besides this work, from which we quote, he wrote an important series of lectures on the " Expansion of England," and others on Political Science. Curiously enough, however, he worked on a very narrow definition of history and refused to consider as such anything outside politics : he valued it as the raw material for a science of politics and a training of the mind for statesmen. He insisted that it was subject to law, and, like Guizot, was more at home in the building up of generalisations than in the analysis of character or the conveying of atmosphere. As we can see him doing here, he always wrote to prove something, which was indeed nearly always worth proving. He showed that to lay, as historians of the Oxford school were apt to do, too much emphasis on the growth of Parliament as the key to British history was to miss much of its significance : like Ranke, he thought English historians too prone to neglect foreign policy, and no one has put more forcibly than he the need to watch the development of the overseas Empire.]

THAT a foreigner, who brought a mind preoccupied with continental ideas, whose taste, training and knowledge qualified him for Dutch rather than English affairs, and who had little sympathy with English people, should leave a mark so absolutely indelible upon English history, is very surprising.

His birth ¹ and marriage, as we have seen, enabled him, and him alone, to heal the disease which afflicted English Monarchy. He had another immense felicity. We have traced through a long period the relations of the English and the Dutch, remarking how exceptionally close they were and how that very closeness sometimes introduced discord. The Dutch had asked Elizabeth to be their sovereign. The English Commonwealth had offered to the Dutch an incorporating union. Charles II. had scarcely regarded his restoration as complete until the republican government could be overthrown in the United Provinces too. Two such nations were made to be linked together in personal union, and, so linked, they would gain vastly in international influence. Just at the moment when it became their interest

¹ William was the grandson of Charles I., whose daughter Mary married William II. of Orange.

to unite against Louis they found themselves also united in the person of William of Orange. He who was almost a king to the Dutch became quite a king to ourselves. Thus the alliance of the Sea Powers was cemented in the firmest manner and the military policy of the two states lay thenceforward in the same hand. Sir William Temple¹ saw the union of which he had sown the seed become a mighty tree, and round this nucleus grew the Great Alliance which in Marlborough's days gave the law to Europe. It is a curious speculation what would have happened had William and Mary left a son. But in fact the union thus established lasted more than half a century. Much later another Prince of Orange married another English princess,² and in another war with France between 1744 and 1748 England and Holland stand side by side.

It is easy to see how many advantages William gained from his birth and his marriage. He was born to be the saviour of his own country, he was born and married to be the saviour of England and of the English Monarchy and to unite the Sea Powers in an indissoluble alliance. So much was done for him by fortune. His personal merit consisted in this, that he did not mar his great opportunities by superfluous action, while he always had energy and promptitude enough to avail himself of them. He was rapid and decisive in his English expedition, rapid and decisive in his Irish campaign. But the main reason why his work has proved so strangely durable is that it was never excessive. He had that wise parsimony in action of which we found so striking an example in Queen Elizabeth.

We see in Louis XIV. how difficult it is to husband wisely a great inheritance of political power. Why indeed should he be sparing who possesses so much? The great King fancied himself omnipotent. Hence those prodigious blunders, the Revocation,³ the intervention in England. How easy, how almost inevitable, might it seem for William to misunder-

¹ 1623-1699; the cultured statesman who had formed at the Hague in 1668 the triple alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden.

² Anne, daughter of George II., married William IV., Prince of Orange.

³ Of the Edict of Nantes, 1685.

stand his position on the throne of England ! For though we identify his name with liberty, he had hitherto seemed to himself and to his countrymen the great representative of the monarchical principle. His rise in 1672 had been the fall of a republican system, he had frequently been spoken of as a tyrant, and under him the stadtholderate had become scarcely distinguishable from monarchy, the more so as he was himself of royal birth. Now that he was king indeed, and needed all the force of England for his European war, how natural would it have been for him to aspire to a sort of Cromwellian monarchy, a monarchy at once military and protestant ! His training had been military ; he had commanded armies when he was but twenty-two years old. And the cause was that of religion, and there was in England, he might know, a fund of pent-up Protestant feeling.

What was not done, easily escapes notice ; and yet the masterpieces of the statesman's art are for the most part not acts but abstinence from action. William abstained from the policy of Cromwell. He did not attempt to inspire the English people with his own ideas, or to lead them upon a Protestant crusade. Though he took the royal office with a determination that it should lose no power in his hands, yet he allowed it to lose a certain degree of power. He did not force England into war, but allowed her of her own will and for her own interest to enter into war. In his reign that National Policy which had long been an ideal, which had been realised for a time in the latter years of Elizabeth and partially realised under the Commonwealth, but had hitherto seemed scarcely compatible in ordinary circumstances with Monarchy, was brought finally within the sphere of practical politics.

Under William there was far more war than under the Stuarts. He conducted to the end one mighty war, and made all the preparations for a second. These wars suited his views, they were the fulfilment of all his wishes. Yet it cannot seriously be maintained that by some high-handed exercise of royal prerogative or royal influence he drew the country into them. He never had a position which could

enable him to do this. Regarded coldly as a foreigner, dependent upon Parliament by the very circumstances of his accession, malignantly watched by a vast adverse party, he was condemned in this matter to wait upon public opinion. It would have been fatal to him to take the initiative. In both cases the war was made necessary by the conduct of Louis XIV., and was freely accepted by the people. In both cases the merit of William consisted in reserve and self-restraint. He did not mar his good fortune by needless or precipitate action.

He had the bearing and behaviour of one who lays solid and durable foundations. A man who has received this mission commonly feels himself an instrument, and shows a certain impassiveness, a certain fatalism. William was taciturn, phlegmatic, dry in his manner. In his pose he offered a marked contrast to his rival Louis XIV. He thought not so much of himself as of the forces which worked in and through him. His chief study seemed to be not to do or to say too much, not "to do anything good or bad of his own mind." He was the *pious Æneas*, who bears the weight of destiny, but as the hero of a poem may perhaps create disappointment.

We may perceive however that his training had peculiarly fitted him for the part he had to play on the throne of England. His continual struggle with parties in the country he had saved may be depressing in history, but it was not new to him, or essentially unlike the struggle he had maintained all his life among the Dutch. It has been said of him that 'he was king in Holland and Stadtholder in England,' and the latter half of this description contains an important truth. He took up in England much the same position that he had held, and that his ancestors had held before him, in Holland. But that position was after all royal, only the royalty was rational and political, not feudal. Among the Dutch a monarchy had gradually grown up, evolved by a natural process and meeting a practical need. It was a sort of hereditary guardianship of the country against the foreign enemy, for the main function of the Prince of Orange

was that of general and admiral, rather than that, which gave him his ordinary title, of Stadtholder. Accordingly when the United Provinces were at peace, the Prince of Orange, as we remarked in 1648, found his occupation gone, and as soon as war broke out again, as in 1672, he returns to power.

It had been the good fortune of William in 1672 to assume the guardianship of the country in a war which was undoubtedly defensive and necessary. He had not made the war, but he conducted it. It was also an immense good fortune for him when he found himself King of England that this country too had to fight for its independence. Had William had a peaceful reign in England, it is difficult to imagine that he could have had much success, and yet in those days the normal condition of England was peace. The House of Orange did not understand peace; their speciality was war. Throughout his life William lived and breathed in war. When he was not commanding armies in the field, he was negotiating great military alliances. But as it was the pleasure of Louis XIV. that England in 1689 should fight for her independence, William at once found himself in his element. Where a war of independence was waged there a Prince of Orange was at home. For eight years this war continued, and gave William an ample opportunity of displaying all his great qualities, that is a kind of defensive heroism, invincible constancy, inexhaustible patience, a statesmanship firmly based on grand and simple ideas.

PART IV

THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH
CENTURIES

1702—1880

48. SWIFT AS A POLITICIAN

From *Swift*, by LESLIE STEPHEN ("English Men of Letters" Series), Chapter V.

[*SIR LESLIE STEPHEN* (1832-1904).—Sir Leslie Stephen belonged to a very distinguished family of lawyers and men of letters. His father was the civil servant and historian already referred to, and his brother a famous legal authority and judge. Dicey and Maitland were both related to him. A delicate boy, at Cambridge he became a fine athlete, a great walker, an oar and an Alpine climber; in 1865 he was made president of the Alpine Club. In 1864 he left Cambridge, where he had been a lecturer and a college tutor, and plunged into journalism and politics; he soon established himself as a literary critic of the first rank, with the best modern standards of scholarship and the sober judgment of a man of the world. In 1871 he was made editor of the *Cornhill*. Men like Matthew Arnold, Hardy, Stevenson, and Henley worked for him there; he first introduced the two last to each other, and so began a famous friendship. In 1876 he published his important book on "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century"; he wrote studies of Johnson, Pope, Swift, George Eliot, and Hobbes for the "English Men of Letters" series, and in 1882 became the first editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography." He saw twenty-six volumes of that great work published, before his health broke down under the tremendous strain of organising the whole production of the "Dictionary" and writing over three hundred articles in it himself. After retiring from the editorship he went on writing for the "Dictionary." In 1900 he brought out an important study of the "English Utilitarians"; he also wrote the life of his brother Fitz-james.

Stephen was a philosopher as well as an historian, a critic, and a biographer. He wrote several books on Ethics and Religion, taking an agnostic position in general agreement with Huxley's, but his reputation rests mainly on his historical and literary work. He had a most pungent, vigorous, and manly style, lit up by many a touch of wit and irony, rare sympathy with eighteenth century thought, and the accuracy of a true scholar.]

[Swift, 1667-1745, began life as a *protégé* of the great Whig statesman Sir William Temple. As a member of his household at Moor Park, in Surrey, he met Esther Johnson, whom he called "Stella." He may possibly have married her late in life. When Temple died in 1699, Swift settled in Dublin, where he was given preferment in the English Church. In 1704 he wrote "The Tale of a Tub," a savage satire on theologians. In 1705, on a visit to London, he got to know the Whig pamphleteers Addison and Steele and the Whig lords Halifax and Somers; but in 1710, when he came back again, he quarrelled with the Whigs. Next year he wrote his most famous pamphlet "The Conduct of the Allies," defending the Tory policy of peace with France. The death of Queen Anne was fatal to his hopes; he quarrelled with Walpole, and lived almost entirely in Ireland till his death. In 1726 he published "Gulliver's Travels."]

AND now Swift suddenly comes into full light. For two or three years we can trace his movements day by day; follow the development of his hopes and fears; and see him more clearly than he could be seen by almost any of his contemporaries. The famous *Journal to Stella*, a series of letters written to Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, from September, 1710, till April, 1713, is the main and central source of information. Before telling the story, a word or two may be said of the nature of this document, one of the most interesting that ever threw light upon the history of a man of genius. The *Journal* is one of the very few that were clearly written without the faintest thought of publication. There is no indication of any such intention in the *Journal to Stella*. It never occurred to Swift that it could ever be seen by any but the persons primarily interested. The journal rather shuns politics; they will not interest his correspondent, and he is afraid of the post-office clerks—then and long afterwards often employed as spies. Interviews with ministers have scarcely more prominence than the petty incidents of his daily life. We are told that he discussed business, but the discussion is not reported. Much more is omitted which might have been of the highest interest. We hear of meetings with Addison; not a phrase of Addison's is vouchsafed to us; we go to the door of Harley¹ or St. John²; we get no distinct vision of the men who were the centres of all observation. Nor, again, are

¹ See note 3, on p. 242.

² See note 3, on p. 243.

there any of those introspective passages which give to some journals the interest of a confession. What, then, is the interest of the *Journal to Stella*? One element of strange and singular fascination, to be considered hereafter, is the prattle with his correspondent. For the rest, our interest depends in great measure upon the reflections with which we must ourselves clothe the bare skeleton of facts. In reading the *Journal to Stella* we may fancy ourselves waiting in a parliamentary lobby during an excited debate. One of the chief actors hurries out at intervals; pours out a kind of hasty bulletin; tells of some thrilling incident, or indicates some threatening symptom; more frequently he seeks to relieve his anxieties by indulging in a little personal gossip, and only interjects such comments upon politics as can be compressed into a hasty ejaculation, often, as may be supposed, of the imprecatory kind. Yet he unconsciously betrays his hopes and fears; he is fresh from the thick of the fight, and we perceive that his nerves are still quivering, and that his phrases are glowing with the ardour of the struggle. Hopes and fears are long since faded, and the struggle itself is now but a war of phantoms. Yet with the help of the *Journal* and contemporary documents, we can revive for the moment the decaying images, and cheat ourselves into the momentary persuasion that the fate of the world depends upon Harley's success, as we now hold it to depend upon Mr. Gladstone's.

Swift reached London on September 7th, 1710; the political revolution was in full action, though Parliament was not yet dissolved. The Whigs were "ravished to see him;" they clutched at him, he says, like drowning men at a twig, and the great men made him their "clumsy apologies." Godolphin ¹ was "short, dry and morose"; Somers ² tried

¹ 1645-1712; began as a Tory, and was one of the last men to support James II.; Marlborough's chief ally and Lord High Treasurer 1702-10; dismissed 1710.

² 1651-1716; lawyer and financier, who drafted the Declaration of Rights against James II.; became one of William III.'s chief advisers; reformed the currency 1695; joined the Whigs; carried through the Union with Scotland 1707; fell in 1710.

to make explanations, which Swift received with studied coldness. The ever-courteous Halifax¹ gave him dinners; and asked him to drink to the resurrection of the Whigs, which Swift refused unless he would add "to their reformation." Halifax persevered in his attentions, and was always entreating him to go down to Hampton Court; "which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach hire, and I will see him hanged first." Swift, however, retained his old friendship with the wits of the party; dined with Addison² at his retreat in Chelsea, and sent a trifle or two to the *Tatler*. The elections began in October; Swift had to drive through a rabble of Westminster electors, judiciously agreeing with their sentiments to avoid dead cats and broken glasses; and though Addison was elected ("I believe," says Swift, "if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused"), the Tories were triumphant in every direction. And meanwhile, the Tory leaders were delightfully civil.

On the 4th of October Swift was introduced to Harley,³ getting himself described (with undeniable truth) "as a discontented person, who was ill used for not being Whig enough." The poor Whigs lamentably confess, he says, their ill usage of him, "but I mind them not." Their confession came too late. Harley had received him with open arms, and won not only Swift's adhesion, but his warm personal attachment. The fact is indisputable, though rather curious. Harley appears to us as a shifty and feeble politician, an inarticulate orator, wanting in principles and resolution, who made it his avowed and almost only rule of conduct that a politician should live from hand to mouth. Yet his prolonged influence in Parliament seems to indicate some personal attraction, which was perceptible to his

¹ Charles Montagu (1661-1715); financier, who helped to found the Bank of England 1694: First Lord of the Treasury; impeached and driven from office in Anne's reign, but became First Lord of the Treasury again on George I.'s accession.

² 1672-1719; poet and essayist: made a Secretary of State by the Whigs.

³ 1661-1724; Tory statesman: friendly with the Whigs up to 1708, but deserted them then and became the head of the Tory Party 1710; was dismissed in 1714, after quarrelling with Bolingbroke, and impeached as a Jacobite 1717.

contemporaries, though rather puzzling to us. All Swift's panegyrics leave the secret in obscurity. Harley seems indeed to have been eminently respectable and decorously religious, amiable in personal intercourse, and able to say nothing in such a way as to suggest profundity instead of emptiness. His reputation as a party manager was immense; and is partially justified by his quick recognition of Swift's extraordinary qualifications. He had inferior scribblers in his pay, including, as we remember with regret, the shifty Defoe.¹ But he wanted a man of genuine ability and character. Some months later the ministers told Swift that they had been afraid of none but him; and resolved to have him.

They got him. Harley had received him "with the greatest kindness and respect imaginable." Three days later (Oct. 7th) the first fruits business² is discussed, and Harley received the proposals as warmly as became a friend of the Church, besides overwhelming Swift with civilities. Swift is to be introduced to St. John³; to dine with Harley next Tuesday; and after an interview of four hours, the minister sets him down at St. James's Coffee-house in a hackney coach. "All this is odd and comical!" exclaims Swift; "he knew my Christian name very well," and, as we hear next day, begged Swift to come to him often, but not to his levée: "that was not a place for friends to meet." On the 10th of October, within a week from the first introduction, Harley promises to get the first fruits business, over which the Whigs had haggled for years, settled by the following Sunday. Swift's exultation breaks out. On the 14th he declares that he stands ten times better with the new people than ever he did with the old, and is forty times more caressed. The triumph is sharpened by revenge. Nothing,

¹ 1661-1713; journalist and novelist; published "Robinson Crusoe" 1719.

² A question connected with the application to the Anglican clergy in Ireland of Queen Anne's Bounty, on which Swift had already visited England.

³ Henry St. John (1678-1751), Viscount Bolingbroke, began as a moderate Tory; Secretary of War under Marlborough; deserted the Whigs 1708; became Secretary of State in 1710; carried through the Treaty of Utrecht 1713; dismissed as a Jacobite by George I.; joined the Pretender; returned to England with a pardon 1723 and became the chief opponent of Walpole.

he says, of the sort was ever compassed so soon ; " and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other side that they used a man unworthily who deserved better." A passage on Nov. 8th sums up his sentiments. " Why," he says in answer to something from Stella, " should the Whigs think I came from Ireland to leave them ? Sure my journey was no secret ! I protest sincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, though now I do not repent it. But who the devil cares what they think ? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all ? Rot them for ungrateful dogs ; I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place." The thirst for vengeance may not be edifying ; the political zeal was clearly not of the purest ; but in truth, Swift's party prejudices and his personal resentments are fused into indissoluble unity. Hatred of Whig principles and resentment of Whig " ill-usage " of himself, are one and the same thing. Meanwhile, Swift was able (on Nov. 4) to announce his triumph to the Archbishop. He was greatly annoyed by an incident, of which he must also have seen the humorous side. The Irish bishops had bethought themselves after Swift's departure that he was too much of a Whig to be an effective solicitor. They proposed therefore to take the matter out of his hands and apply to Ormond, the new Lord Lieutenant. Swift replied indignantly ; the thing was done, however, and he took care to let it be known that the whole credit belonged to Harley, and, of course, in a subordinate sense, to himself. Official formalities were protracted for months longer, and formed one excuse for Swift's continued absence from Ireland ; but we need not trouble ourselves with the matter further.

Swift's unprecedented leap into favour meant more than a temporary success. The intimacy with Harley and with St. John rapidly developed. Within a few months, Swift had forced his way into the very innermost circle of official authority. A notable quarrel seems to have given the final impulse to his career. In February, 1711, Harley offered

him a fifty-pound note. This was virtually to treat him as a hireling instead of an ally. Swift resented the offer as an intolerable affront. He refused to be reconciled without ample apology, and after long entreaties. His pride was not appeased for ten days, when the reconciliation was sealed by an invitation from Harley to a Saturday dinner. On Saturdays, the Lord Keeper (Harcourt)¹ and the Secretary of State (St. John) dined alone with Harley: "and at last," says Swift, in reporting the event, "they have consented to let me among them on that day." He goes next day, and already chides Lord Rivers² for presuming to intrude into the sacred circle. "They call me nothing but Jonathan," he adds; "and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan, as they found me." These dinners were continued, though they became less select. Harley called Saturday his "whipping-day;" and Swift was the heartiest wielder of the lash. From the same February, Swift began to dine regularly with St. John every Sunday; and we may note it as some indication of the causes of his later preference of Harley, that on one occasion he has to leave St. John early. The company, he says, were in constraint, because he would suffer no man to swear or talk indecently in his presence.

Swift had thus conquered the ministry at a blow. What services did he render in exchange? His extraordinary influence seems to have been due in a measure to sheer force of personal ascendancy. No man could come into contact with Swift without feeling that magnetic influence. But he was also doing a more tangible service. In thus admitting Swift to their intimacy, Harley and St. John were in fact paying homage to the rising power of the pen. Political writers had hitherto been hirelings, and often little better than spies. No preceding, and, we may add, no succeeding writer ever achieved such a position by such means. The press has become more powerful as a whole: but no particular

¹ 1661-1727; afterwards Lord Chancellor; the best speaker of his day.

² 1660-1712; a general who fought under William III. and in Portugal, and returned home 1708.

representative of the press has made such a leap into power. Swift came at the time when the influence of political writing was already great: and when the personal favour of a prominent minister could still work miracles. Harley made him a favourite of the old stamp, to reward his supremacy in the use of the new weapon.

49. SEA POWER IN THE WAR OF THE SPANISH SUCCESSION

From *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*, by ARTHUR MAHAN, Chapter V.

[ADMIRAL ARTHUR THAYER MAHAN (1840-1914).—Mahan, a simple-hearted American naval officer, wrote, when he was in his fifty-first year, a book which the German Emperor (to quote a telegram he sent to the United States) "tried to learn by heart." It was studied more carefully in Japan than in the United States and earned him an honorary degree from Oxford and Cambridge before Harvard or Yale thought him worthy of notice. Two years after this book appeared he was ordered away from the Naval War College, where he was happily immersed in history, to sea; and told, when he petitioned to be left alone, that it was not the business of naval officers to write books. He was made captain of the *Chicago*, which happened to be sent as flagship with the admiral on board, to European waters. To the astonishment of the Admiral and himself, the *Chicago* no sooner touched at Queenstown, in Ireland, than Mahan was invited to dinner in London with the First Lord of the Admiralty. When the cruiser reached Cowes for the regatta, he dined with the Queen and was unexpectedly called on by the Duke of Connaught. Lord Rosebery, the Prime Minister and John Morley, the other great man of letters in the Cabinet, sought him out, and Lord Salisbury invited him to Hatfield. He was suggested by enterprising journalists as the successor of Sir John Seeley as Regius Professor at Cambridge: he is the only foreign historian who ever became a "lion" of London society. Yet when, in 1899, he went to the Hague as an American delegate, without his wife to look after his clothes, he was photographed with his fellow delegate in a pair of old slippers prominently displayed below a frock coat.

Mahan, in fact, is an example of a self-taught man who got hold of a supremely important truth and earned fame because he announced it clearly. He was partly of Huguenot descent and

had a good knowledge of French ; his temperament was that of a student though he went to sea at sixteen and never wrote anything till he was forty-three. He never became a stylist, and his books, which included a long life of Nelson and studies of the Napoleonic wars and of the war of 1812, are diffuse and badly arranged ; he often repeats himself and often labours a commonplace. But, like Abraham Lincoln, he could strike out on occasion a ringing phrase and show a firm grasp of general principles, and what he knew he knew thoroughly.

The principles and history of "seapower" (an expression which he claimed to have invented himself) were his life-long study : he served himself both in sailing ships and in modern vessels, and, though he foresaw neither air-fighting nor the futures of wireless telegraphy, he rightly insisted that the nature of the art of war can be discovered in the past, whatever the changes of material or of conditions. So he was the first to investigate at length the "quiet and unperceived action of seapower" from the time of the Punic Wars down to his own day. "Its workings," he wrote, "because more silent than the clash of arms, are less often noted, though lying clearly enough on the surface" ; and again and again he was able to show that historians had made too little of its influence. "Had the colonies been thirteen islands, the seapower of England would quickly have settled" the American War. Yet, how did the French and Spaniards avail themselves in that war of "their recognised enormous advantage ?" "By nibbling at the outskirts of the British Empire and knocking their heads against the rock of Gibraltar." Seapower "sweeps the sea for the service of the land and it controls the desert that men may live and thrive on the habitable globe." "How profound must have been the surprise of the native princes" at the surrender of Madras at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, "how injurious to the personality of Dupleix and the influence he had gained among them to see him in the very hour of victory forced by a power they could not understand to relinquish his spoil." In the Seven Years War "what a lion in the path was Gibraltar to the French squadrons at Toulon and Brest ! What hope for French succour to Canada when the English fleet had Louisburg under its lee." And of modern times "the renewal of coal is a want more frequent, more urgent, more peremptory than any known to a sailing ship."

Comments like these gave Mahan's book its importance. For it appeared on the threshold of that sudden expansion of Europe and America which gave a new impetus to its subject. The Spanish-American, the South African, and the Russo-Japanese wars were each won by the combatant which was the stronger at

sea. Meanwhile Germany was feverishly building a fleet and the Kaiser was declaring that the future of his empire was on the water. Mahan's last days were clouded by the fear that his influence had had a part in bringing on the war of 1914. Of no historian is it truer to say that by elucidating history he also made it. Our one short excerpt at least shows Mahan's statesmanlike breadth of outlook and his power of cogent and vigorous argument.]

SUCH were the leading results of the War of the Spanish Succession, "the vastest yet witnessed by Europe since the Crusades." It was a war whose chief military interest was on the land—a war in which fought two of the greatest generals of all times, Marlborough and Prince Eugene, the names of whose battles—Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, Turin—are familiar to the most casual reader of history; while a multitude of able men distinguished themselves on the other theatres of the strife, in Flanders, in Germany, in Italy, in Spain. On the sea only one great battle, and that scarcely worthy of the name, took place. Yet looking only, for the moment, to immediate and evident results, who reaped the benefit? Was it France, whose only gain was to seat a Bourbon on the Spanish throne? Was it Spain, whose only gain was to have a Bourbon king instead of an Austrian, and thus a closer alliance with France? Was it Holland, with its barrier of fortified towns, its ruined navy, and its exhausted people? Was it, lastly, Austria, even though she had fought with the money of the sea powers, and gained such maritime States as the Netherlands and Naples? Was it with these, who had waged war more and more exclusively by land, and set their eyes more and more on gains on the land, or was it not rather with England, who had indeed paid for that continental war and even backed it with her troops, but who meanwhile was building up her navy, strengthening, extending, and protecting her commerce, seizing maritime positions—in a word, founding and rearing her sea power upon the ruins of that of her rivals, friend and foe alike?

It is not to depreciate the gains of others that the eye fixes on England's naval growth; their gains but bring out more clearly the immenseness of hers.

It was a gain to France to have a friend rather than an enemy in her rear, though her navy and shipping were ruined. It was a gain to Spain to be brought in close intercourse with a living country like France after a century of political death, and she had saved the greater part of her threatened possessions. It was a gain to Holland to be definitively freed from French aggression, with Belgium in the hands of a strong instead of a weak State. And it doubtless was a gain to Austria not only to have checked, chiefly at the expense of others, the progress of her hereditary enemy, but also to have received provinces like Sicily and Naples, which, under wise government, might become the foundation of a respectable sea power. But not one of these gains, nor all together, compared in greatness, and much less in solidity, with the gain to England of that unequalled sea power which started ahead during the War of the League of Augsburg,¹ and received its completeness and seal during that of the Spanish Succession. By it she controlled the great commerce of the open sea with a military shipping that had no rival, and in the exhausted condition of the other nations could have none; and that shipping was now securely based on strong positions in all the disputed quarters of the world. Although her Indian empire was not yet begun, the vast superiority of her navy would enable her to control the communications of other nations with those rich and distant regions, and to assert her will in any disputes arising among the trading-stations of the different nationalities. The commerce which had sustained her in prosperity, and her allies in military efficiency, during the war, though checked and harassed by the enemy's cruisers (to which she could pay only partial attention amid the many claims upon her), started with a bound into new life when the war was over. All over the world, exhausted by their share of the common suffering, people were longing for the return of prosperity and peaceful commerce; and there was no country ready as

¹ The League was formed in 1686 by the Continental enemies of France. War broke out, and England joined in in 1689. Peace was made at Ryswick 1697.

England was, in wealth, capital, and shipping to forward and reap the advantages of every enterprise by which the interchange of commodities was promoted, either by lawful or unlawful means. In the War of the Spanish Succession, by her own wise management and through the exhaustion of other nations, not only her navy, but her trade was steadily built up ; and indeed, in that dangerous condition of the seas, traversed by some of the most reckless and restless cruisers France ever sent out, the efficiency of the navy meant safer voyages, and so more employment for the merchant-ships. The British merchant-ships, being better protected than those of the Dutch, gained the reputation of being far safer carriers, and the carrying trade naturally passed more and more into their hands ; while the habit of employing them in preference, once established, was likely to continue.

The sea power of England therefore was not merely in the great navy, with which we too commonly and exclusively associate it ; France had had such a navy in 1688, and it shrivelled away like a leaf in the fire. Neither was it in a prosperous commerce alone ; a few years after the date at which we have arrived, the commerce of France took on fair proportions, but the first blast of war swept it off the seas as the navy of Cromwell had once swept that of Holland. It was in the union of the two, carefully fostered, that England made the gain of sea power over and beyond all other States ; and this gain is distinctly associated with and dates from the War of the Spanish Succession. Before that war England was one of the sea powers ; after it she was *the* sea power, without any second. This power also she held alone, unshared by friend and unchecked by foe. She alone was rich, and in her control of the sea and her extensive shipping had the sources of wealth so much in her hands that there was no present danger of a rival on the ocean. Thus her gain of sea power and wealth was not only great but solid, being wholly in her own hands ; while the gains of the other States were not merely inferior in degree, but weaker

in kind, in that they depended more or less upon the good will of other peoples.

Is it meant, it may be asked, to attribute to sea power alone the greatness or wealth of any State? Certainly not. The due use and control of the sea is but one link in the chain of exchange by which wealth accumulates; but it is the central link, which lays under contribution other nations for the benefit of the one holding it, and which, history seems to assert, most surely of all gathers to itself riches. In England, this control and use of the sea seems to arise naturally, from the concurrence of many circumstances; the years immediately preceding the War of the Spanish Succession had, moreover, furthered the advance of her prosperity by a series of fiscal measures, which Macaulay speaks of as "the deep and solid foundation on which was to rise the most gigantic fabric of commercial prosperity which the world had ever seen." It may be questioned, however, whether the genius of the people, inclined to and developed by trade, did not make easier the taking of such measures; whether their adoption did not at least partially spring from, as well as add to, the sea power of the nation. However that may be, there is seen, on the opposite side of the Channel, a nation which started ahead of England in the race—a nation peculiarly well fitted, by situation and resources, for the control of the sea both by war and commerce. The position of France is in this peculiar, that of all the great powers she alone had a free choice; the others were more or less constrained to the land chiefly, or to the sea chiefly, for any movement outside their own borders; but she to her long continental frontier added a seaboard on three seas. In 1672 she definitely chose expansion by land. At that time Colbert¹ had administered her finances for twelve years, and from a state of terrible confusion had so restored them that the revenue of the King of France was more than double that of the King of England. In those days France paid the subsidies of Europe; but Colbert's plans and hopes

¹ 1619–1683; great French statesman, who succeeded Mazarin (1661) as Minister of Finance.

for France rested upon making her powerful on the sea. The war with Holland arrested these plans, the onward movement of prosperity ceased, the nation was thrown back upon itself, shut off from the outside world. Many causes doubtless worked together to the disastrous result which marked the end of the reign of Louis XIV. : constant wars, bad administration in the latter half of the period, extravagance throughout ; but France was practically never invaded, the war was kept at or beyond her own frontiers with slight exceptions, her home industries could suffer little from direct hostilities. In these respects she was nearly equal to England, and under better conditions than her other enemies. What made the difference in the results ? Why was France miserable and exhausted, while England was smiling and prosperous ? Why did England dictate, and France accept, terms of peace ?

50. COSTUME AND FASHION

From *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, by WILLIAM LECKY, Vol. VI., Chapter XXIII.

[WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY (1838-1903).—The great historian of eighteenth-century England was of the school of Buckle and Taine, a man who took a view of history which was the antithesis of Seeley's. Lecky began life as a student of ideas and wrote at a very early age two remarkable books on the "History of Rationalism" and on "The History of European Morals." He had wide interests, an impartial and judicial mind, and a dignified style, sometimes eloquent ; when he took up the study of the eighteenth century it was to paint a picture of every side of the national life, with especial emphasis on the ideas of religious reformers and political thinkers, and their reaction on the lives of the people. Wesley and Burke interested him more than Marlborough or Chatham. In his first two volumes he does little more than sketch in bold outline the history of the time from 1702 to 1760—thorough treatment only begins with the reign of George III., and at the end of this book he gives so much space to the French Revolution, to a careful and very able study of which nearly one whole volume is devoted, that he does not get beyond the year 1793.

Born and brought up in Ireland, he was infuriated by Froude's

biased account of its history, and his best work in the "History of the Eighteenth Century" is in the chapters devoted to Ireland. These were afterwards published separately, and the narrative continued down to 1800. The period between 1780 and the Union is treated in great detail, and the portrait of Grattan is a masterpiece. At the end of his life Lecky issued a new edition of a very early book of his, "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," which he had already once revised before beginning the "History of England." It contains a fine vindication of O'Connell, from which we quote later. Lecky admired O'Connell almost as much as he hated Parnell. His last years were embittered by the Home Rule controversy; he regarded the leaders of the Home Rule movement as traitors to the policy of Grattan and O'Connell, and went into Parliament to fight them. In a long and melancholy study of "Democracy and Liberty," he showed himself in his old age a profound pessimist, convinced that democracy, both in England and America, was heading straight for tyranny, and that Gladstone had the instincts, as well as the eye, of a bird of prey. He was not a robust, vigorous or original thinker: there is something dry and academic in his outlook, as there is in both Guizot's and Taine's; moreover, he lacked Guizot's experience and Taine's vast learning. Some of his work has the flavour of that of an elegant and cultivated amateur. But as our excerpts show, he was interested in many sides of his subject, in character, in the details of social life and manners, in religious movements, in the dramatic scenes of the story, and could write about them in a lively, interesting style and an impartial spirit.]

THE space of two long lives is sufficient to bridge the chasm that separates us from a society which would appear as strange to our eyes as the figures of a fancy ball. With the many purely capricious changes or fluctuations of fashion we need not concern ourselves here. The contraction or dilation of the hoops of ladies' dresses; their long trains; the passion for tight-lacing, which was carried so far that Lady Crewe on her return from Ranelagh¹ once rushed up to her bedroom, calling her maid instantly to cut the laces or she would faint; the pyramids of false hair, which rose so high that Rogers² recollected driving to Ranelagh with a

¹ Famous pleasure gardens in Chelsea, near the Thames; closed in 1806.

² 1763-1855; poet and man of letters; offered Laureateship in 1850 instead of Tennyson, but refused it.

lady who was compelled to sit on a stool placed on the floor of the carriage; the taste for ornaments made of straw, which, under the patronage of the Duchess of Rutland and a few other great ladies, became general about 1783; the muffs that were carried, and the high heels that were worn by men of fashion; the large gold or amber-headed canes of the physician; the many forms of wigs; and the many changes in the shape, size, and trimmings of hats, have been abundantly described by the chroniclers of fashion. There were some changes, however, which fall properly within the province of this book as indicating important revolutions in the habits or relations of classes. Sir John Hawkins,¹ in some interesting notes on those which took place in the forty years that elapsed between the writings of Addison and the appearance of the 'Rambler,'² in 1750, mentions especially that during that time the outward distinctions of trades and professions had been steadily fading. The clergyman dressed more like a layman. 'The apron, the badge of mechanic occupations in all its varieties of stuff, was laid aside.' Physicians discarded their great wigs, and assumed what Boswell called the 'levity of bag wigs.' Lawyers ceased to wear black except in the actual exercise of their profession. In the thirty years that followed, wigs passed out of general use except in the professional classes. In 1765 the peruke-makers presented a curious petition to the King, complaining bitterly of the growing custom of gentlemen wearing their own hair, employing foreigners to dress it, and when they employed natives obliging them to work on the Lord's Day; and they begged the King to discountenance these usages by his example. Some of the peruke-makers who presented this petition had themselves conformed to the custom they reprobated, which so excited the indignation of the mob that they seized them and cut off their hair. About 1780, as I have already had occasion to notice, the custom of wearing swords at social gatherings and in places of public resort began to go out of

¹ 1719-1789; writer; friend of Dr. Johnson's.

² Dr. Johnson's paper.

fashion, and about the same time a very important addition was made to the comfort of life, and especially to that of the less opulent classes, by the general use of the umbrella.

Its history is not without interest. In Queen Anne's time it is mentioned both by Swift and Gay as employed by women, but up to the middle of the eighteenth century it appears never to have been used in England by men, though Wolfe, the future conqueror of Quebec, wrote from Paris in 1752 describing it as in general use in that city, and wondering that so convenient a practice had not yet penetrated to England. Hanway, the famous traveller and philanthropist, who returned to England in 1750, is said to have been the first Englishman who carried an umbrella; and a Scotch footman, named John Macdonald, who had travelled with his master in France and Spain, mentions in his curious autobiography that he brought one to London in 1778 and persisted in carrying it in wet weather, though a jeering crowd followed him, crying, 'Frenchman, why don't you get a coach?' In about three months, he says, the annoyance almost ceased, and gradually a few foreigners and then some Englishmen followed his example. Defoe had described an umbrella as one of the contrivances of Robinson Crusoe, and umbrellas were in consequence at one time called 'Robinsons.' They were long looked on as a sign of extreme effeminacy, and they multiplied very slowly. Dr. Jamieson¹ in 1782 is said to have been the first person who used one at Glasgow, and Southey's mother, who was born in 1752, was accustomed to say that she remembered the time when anyone would have been hooted who carried one in the streets of Bristol. A single coarse cotton one was often kept in a coffee-house to be lent out to customers, or in a private house to be taken out with the carriage and held over the heads of ladies as they got in or out; but for many years those who used umbrellas in the streets were exposed to the insults of the mob, and to the persistent and very natural animosity of the hackney coachmen, who bespattered them with mud and lashed them furiously with their whips. But the

¹ 1759-1838, Scottish antiquary and philologist.

manifest convenience of the new fashion secured its ultimate triumph, and before the close of the century umbrellas had passed into general use.

51. THE PENAL CODE

Chapter XXIII

From *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, by WILLIAM LECKY, Vol. VI.

A FEW illustrations will sufficiently show the extravagant absurdity of the code. Thus, to steal a sheep or a horse ; to snatch a man's property out of his hands and run away with it ; to steal to the amount of forty shillings in a dwelling-house, or to the amount of five shillings 'privately' in a shop ; to pick a man's pocket of any greater sum than twelve pence ; to steal linen from a bleaching ground, and woollen cloth from a tenter ground ; to cut down trees in a garden or in an orchard ; to break the border of a fishpond so that the fish may escape, were all crimes punishable with death. On the other hand, it was not a capital offence for a man to attempt the life of his father ; to commit premeditated perjury, even when the result was the execution of an innocent man ; to stab a man, however severely, provided the victim did not die from the wound ; to burn a house in which the incendiary had a lease, even though it was so situated as to endanger the lives of hundreds. It was a capital offence to steal goods to the amount of forty shillings from a vessel on a navigable river, but not from a vessel on a canal. To steal fruit ready gathered was a felony. To gather it and steal it was only a trespass. To break a pane of glass at five in the afternoon for the purpose of stealing something that lay in the window was a capital offence. To break open a house with every circumstance of violence in summer, at four o'clock in the morning, was only a misdemeanour. To steal goods from a shop, if the thief happened to be seen to take them, was punishable by transportation. To steal the same goods 'privately,' that is to say when the criminal was not seen, was punishable with death. In one case a servant was put on his trial who had

attempted to murder his master, and had given him fifteen wounds with a hatchet. He was executed, not as an attempted murderer, but as a burglar, because he had been obliged to lift up the latch of his master's door in order to enter his chamber. In another case a man of notoriously bad character, after going through a course of burglary and larceny with impunity, was at last convicted and executed for cutting down young trees. The only difference in punishment by which the law of England distinguished the most atrocious murder from the theft of five shillings was that in the first case, under a law of George II., the execution of the criminal was to take place within forty-eight hours of his conviction, and his body was to be anatomised.

52. HIGHWAYMEN

From *A History of England, etc.*, by WILLIAM LECKY, Vol. VI., Chapter XXIII.

THE English highwaymen were an altogether different class from the savage and half-famished brigands who found a refuge in the forests of Germany and among the mountains of Italy and Spain. They were in general singularly free from ferocity, and a considerable proportion of them were not habitual criminals. Broken tradesmen and even young men of position, who had ruined themselves by dissipation, not unfrequently went upon the road, and if they escaped detection returned again to a respectable life. On one occasion a London print cutter, on the road to Enfield, was stopped by a single highwayman whom he recognised as a tradesman in the City. He addressed him by his name, and the detected robber at once blew out his own brains. Favourite actors and other popular heroes, when stopped by highwaymen, were sometimes allowed to pass unmolested as soon as they were recognised; and if the robbed person asked for sufficient money to continue his journey, the request was generally granted. Few things in English life appeared more strange and more scandalous to foreigners than the extraordinary insecurity of the roads

around the English capital, although there were neither mountains nor great woods to give shelter to robbers. They ascribed it to the want of that mounted police called the 'Maréchaussée' which protected the French roads; to the forms of English freedom which made it difficult or impossible to arrest men on suspicion and to demand their papers, and especially to the extreme severity of the penal code which discouraged informers and induced juries to avail themselves of any pretext to acquit criminals.

53. JOHN WESLEY

From *A History of England, etc.*, by WILLIAM LECKY, Vol. III., Chapter VIII.

BEYOND all other men it was John Wesley¹ to whom this work² was due. Few things in ecclesiastical history are more striking than the energy and the success with which he propagated his opinions. He was gifted with a frame of iron and with spirits that never flagged. 'I do not remember,' he wrote when an old man, 'to have felt lowness of spirits for a quarter of an hour since I was born.' He was accustomed to attribute, probably with much reason, to his perpetual journeys on horseback, the almost superhuman flow of health and vigour which he enjoyed. He lived eighty-seven years, and he continued his efforts to the very close. He rose long before daybreak. He preached usually at five o'clock in the morning. When he was eighty-five, he once delivered more than eighty sermons in eight weeks. In the very last year of his life he went on a missionary journey to Scotland, and on one occasion travelled seventy miles in a single day. During the greater part of his career he was accustomed to preach about 800 sermons a year, and it was computed that in the fifty years of his itinerant life he travelled a quarter of a million of miles, and preached more than 40,000 sermons. Like Whitefield,³ he

¹ 1703-1791.

² The growth of the Evangelical movement.

³ 1714-1770; founder of the Calvinistic Methodists; a great orator.

had the power of riveting the attention of audiences of 8,000, 10,000, and sometimes even 20,000 souls, and, like Whitefield, a great part of his success depended on the topics he habitually employed ; but in other respects his sermons bore no resemblance to the impassioned harangues of his great colleague. His style was simple, terse, colloquial, abounding in homely images, characterised above all things by its extreme directness, by the manifest and complete subordination of all other considerations to the one great end of impressing his doctrines on his hearers, animated by a tone of intense and penetrating sincerity that found its way to the hearts of thousands. He possessed to the highest degree that controlled and reasoning fanaticism which is one of the most powerful agents in moving the passions of men. While preaching doctrines of the wildest extravagance, while representing himself as literally inspired, and his hearers as surrounded by perpetual miracles, his manners and his language were always those of a scholar and a gentleman—calm, deliberate, and self-possessed. He was always dressed with a scrupulous neatness. His countenance, to the very close of his life, was singularly beautiful and expressive, and in his old age his long white hair added a peculiar venerableness to his appearance. Great natural knowledge of men, improved by extraordinary experience, gave him an almost unrivalled skill in dealing with the most various audiences, and the courage with which he never failed to encounter angry mobs, as well as the quiet dignity of manner which never forsook him, added greatly to the effects of his preaching.

His administrative powers were probably still greater than his power as a preacher. Few tasks are more difficult than the organisation into a permanent body of half-educated men, intoxicated with the wildest religious enthusiasm, believing themselves to be all inspired by the Holy Ghost, and holding opinions that ran perilously near the abyss of Antinomianism.¹ Wesley accomplished the task with an admirable mixture of tact, firmness, and gentleness ; and the skill with which he

¹ The denial of all law.

framed the Methodist organisation is sufficiently shown by its later history. Like all men with extraordinary administrative gifts, he had a great love of power, and this fact renders peculiarly honourable his evident reluctance to detach himself from the discipline of his Church.

He has, it is true, no title to be regarded as a great thinker. His mind had not much originality or speculative power, and his leading tenets placed him completely out of harmony with the higher intellect of his time. Holding the doctrine of a particular Providence in such a sense as to believe that the physical phenomena of the universe were constantly changed for human convenience and at human prayers, he could have little sympathy with scientific thought. Assuming as axioms the inspiration of every word of the Bible and his own inspiration in interpreting it, throwing the whole weight of religious proof upon what he termed 'a new class of senses opened in the soul to be the avenues of the invisible world, the evidence of things not seen, as the bodily senses are of visible things,' he was simply indifferent to the gravest historical, critical, and ethical questions that were discussed about him, and difficulties that troubled some of the greatest thinkers were imperceptible for him. No class of opinions are less likely to commend themselves to a judicial and critical intellect than those which he embraced. His mind was incapable of continued doubt. His credulity and confidence on some subjects were unbounded, and his judgments of men were naturally strongly biassed by his theological views. Thus Hume¹ appeared to him merely as 'the most insolent despiser of truth and virtue that ever appeared in the world,' and he regarded Beattie² as incomparably superior both as a writer and a reasoner. Leibnitz³ he pronounced to be one of the poorest writers he had ever read. He could not pardon Reid⁴ for having spoken

¹ 1711-1776; a great and original Scottish philosopher.

² 1735-1803; an Aberdeen poet and professor, who knew Dr. Johnson.

³ 1646-1716; the great German philosopher and mathematician, who "drove all the sciences abreast."

⁴ 1710-1796; Professor of Philosophy at Glasgow.

respectfully of Rousseau,¹ or Robertson² for having referred without censure to Lord Kames,³ or Smollett⁴ and Guthrie⁵ for having treated witchcraft as a superstition. Still even the literary side of his career is by no means contemptible. He was an indefatigable and very skilful controversialist, a voluminous writer, and a still more voluminous editor. His writings, though they are certainly not distinguished either by originality of thought or by eloquence of expression, are always terse, well reasoned, full of matter and meaning. Unlike a large proportion of his followers, he had no contempt for human learning, and in spite of the incessant activity of his career he found time for much and various reading. He was accustomed to read history, poetry, and philosophy on horseback, and one of the charms of his journals is the large amount of shrewd literary criticism they contain.

His many-sided activity was displayed in the most various fields, and his keen eye was open to every form of abuse. At one time we find him lamenting the glaring inequalities of political representation ; that Old Sarum without house or inhabitant should send two members to Parliament ; that Looe, 'a town near half as large as Islington,' should send four members, while every county in North Wales sent only one. At another he dilated on the costly diffusiveness of English legal documents, or on the charlatanry and inconsistency of English medicine. He set up a dispensary, and, though not a qualified practitioner, he gratuitously administered medicine to the poor. He was a strong advocate of inoculation, which was then coming into use, and of the application of electricity to medicine, and he attempted, partly on sanitary and partly on economical grounds, to discourage the use of tea among the poor. He was among the first to reprobate the horrors of the slave trade, to call

¹ 1712-1778 ; the great writer whose political ideas prepared the way for the French Revolution.

² 1721-1793 ; historian of Scotland and biographer of the Emperor Charles V.

³ 1696-1782 ; Scottish judge and author, who wrote an essay against Hume which was considered heretical.

⁴ 1721-1771 ; one of the best of the early novelists.

⁵ 1708-1770 ; author of a history of the world.

attention to the scandalous condition of the gaols, to make collections for relieving the miserable destitution of the French prisoners of war. He supported with the whole weight of his influence the Sunday-school movement. He made praiseworthy efforts to put down among his followers that political corruption which was perhaps the most growing vice of English society. He also took an active, though a very unfortunate, part in many of the political questions of the day. He wrote against the concession of relief to the Catholics, and against the right of Wilkes to sit for Middlesex in 1768 ; and during the American struggle he threw into a more popular form the chief arguments in Dr. Johnson's pamphlet against the Americans, and had probably a considerable influence in forming the public opinion hostile to all concession. It is a curious illustration of his activity that when Pitt, having defeated the Coalition Ministry, obtained supreme power in 1784, Wesley immediately wrote to him suggesting a plan for the readjustment of taxation, and urging him to check suicide by hanging the bodies of those who were guilty of it in chains.

The influence of men bears no kind of proportion to their intellects. Were it otherwise, the small group of men who have effected great changes or developments of religious belief would deserve to rank as the intellectual leaders of the world. No other class have had an influence which has been at once so wide in its range and so profound and searching in its character, and very few have exercised an influence which is so enduring. In these matters, however, character and intellect, preceding and surrounding circumstances, curiously combine ; and some of those who have effected the greatest revolutions of popular opinion owe their success quite as much to their weakness as to their strength. It is probably true of Mohammed himself—it is certainly true of such men as Loyola¹ and George Fox¹—that a vein of insanity which ran through their natures was one great element of their power. If Wesley had not been very credulous and very dogmatic, utterly incapable of a suspended judgment, and

¹ The founders respectively of the Jesuits and the Quakers.

utterly insensible to some of the highest intellectual tendencies of his time, it may be safely asserted that his work would have been far less. He does not rank in the first line of the great religious creators and reformers, and a large part of the work with which he is associated was accomplished by others; but it is no exaggeration to say that he has had a wider constructive influence in the sphere of practical religion than any other man who has appeared since the sixteenth century. He lived to see the sect which he founded numbering more than 70,000 souls upon British soil, and about 300 itinerant and 1,000 local preachers raised up from his own people. The different branches of Methodists in the world are said now to number twelve millions of souls. They have already far outnumbered every other Nonconformist body in England and every other religious body in the United States, and they are probably destined largely to increase, while the influence of the movement transformed for a time the whole spirit of the Established Church, and has been more or less felt in every Protestant community speaking the English tongue.

54. WOLFE

From *Montcalm and Wolfe*, by FRANCIS PARKMAN, Vol. II., Chapter XXIV.

[FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893).—Parkman, who, with Prescott and Motley, is one of the three greatest American historians, came of a Puritan stock and was the son of a minister. He was a delicate boy, who very early in life seems to have been seized with a passionate and feverish desire to overcome his physical weakness. Unfortunately, the heroic efforts he made broke down instead of strengthening his health, he strained his heart by overdoing gymnastics, almost blinded himself by getting up before dawn and reading by candlelight, ruined his digestion and contracted insomnia in long travels and hunting trips with Indians in the forests. But nothing could turn him from his purpose, which was to write the history of the early days of the American colonists, French and English. Though he so overtaxed his brain in youth that even at his best he could never work for more than two hours a day, though his eyes gave him constant pain,

and he was so crippled by rheumatism as to be condemned for years to a bath-chair, though his passionate love of the open air made research a most irksome burden, he attacked his subject with the utmost thoroughness and for forty years stuck to his task.

After the appearance of his first book, "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," the death of his son and his wife within one year brought on such serious brain trouble that for ten years he could do no literary work at all. He at once took up gardening, and became an expert rose-grower, his garden including over a thousand different specimens. He did as much work in his garden as was possible from a bath-chair and soon made himself one of the leading authorities on horticulture in the United States. He recovered enough, eventually, to be able to undertake fresh journeys among the Indians. In 1874 he brought out another book—"The Old Regime in Canada," and in 1884 produced his masterpiece, "Montcalm and Wolfe." He was still writing when he died at the age of seventy. Parkman, though he had the body of an invalid, was born with the spirit of a soldier; in his fragile brain were all the instincts of a great historian: he had a passionate love for the manly heroes whose deeds he chronicled, the most patient accuracy, and the most rigorous love of truth. He was so proud and reserved that only his most intimate friends knew of his sufferings, and had such an unquenchable spirit that the pages which he wrote in daily fear of death are glowing with life and colour. When he was well, he was always risking his life in dangerous rock-climbing, in long hunting trips, sleeping in the woods without a blanket, in mad escapades on shipboard, fighting sharks with Mexican pearl-divers in the Bay of California or trying to catch turtles by getting himself lowered over the side of a ship on his way across the Atlantic; when he was ill, he never gave up trying, in his own words, "to tame the devil by taking him by the horns." His books are more likely to stand the test of time than those of any other American historian, for they are not only literary masterpieces but monuments of scholarly patience and careful judgment.]

NEVER was the soul of a hero cased in a frame so incongruous. His face, when seen in profile, was singular as that of the Great Condé.¹ The forehead and chin receded; the nose, slightly upturned, formed with the other features the point of an obtuse triangle; the mouth was by no means

¹ 1621-1686; one of the greatest of French generals.

shaped to express resolution; and nothing but the clear, bright, and piercing eye bespoke the spirit within. On his head he wore a black three-cornered hat; his red hair was tied in a queue behind; his narrow shoulders, slender body, and long, thin limbs were cased in a scarlet frock, with broad cuffs and ample skirts that reached the knee; while on his left arm he wore a band of crape in mourning for his father, of whose death he had heard a few days before.

James Wolfe was in his thirty-third year. His father was an officer of distinction, Major-General Edward Wolfe, and he himself, a delicate and sensitive child, but an impetuous and somewhat headstrong youth, had served the King since the age of fifteen. From childhood he had dreamed of the army and the wars. At sixteen he was in Flanders, adjutant of his regiment, discharging the duties of the post in a way that gained him early promotion and, along with a painstaking assiduity, showing a precocious faculty for commanding men. He passed with credit through several campaigns, took part in the victory of Dettingen, and then went to Scotland to fight at Culloden. Next we find him at Stirling, Perth, and Glasgow, always ardent and always diligent, constant in military duty, and giving his spare hours to mathematics and Latin. He presently fell in love; and, being disappointed, plunged into a variety of dissipations, contrary to his usual habits, which were far above the standard of that profligate time.

At twenty-three he was a lieutenant-colonel, commanding his regiment in the then dirty and barbarous town of Inverness, amid a disaffected and turbulent population whom it was his duty to keep in order: a difficult task, which he accomplished so well as to gain the special commendation of the King, and even the goodwill of the Highlanders themselves. He was five years among these northern hills, battling with ill health, and restless under the intellectual barrenness of his surroundings. He felt his position to be in no way salutary, and wrote to his mother: "The fear of becoming a mere ruffian and of imbibing the tyrannical principles of an absolute commander, or giving way insensibly to the

temptations of power till I became proud, insolent, and intolerable,—these considerations will make me wish to leave the regiment before next winter ; that by frequenting men above myself I may know my true condition, and by discouraging with the other sex may learn civility and mildness of carriage.” He got leave of absence, and spent six months in Paris, where he was presented at Court and saw much of the best society. This did not prevent him from working hard to perfect himself in French, as well as in horsemanship, fencing, dancing, and other accomplishments, and from earnestly seeking an opportunity to study the various armies of Europe. In this he was thwarted by the stupidity and prejudice of the commander-in-chief, and he made what amends he could by extensive reading in all that bore on military matters.

His martial instincts were balanced by strong domestic inclinations. He was fond of children, and after his disappointment in love used to say that they were the only true inducement to marriage. He was a most dutiful son, and wrote continually to both his parents. Sometimes he would philosophise on the good and ill of life ; sometimes he held questionings with his conscience ; and once he wrote to his mother in a strain of self-accusation not to be expected from a bold and determined soldier. His nature was a compound of tenderness and fire, which last sometimes showed itself in sharp and unpleasant flashes. His excitable temper was capable almost of fierceness, and he could now and then be needlessly stern ; but towards his father, mother, and friends he was a model of steady affection. He made friends readily, and kept them, and was usually a pleasant companion, though subject to sallies of imperious irritability which occasionally broke through his strong sense of good breeding. For this his susceptible constitution was largely answerable, for he was a living barometer, and his spirits rose and fell with every change of weather. In spite of his impatient outbursts, the officers whom he had commanded remained attached to him for life ; and, in spite of his rigorous discipline, he was beloved by his soldiers, to whose comfort he

was always attentive. Frankness, directness, essential good feeling, and a high integrity atoned for all his faults.

In his own view, as expressed to his mother, he was a person of very moderate abilities, aided by more than usual diligence ; but this modest judgment of himself by no means deprived him of self-confidence, nor, in time of need, of self-assertion. He delighted in every kind of hardihood ; and, in his contempt for effeminacy, once said to his mother : " Better be a savage of some use than a gentle, amorous puppy, obnoxious to all the world." He was far from despising fame ; but the controlling principles of his life were duty to his country and his profession, loyalty to the King, and fidelity to his own ideal of the perfect soldier. To the parent who was the confidant of his most intimate thoughts he said : " All that I wish for myself is that I may at all times be ready and firm to meet that fate we cannot shun, and to die gracefully and properly when the hour comes." Never was wish more signally fulfilled. Again he tells her : " My utmost desire and ambition is to look steadily upon danger ; " and his desire was accomplished. His intrepidity was complete. No form of death had power to daunt him. Once and again, when bound on some deadly enterprise of war, he calmly counts the chances whether or not he can compel his feeble body to bear him on till the work is done. A frame so delicately strung could not have been insensible to danger ; but forgetfulness of self, and the absorption of every faculty in the object before him, shut out the sense of fear. He seems always to have been at his best in the thick of battle, most complete in his mastery over himself and over others.

But it is in the intimacies of domestic life that one sees him most closely, and especially in his letters to his mother, from whom he inherited his frail constitution, without the beauty that distinguished her. " The greatest happiness that I wish for here is to see you happy." " If you stay much at home I will come and shut myself up with you for three weeks or a month, and play at piquet from morning till night ; and you shall laugh at my short red hair as much as you please." The playing at piquet was a sacrifice to filial

attachment ; for the mother loved cards, and the son did not. "Don't trouble yourself about my room or my bed-clothes ; too much care and delicacy at this time would enervate me and complete the destruction of a tottering constitution. Such as it is, it must serve me now, and I'll make the best of it while it holds." At the beginning of the war his father tried to dissuade him from offering his services on board the fleet ; and he replies in a letter to Mrs. Wolfe : "It is no time to think of what is convenient or agreeable ; that service is certainly the best in which we are the most useful. For my part, I am determined never to give myself a moment's concern about the nature of the duty which His Majesty is pleased to order us upon. It will be a sufficient comfort to you two, as far as my person is concerned,—at least it will be a reasonable consolation,—to reflect that the Power which has hitherto preserved me may, if it be his pleasure, continue to do so ; if not, that it is but a few days or a few years more or less, and that those who perish in their duty and in the service of their country die honorably." Then he proceeds to give particular directions about his numerous dogs, for the welfare of which in his absence he provides with anxious solicitude, especially for "my friend Cæsar, who has great merit and much good-humor."

After the unfortunate expedition against Rochefort, when the board of general officers appointed to inquire into the affair were passing the highest encomiums upon his conduct, his parents were at Bath, and he took possession of their house at Blackheath, whence he wrote to his mother : "I lie in your chamber, dress in the General's little parlor, and dine where you did. The most perceptible difference and change of affairs (exclusive of the bad table I keep) is the number of dogs in the yard ; but by coaxing Ball (*his father's dog*) and rubbing his back with my stick, I have reconciled him with the new ones, and put them in some measure under his protection."

When about to sail on the expedition against Louisbourg, he was anxious for his parents, and wrote to his uncle, Major Wolfe, at Dublin : "I trust you will give the best advice to

my mother, and such assistance, if it should be wanted, as the distance between you will permit. I mention this because the General seems to decline apace, and narrowly escaped being carried off in the spring. She, poor woman, is in a bad state of health, and needs the care of some friendly hand. She has long and painful fits of illness, which by succession and inheritance are likely to devolve on me, since I feel the early symptoms of them." Of his friends Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester,¹ and George Warde, the companion of his boyhood, he also asks help for his mother in his absence.

His part in the taking of Louisbourg greatly increased his reputation. After his return he went to Bath to recruit his health; and it seems to have been here that he wooed and won Miss Katherine Lowther, daughter of an ex-Governor of Barbadoes, and sister of the future Lord Lonsdale.² A betrothal took place, and Wolfe wore her portrait till the night before his death. It was a little before this engagement that he wrote to his friend Lieutenant-Colonel Rickson: "I have this day signified to Mr. Pitt that he may dispose of my slight carcass as he pleases, and that I am ready for any undertaking within the compass of my skill and cunning. I am in a very bad condition both with the gravel and rheumatism; but I had much rather die than decline any kind of service that offers. If I followed my own taste it would lead me into Germany. However, it is not our part to choose, but to obey. My opinion is that I shall join the army in America."

Pitt chose him to command the expedition then fitting out against Quebec; made him a major-general, though, to avoid giving offence to older officers, he was to hold that rank in America alone; and permitted him to choose his own staff. Appointments made for merit, and not through routine or patronage, shocked the Duke of Newcastle,³ to

¹ 1724-1808; Governor of Quebec and commander-in-chief in America 1782-83.

² 1736-1802; the "bad earl," described as "a man of unenviable character and enormous wealth."

³ 1693-1768; Pitt's colleague and party manager.

whom a man like Wolfe was a hopeless enigma ; and he told George II. that Pitt's new general was mad. " Mad, is he ? " returned the old King ; " then I hope he will bite some others of my generals."

At the end of January the fleet was almost ready, and Wolfe wrote to his uncle Walter : " I am to act a greater part in this business than I wished. The backwardness of some of the older officers has in some measure forced the Government to come down so low. I shall do my best, and leave the rest to fortune, as perforce we must when there are not the most commanding abilities. We expect to sail in about three weeks. A London life and little exercise disagrees entirely with me, but the sea still more. If I have health and constitution enough for the campaign, I shall think myself a lucky man ; what happens afterwards is of no great consequence." He sent to his mother an affectionate letter of farewell, went to Spithead, embarked with Admiral Saunders in the ship " Neptune," and set sail on the seventeenth of February. In a few hours the whole squadron was at sea, the transports, the frigates, and the great line-of-battle ships, with their ponderous armament and their freight of rude humanity armed and trained for destruction ; while on the heaving deck of the " Neptune," wretched with seasickness and racked with pain, stood the gallant invalid who was master of it all.

55. THE BATTLE OF THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

From *Wolfe and Montcalm*, by FRANCIS PARKMAN, Vol. II., Chapter XXVII.

WOLFE was everywhere.¹ How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs ; and on recovering consciousness he saw the General standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his

¹ The battle was fought on September 13th, 1759.

hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton¹ to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon-shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or

¹ 1726-1782; lieutenant-general: took Martinique 1761.

more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg ¹grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out: "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis Gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognised him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "*O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué!*" "It's nothing, it's nothing," replied the death-stricken man; "don't be troubled for me, my good friends." ("*Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien; ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.*")

¹ A fortress on Cape Breton Island taken by Amherst in 1758. Wolfe had advanced from Louisbourg in June.

56. THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

From *Essay on Warren Hastings*, by LORD MACAULAY.

THE place ¹ was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms.² The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Elliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales,³ conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired

¹ Westminster Hall.

² One of the three chief heraldic officers.

³ Afterwards George IV.

young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons,¹ in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres,² and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr³ to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mind from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith.⁴ There too was she,⁵ the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague.⁶ And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

¹ The famous actress, born in 1755. She was thus thirty-three years old at the time of Hastings' trial.

² The notoriously corrupt Roman governor.

³ 1747-1825; the learned schoolmaster and Latinist, who was called the Whig Johnson.

⁴ Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom George married in 1785.

⁵ Miss Linley, who married Sheridan and was painted by Reynolds as St. Cecilia. Her son Thomas was the father of three daughters as famous for their beauty as their grandmother.

⁶ 1720-1800; the famous "blue stocking," who since 1750 had kept open house to the intellect and fashion of the metropolis.

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, and made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis* ; such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench ; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas ; and Plomer who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches, and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag¹ and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment ; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness

¹ The silken pouch worn to cover the back hair of a wig.

had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor ; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides.¹ There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham.² Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguished themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey,³ are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

¹ Demosthenes' contemporary and like him a famous Greek orator.

² 1750-1810 ; friend of Johnson and Burke ; Secretary for War 1794-1801.

³ 1764-1845 ; afterwards Lord Grey of the Reform Bill.

57. BURKE AND FOX

From *Burke*, by LORD MORLEY, Chapter IX.

[*JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN* (1835–1923.—Morley was a statesman and a publicist rather than an historian. His later life was largely spent in editing and writing for magazines and newspapers, fighting elections, directing policy in the Cabinet, and helping to govern Ireland and India. He has left his mark on English, Irish and Indian history; he was one of Mr. Gladstone's most trusted lieutenants, and for many years the close friend of Joseph Chamberlain till they parted over Home Rule. His mind was formed by the example and precepts of John Stuart Mill. But, like Lord Balfour on the other side, he found time in a long life for thought and learning as well as for politics, and brought to the study of history experience gained elsewhere, of which he made full use. Our quotations come from both ends of his literary career. The study of Burke was published in 1867, sixteen years before Morley first entered Parliament; the "Life of Gladstone," in 1903, two years before he became Secretary of State for India and eight years after he had ceased to be for the second time Chief Secretary for Ireland. Besides these two works, he wrote several studies, full of sympathy and understanding, of the French thinkers, Diderot, Rousseau and Voltaire, and also lives of Cromwell, Walpole and Cobden.

Morley had a clear head and strong opinions: in religion he was an agnostic; as a Liberal he disliked the modern tendency of some leaders of the party towards socialistic legislation and imperialism. The son of a north-country doctor, he had a dry English dislike of vehemence and emotional enthusiasm which made it difficult for him to understand the Irish side of Burke, or the Puritan side of Cromwell, or the Highland side of Gladstone, but there was a strong strain of generous eagerness in his mind which gave him the power, shown too in his friendship for Chamberlain, of sympathising with men who had qualities which he did not share. In fact, this philosophic statesman, austere and even a little prim in himself, who never drank or gambled or brought up a family, or lost his temper except for excellent reasons, seems to have been naturally attracted to the study of men of coarse

passions like Walpole, of unhealthy sensuality like Rousseau, of fierce beliefs like Cromwell, or of wayward genius and instinctive enthusiasms like Burke and Gladstone.]

WHILE the affair of the Russian armament was still occupying the minister,¹ an event of signal importance happened in the ranks of his political adversaries. The alliance which had lasted between Burke and Fox for five and twenty years, came to a sudden end, and this rift gradually widened into a destructive breach throughout the party. There is no parallel in our parliamentary history to the fatal scene. In Ireland, indeed, only eight years before, Flood² and Grattan,³ after fighting side by side for many years, had all at once sprung upon one another in the Parliament House with the fury of vultures : Flood had screamed to Grattan that he was a mendicant patriot, and Grattan had called Flood an ill-omened bird of night, with a sepulchral note, a cadaverous aspect, and a broken beak. The Irish, like the French, have the art of making things dramatic, and Burke was the greatest of Irishmen. On the opening of the session of 1791, the government had introduced a bill for the better government of Canada. It introduced questions about church establishments and hereditary legislators. In discussing these, Fox made some references to France. It was impossible to refer to France without touching the *Reflections on the French Revolution*.⁴ Burke was not present, but he heard what Fox had said, and before long Fox again introduced French affairs in a debate on the Russian armament. Burke rose in violent heat of mind to reply, but the House would not hear him. He resolved to speak when the time came for the Canada Bill to be recommitted. Meanwhile some of his friends did all that they could to dissuade him from pressing the matter further. Even the Prince of Wales

¹ I.e., the younger Pitt, who was on the point of declaring war on Russia because that Power had occupied Ocksakow, on the Black Sea. War was not declared.

² 1732-1791 ; helped Grattan to win an independent Parliament for Ireland 1782 ; quarrelled with him 1783.

³ 1746-1820 ; one of the greatest Irish statesmen and orators.

⁴ Published by Burke in 1790 ; an attack on the Revolution.

is said to have written him a letter. There were many signs of the rupture that was so soon to come in the Whig ranks. Men so equally devoted to the common cause as Windham and Elliot ¹ nearly came to a quarrel at a dinner-party at Lord Malmesbury's, on the subject of Burke's design to speak; and Windham, who for the present sided with Fox, enters in his diary that he was glad to escape from the room without speaking to the man whom, since the death of Doctor Johnson, he revered before all other men besides.

On the day appointed for the Canada Bill, Fox called at Burke's house, and after some talk on Burke's intention to speak, and on other matters, they walked down to Westminster and entered the House together, as they had so many a time done before but were never to do again. They found that the debate had been adjourned, and it was not until May 6th that Burke had an opportunity of explaining himself on the Revolution in France. He had no sooner risen, than interruptions broke out from his own side, and a scene of great disorder followed. Burke was incensed beyond endurance by this treatment, for even Fox and Windham had taken part in the tumult against him. With much bitterness he commented on Fox's previous eulogies of the Revolution, and finally there came the fatal words of severance. "It is indiscreet," he said, "at any period, but especially at my time of life, to provoke enemies, or give my friends occasion to desert me. Yet if my firm and steady adherence to the British Constitution place me in such a dilemma, I am ready to risk it, and with my last words to exclaim, 'Fly from the French Constitution.' " Fox at this point eagerly called to him that there was no loss of friends. "Yes, yes," cried Burke, "there is a loss of friends. I know the price of my conduct. I have done my duty at the price of my friend. Our friendship is at an end."

The members who sat on the same side were aghast at proceedings which went beyond their worst apprehensions. Even the ministerialists were shocked. Pitt agreed much more with Fox than with Burke, but he would have been more

¹ 1751-1814; afterwards Lord Minto, Governor-General of India.

than human if he had not watched with complacency his two most formidable adversaries turning their swords against one another. Wilberforce,¹ who was more disinterested, lamented the spectacle as shameful. In the galleries there was hardly a dry eye. Fox, as might have been expected from his warm and generous nature, was deeply moved, and is described as weeping even to sobbing. He repeated his former acknowledgment of his debt to Burke, and he repeated his former expression of faith in the blessings which the abolition of royal despotism would bring to France. With unabated vehemence Burke again rose to denounce the French Constitution,—“a building composed of untempered mortar—the work of Goths and Vandals, where everything was disjointed and inverted.” After a short rejoinder from Fox, the scene came to a close, and the once friendly intercourse between the two heroes was at an end. When they met in the Managers’ box in Westminster Hall on the business of Hastings’s trial, they met with the formality of strangers. There is a story that when Burke left the House on the night of the quarrel it was raining, and Mr. Curwen, a member of the Opposition, took him home in his carriage. Burke at once began to declaim against the French. Curwen dropped some remark on the other side. “What!” Burke cried out, grasping the check-string, “are you one of these people! Set me down!” It needed all Curwen’s force to keep him where he was; and when they reached his house, Burke stepped out without saying a single word.

58. BURKE AND REYNOLDS

From *L'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, by HIPPOLYTE TAINÉ, Book III., Chapter III.

[HIPPOLYTE TAINÉ (1828–1893).—Taine was one of the great Frenchmen of the nineteenth century—a man of vast learning, intense energy, and fiery intellectual enthusiasm. He was

¹ 1759–1833; philanthropist and statesman; a great friend of Pitt.

the only and devoted son of a mother who was very early left a widow ; as her companion and helper he developed most precocious talents and virtues, and at fourteen he mapped out a course of study for himself from which he never deviated, with twenty minutes' play in the afternoon and an hour's music after dinner. He soon began to win prizes and distinctions : in his school time he broke all records, he was a Bachelor of Arts with brilliant honours at twenty, passed first into the *Ecole Normale*, and at twenty-three was given a post in the Faculty of Philosophy at Toulon. He seemed to be about to settle down to an academic career surrounded by pupils fired by his enthusiasm, when he came under the suspicion of the Government of Napoleon III. as a liberal—was transferred from Toulon to Poitiers, from Poitiers to Besançon, and finally, in 1854, driven out of university work altogether. Then he had a serious breakdown in health and was forced at last to take a holiday in the Pyrenees. He came back to Paris, plunged into journalism and literary work, and in 1863 published the book from which we quote, the fruit of the labour of seven years. In this book, with characteristic courage, he tried to use a vast knowledge of English literature to interpret as a whole, over the long course of its history, the character of the English race, and to arrive at the laws of its development. His most famous book was the "*Origines de la France Contemporaine*," which he began in 1871 under the spell of the disasters of France in 1870 : it is a massive criticism of the French Revolution, full of sombre pessimism, but lit up by vivid writing and trenchant views of character. It was a book which founded a school of thought, and though it has been savagely criticised, it is still as vehemently defended.

Taine has been described as a poet and logician : he had a glowing imagination directed by a mind like a machine. His early teachers all praised his zeal and fertility and the almost savage energy with which he threw himself into a subject, but they all criticised too his passion for classification, for arranging facts under heads, and marshalling them under cut and dried formulæ. He began by finding his theory and then piled up masses of evidence to support it. If he had remained a professor, this passion for abstract reasoning might have strangled his mind. Contact with living men and movements in Paris and London saved him from this fate, but it never cured him of trying, as has been said, to force history "into an iron cage" and of treating virtue and vice as products like sugar and vitriol. So we see him in the quotation which follows, using Reynolds' art and Burke's eloquence to illustrate a theory of the difference between the French

and the English national characters which is more interesting than convincing, and inherently superficial. Taine, in fact, lacked just that coolness of judgment and respect for facts *as such* which distinguishes the English mind: when he says that eighteenth century England was incapable of "la haute speculation," he really only means that he did not appreciate its methods of approach to great problems. But see with what verve he handles his material, what vivid pictures he calls up! He is like some great commander manœuvring well-drilled battalions in a shattering attack, which is bound to carry all before it, unless, as often happens with Taine, the enemy whose fortress he is advancing against is not there at all, but is at that very moment engaged in manœuvring to his rear and cutting his communications.

Taine, in fact, had a mechanical theory of life and a mechanical system of judging character; he ought to have allowed himself more time for music and play when he was a boy, or better still, have lost and forgotten his precious programme of studies.]

NE le ¹ lisez que par grandes masses; ce n'est qu'ainsi qu'il est grand: autrement l'outré, le commun, le bizarre vous arrêteront et vous choqueront; mais si vous vous livrez à lui, vous serez emporté et entraîné. La masse énorme des documents roule impétueusement dans un courant d'éloquence. Quelquefois le discours parlé ou écrit n'a pas trop d'un volume pour déployer le cortège de ses preuves multipliées et de ses courageuses colères. C'est l'exposé de toute une administration, c'est l'histoire entière de l'Inde anglaise, c'est la théorie complète des révolutions et de l'état politique qui arrive comme un vaste fleuve débordant pour choquer, de son effort incessant et de sa masse accumulée, quelque crime qu'on veut absoudre ou quelque injustice qu'on veut consacrer. Sans doute il y a de l'écume sur ses remous, il y a de la boue dans son lit; des milliers d'étranges créatures se jouent tempétueusement à la surface; il ne choisit pas, il prodigue; il précipite par myriades ses imaginations pullulantes, emphase et crudités, déclamations et apostrophes, plaisanteries et exécutions, tout l'entassement grotesque ou horrible des régions reculées et des cités populeuses que sa science et sa fantaisie infatigables ont traversées. Il dira, en parlant de ces prêts usuraires à

¹ *I.e.*, Burke.

quarante-huit pour cent et à l'intérêts composés par lesquels les Anglais ont dévasté l'Inde, que "cette dette forme l'ignoble sanie putride dans laquelle s'est engendrée toute cette couvée rampante d'ascarides, avec les replis infinis insatiablement noués nœuds sur nœuds de ces ténias invincibles qui dévorent la nourriture et rongent les entrailles de l'Inde." Rien ne lui paraîtra excessif, ni la description des supplices, ni l'atrocité des images, ni le cliquetis assourdissant des antithèses, ni la fanfare prolongée des malédictions, ni la gigantesque bizarrerie des bouffonneries. Entre ses mains, le duc de Bedford, qui lui a reproché sa pension, deviendra, "parmi les créatures de la couronne, le léviathan qui, deci delà, roule sa masse colossale, joue et gambade dans l'océan des bontés royales, qui pourtant, tout énorme qu'il soit et quoique couvrant une lieue de son étendue, n'est après tout qu'une créature, puisque ses côtes, ses nageoires, ses fanons, son lard, ses ouïes elles-mêmes, par lesquelles il lance un jet d'eau contre son origine et éclabousse les autres d'écume, tout en lui et autour de lui vient du trône." Il n'a point de goût, ses pareils non plus. La fine déduction grecque ou française n'a jamais trouvé place chez les nations germaniques ; tout y est gros ou mal dégrossi ; il ne sert de rien à celui-ci d'étudier Cicéron et d'emprisonner son élan dans les digues régulières de la rhétorique latine. Il reste à demi barbare, empâté dans l'exagération et la violence ; mais sa fougue est si soutenue, sa conviction si forte, son émotion si chaleureuse et si surabondante, qu'on se laisse aller, qu'on oublie toute répugnance, qu'on ne voit plus dans ses irrégularités et ses débordements que les effusions d'un grand cœur et d'un profond esprit trop ouverts et trop pleins, et qu'on admire avec une sorte de vénération inconnue cet épanchement extraordinaire, impétueux comme un torrent, large comme une mer, où ondoie l'inépuisable variété des couleurs et des formes sous le soleil d'une imagination magnifique qui communique à cette houle limoneuse toute la splendeur de ses rayons.

Ouvrez Reynolds pour revoir d'un coup d'œil toutes ces figures, et mettez en regard les fins portraits français de ce

temps, ces ministres allègres, ces archevêques galants et gracieux, ce maréchal de Saxe ¹ qui, dans le monument de Strasbourg, descend vers son tombeau avec le goût et l'aisance d'un courtisan sur l'escalier de Versailles. Ici, sous des ciels noyés de brouillards pâles, parmi de molles ombres vaporeuses, apparaissent des têtes expressives ou réfléchies ; la rude saillie du caractère n'a point fait peur à l'artiste ; le bouffi brutal et bête, l'étrange oiseau de proie lugubre, le mufle grognon du mauvais dogue, il a tout mis ; chez lui, la politesse niveleuse n'a point effacé les aspérités de l'individu sous un agrément uniforme. La beauté s'y trouve, mais ailleurs, dans la froide décision du regard, dans le profond sérieux et dans la noblesse triste du visage pâle, dans la gravité consciencieuse et l'indomptable résolution du geste contenu. Au lieu des courtisanes de Lély ² on voit à côté d'eux des dames honnêtes, parfois sévères et actives, de bonnes mères entourées de leurs petits enfants qui les baisent et s'embrasent ; la morale est venue, et avec elle le sentiment du *home* et de la famille, la décence du costume, l'air pensif, la tenue correcte des héroïnes de miss Burney.³ Ils ont réussi. Bakewell transforme et réforme leur bétail, Arthur Young leur agriculture, Howard leurs prisons, Arkwright et Watt leur industrie, Adam Smith leur économie politique, Bentham leur droit pénal, Locke, Hutcheson, Ferguson, Joseph Butler, Reid, Stewart, Price leur psychologie et leur morale.⁴ Ils ont épuré leurs mœurs privées, ils purifient leurs mœurs publiques. Ils ont assis leur gouvernement, ils se sont confirmés dans leur religion. Johnson peut dire avec vérité " qu'aucune nation dans le monde ne cultive mieux son sol

¹ 1696-1750 ; famous German general who fought under Marlborough, then took service with France and won the Battle of Fontenoy 1745.

² 1618-1680 ; portrait painter at the court of Charles II.

³ 1752-1840 ; novelist ; authoress of " *Evelina*," 1778.

⁴ This list of names to some extent explains itself. All these men were born in the eighteenth century except Locke (1632-1704) and Butler, author of the " *Analogy of Religion* " (1692-1752). Bentham (1748-1832) was the greatest theoretical lawyer and practical reformer of his day, Adam Smith (1723-1790) the greatest economist and the prophet of Free Trade. Arkwright (1732-1792) is famous for his mechanical spinning mill, to which he applied, in 1790, Watt's steam engine. Arthur Young (1741-1820) was the author of " *Travels in France*," published in 1792.

et son esprit.” Il n’y en a pas de si riche, de si libre, de si bien nourrie, où les efforts publics et privés soient dirigés avec tant d’assiduité, d’énergie et d’habileté vers l’amélioration de la chose privée et publique. Un seul point leur manque, la haute spéculation ; c’est justement ce point qui, dans le manque du reste, fait à ce moment la gloire de la France, et leurs caricatures montrent avec un bon sens burlesque, face à face et dans une opposition étrange, d’un côté le Français dans une chaumière lézardée, grelottant, les dents longues, maigre, ayant pour tout repas des escargots et une poignée de racines, du reste enchanté de son sort, consolé par une cocarde républicaine et des proclamations humanitaires ; de l’autre l’Anglais rouge et bouffi de graisse, attablé dans une chambre confortable devant le plus succulent des *roastbeefs*, avec un pot de bière écumante, occupé à gronder contre la détresse publique et ces traîtres de ministres qui vont tout ruiner.

Ils arrivent ainsi au seuil de la Révolution française, conservateurs et chrétiens, en face des Français libres penseurs et révolutionnaires. Sans le savoir, les deux peuples roulent depuis deux siècles vers ce choc terrible ; sans le savoir, ils n’ont travaillé que pour l’aggraver. Tout leur effort, toutes leurs idées, tous leurs grands hommes ont accéléré l’élan qui les précipite vers ce conflit inévitable. Cent cinquante ans de politesse et d’idées générales ont persuadé aux Français d’avoir confiance en la bonté humaine et en la raison pure. Cent cinquante ans de réflexions morales et de luttes politiques ont rattaché l’Anglais à la religion positive et à la constitution établie. Chacun a son dogme contraire et son enthousiasme contraire. Aucun des deux ne comprend l’autre, et chacun des deux déteste l’autre. Ce que l’un appelle rénovation, l’autre l’appelle destruction ; ce que l’un révère comme l’établissement du droit, l’autre le maudit comme le renversement de tous les droits. Ce qui semble à l’un l’anéantissement de la superstition paraît à l’autre l’abolition de la morale. Jamais le contraste des deux esprits et des deux civilisations ne s’est marqué en caractères plus visibles, et c’est encore Burke, qui, avec la supériorité d’un penseur et l’hostilité d’un Anglais, s’est chargé de nous les montrer.

59. THE YOUNGER PITT

From *The Miscellaneous Writings of Lord Macaulay*,
Vol. II.

HIS difficulties compelled him to resort to various expedients. At one time Addington¹ was persuaded to accept office with a peerage ; but he brought no additional strength to the government. Though he went through the form of reconciliation, it was impossible for him to forget the past. While he remained in place he was jealous and punctilious ; and he soon retired again. At another time Pitt renewed his efforts to overcome his master's aversion to Fox ; and it was rumoured that the King's obstinacy was gradually giving way. But, meanwhile, it was impossible for the minister to conceal from the public eye the decay of his health, and the constant anxiety which gnawed at his heart. His sleep was broken. His food ceased to nourish him. All who passed him in the Park, all who had interviews with him in Downing Street, saw misery written in his face. The peculiar look which he wore during the last months of his life was often pathetically described by Wilberforce, who used to call it the Austerlitz look.

Still the vigour of Pitt's intellectual faculties, and the intrepid haughtiness of his spirit, remained unaltered. He had staked everything on a great venture. He had succeeded in forming another mighty coalition against the French ascendancy. The united forces of Austria, Russia, and England might, he hoped, oppose an insurmountable barrier to the ambition of the common enemy. But the genius and energy of Napoleon prevailed. While the English troops were preparing to embark for Germany, while the Russian troops were slowly coming up from Poland, he, with rapidity unprecedented in modern war, moved a hundred thousand men from the shores of the Ocean to the Black Forest, and

¹ Addington (1757-1844) had taken Pitt's place on his resignation in 1801. He now became Lord Sidmouth.

compelled a great Austrian army to surrender at Ulm. To the first faint rumours of this calamity Pitt would give no credit. He was irritated by the alarms of those around him. "Do not believe a word of it," he said : "it is all a fiction." The next day he received a Dutch newspaper containing the capitulation. He knew no Dutch. It was Sunday ; and the public offices were shut. He carried the paper to Lord Malmesbury, who had been minister in Holland ; and Lord Malmesbury translated it. Pitt tried to bear up ; but the shock was too great ; and he went away with death in his face.

The news of the battle of Trafalgar arrived four days later, and seemed for a moment to revive him. Forty-eight hours after that most glorious and most mournful of victories had been announced to the country came the Lord Mayor's day ; and Pitt dined at Guildhall. His popularity had declined. But on this occasion the multitude, greatly excited by the recent tidings, welcomed him enthusiastically, took off his horses in Cheapside, and drew his carriage up King Street. When his health was drunk, he returned thanks in two or three of those stately sentences of which he had a boundless command. Several of those who heard him laid up his words in their hearts ; for they were the last words that he ever uttered in public : "Let us hope that England, having saved herself by her energy, may save Europe by her example."

This was but a momentary rally. Austerlitz soon completed what Ulm had begun. Early in December Pitt had retired to Bath, in the hope that he might there gather strength for the approaching session. While he was languishing there on his sofa arrived the news that a decisive battle had been fought and lost in Moravia, that the coalition was dissolved, that the Continent was at the feet of France. He sank down under the blow. Ten days later he was so emaciated that his most intimate friends hardly knew him. He came up from Bath by slow journeys, and, on the 11th of January, 1806, reached his villa at Putney. Parliament was to meet on the 21st. On the 20th was to be the parliamentary

dinner at the house of the First Lord of the Treasury in Downing Street ; and the cards were already issued. But the days of the great minister were numbered. The only chance for his life, and that a very slight chance, was that he should resign his office, and pass some months in profound repose. His colleagues paid him very short visits, and carefully avoided political conversation. But his spirit, long accustomed to dominion, could not, even in that extremity, relinquish hopes which everybody but himself perceived to be vain. On the day on which he was carried into his bedroom at Putney, the Marquess Wellesley, whom he had long loved, whom he had sent to govern India, and whose administration had been eminently able, energetic, and successful, arrived in London after an absence of eight years. The friends saw each other once more. There was an affectionate meeting, and a last parting. That it was a last parting Pitt did not seem to be aware. He fancied himself to be recovering, talked on various subjects cheerfully, and with an unclouded mind, and pronounced a warm and discerning eulogium on the Marquess's brother Arthur. "I never," he said, "met with any military man with whom it was so satisfactory to converse." The excitement and exertion of this interview were too much for the sick man. He fainted away ; and Lord Wellesley left the house, convinced that the close was fast approaching.

And now members of Parliament were fast coming up to London. The chiefs of the opposition met for the purpose of considering the course to be taken on the first day of session. It was easy to guess what would be the language of the King's speech, and of the address which would be moved in answer to that speech. An amendment condemning the policy of the government had been prepared, and was to have been proposed in the House of Commons by Lord Henry Petty, a young nobleman who had already won for himself that place in the esteem of his country which, after the lapse of more than half a century, he still retains. He was unwilling, however, to come forward as the accuser of

one who was incapable of defending himself. Lord Grenville,¹ who had been informed of Pitt's state by Lord Wellesley, and had been deeply affected by it, earnestly recommended forbearance; and Fox, with characteristic generosity and good nature, gave his voice against attacking his now helpless rival. "*Sunt lacrymae rerum,*" he said, "*et mentem mortalia tangunt.*" On the first day, therefore, there was no debate. It was rumoured that evening that Pitt was better. But on the following morning his physicians pronounced that there were no hopes. The commanding faculties of which he had been too proud were beginning to fail. His old tutor and friend, the Bishop of Lincoln, informed him of his danger, and gave such religious advice and consolation as a confused and obscured mind could receive. Stories were told of devout sentiments fervently uttered by the dying man. But these stories found no credit with anybody who knew him. Wilberforce pronounced it impossible that they could be true. "Pitt," he added, "was a man who always said less than he thought on such topics." It was asserted in many after-dinner speeches, Grub Street elegies, and academic prize poems and prize declamations, that the great minister died exclaiming, "Oh my country!" This is a fable; but it is true that the last words which he uttered, while he knew what he said, were broken exclamations about the alarming state of public affairs. He ceased to breathe on the morning of the 23rd of January, 1806, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day on which he first took his seat in Parliament. He was in his forty-seventh year, and had been, during near nineteen years, First Lord of the Treasury, and undisputed chief of the administration. Since parliamentary government was established in England, no English statesmen has held supreme power so long.

¹ 1759-1834; the friend of Pitt and Wilberforce; afterwards head of the "Ministry of all the Talents"; Speaker, Home, and Foreign Secretary under Pitt.

60. THE BRITISH SOLDIER

From *History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France*, by WILLIAM NAPIER, Vol. III., Book XI., Chapter III.

[WILLIAM FRANCIS PATRICK NAPIER (1785-1860).—There was a splendid spirit in the Napier family which found its opportunity in the Napoleonic wars. The boys who could make the younger Pitt black his face and play bears on the floor, were destined for many more adventures and distinctions. They grew up in Ireland, where the father, Colonel Napier, had to arm all his five sons in 1798 to defend his house against the Irish revolutionaries: three of them went far in the Army of the Peninsula, a fourth rose to be a captain in the navy and followed this up by writing a big History of Florence; the eldest, Charles, had the most distinguished career of them all: after innumerable adventures in Spain and Portugal, he not only played a most important part in suppressing the Chartist riots in England with a rare blend of sympathy, statesmanship and firmness, but became the conqueror of the great province of Scinde, in India. George, a younger brother, fought with Moore in his famous retreat, as his aide-de-camp, and became eventually Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

But William, the third son, had more than distinction, there was about him a touch of genius. Moore, the finest trainer of troops in the whole history of the British Army, picked him out, like his brother, as a kindred spirit: but he nearly died in the retreat to Corunna, when he had to march through the snow and rain wearing only a jacket and a pair of linen trousers. Later on he was lying sick at the base when he heard rumours of his regiment being engaged in the Battle of Talavera: he got up, marched forty miles to Oropesa, hired horses there to take him on, and reached Talavera to fall off his horse in a state of collapse, but in time to play a useful part in Wellington's retreat. He was thanked by Craufurd, the grim commander of the Light Division, for splendid courage and resource at the battle of the Bridge of Coa: he fought alongside of his two brothers at Bussaco. After Torres Vedras he was so badly wounded that his life was despaired of, but he was on his feet again for Fuentes de Oñoro and commanded the forty-third at Salamanca, having found time meanwhile to get married at home to the niece of Charles James Fox, and to have

just three weeks' honeymoon. He was in the thick of Wellington's great march into France and fought at Orthez, but he missed Waterloo, and found himself at the end of the war a colonel with a growing family, no money, and, in spite of his marvellous constitution, with health shattered by the war. However, between 1815 and 1819 he served in the Army of Occupation in France, and used the time to master both French and English: he had a wonderful memory, though he could neither spell nor express himself grammatically; but in these three years he made himself one of the few great masters of English prose style. On his return he began to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, but hoped most from his gifts, which were considerable, as a painter and sculptor; he produced a fine statue of Alcibiades, much admired at the time. But in 1823 he determined to devote himself to the history of the Peninsula War; in 1828 the first volume, having been many more times re-written, appeared, but the book was not complete till 1840. In 1842 Napier was made Governor of Guernsey, in which post he showed great good sense, vigour and zeal for reform; he afterwards wrote the story of his brother's exploits in Scinde, and to the end of his life kept up a vigorous controversy with all the people who thought he had not sufficiently appreciated their achievements in the Peninsula War.

Napier, as these excerpts show, was an enthusiast: he had all Moore's love and respect for his men; though he admired Wellington, he disliked his aloofness and pride: he was a Whig with a great feeling for his uncle-in-law, Fox: a soldier and a patriot who could not help being fascinated by the genius of Napoleon. He took infinite trouble to get at the truth, Wellington and Soult both gave him all the help they could, and Mrs. Napier worked for years to find and use the key to the cipher in which was written Joseph Bonaparte's correspondence (given to Napier by Wellington, who had captured it at Vittoria). Still, Napier is often wrong; he wrote too close to the events he describes, and he shared the British Army's contempt, not always justified, for the Spaniards, and echoes the "grouses" of the military men at the Government which was doing its best to back them up. Yet, the book is a masterpiece which will easily outlive more accurate histories: its finely coloured language, its impetuous narrative, its manly, high-spirited tone, and the imaginative appreciation of great episodes which burns under it throughout its whole length, make it worth a place alongside Thucydides as one of the few great histories written by men who acted in the events and fought in the battles they describe. Napier was a

noble man and it was a noble book which he wrote, when his strength was broken and his magnificent body wrecked by wounds and disease.]

THAT the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation, can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame, distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe, and, notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue, and wet, and the extremes of cold and heat with incredible vigour. When completely disciplined, and three years are required to accomplish this, his port is lofty, and his movements free; the whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing, nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not, indeed, possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to censure real errors, although he may perceive them; but he is observant, and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of imminent peril.

It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle, is the result of a phlegmatic constitution uninspired by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy; no honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applause of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore! Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, and, with incredible energy overthrow every opponent, at all times proving that, while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him!

61. THE DEATH OF MOORE

From *History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France*, by WILLIAM NAPIER, Vol. I., Book IV., Chapter V.

FROM the spot where he fell, the general who had conducted it¹ was carried to the town by a party of soldiers. The blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound increased ; but such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. Hearing this, he looked stedfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "*No, I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope ; the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend colonel Anderson, he said, "*You know that I always wished to die this way.*" Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, observed, "*It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear ; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated. He inquired after the safety of his friends, and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength was failing fast, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied ! I hope my country will do*

¹ *I.e.*, the Battle of Corunna, January 16th, 1809. Moore, who has been called the best trainer of troops in the whole history of the British Army, had a most unlucky career ; he was a soldier of genius whose first real opportunity came in the brief campaign which ended with his death.

me justice!" The battle was scarcely ended, when his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Coruña. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, adorned by a subtle playful wit, gave him in conversation an ascendancy that he could well preserve by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him; for while he lived, he did not shun but scorned and spurned the base, and, with characteristic propriety, they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, he thirsted for the honours of his profession, and feeling that he was worthy to lead a British army, hailed the fortune that placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. The stream of time passed rapidly, and the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained; with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate, and confiding in the strength of his genius, disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance; opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador,¹ he conducted a long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude.

¹ Sir Charles Stuart, who had urged him to defend Madrid.

No insult could disturb, no falsehood deceive him, no remonstrance shake his determination ; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy ; death struck, and the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which (conscious of merit) he asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller !

62. THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA

From *The History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France*, by WILLIAM NAPIER, Vol. III., Book XII., Chapter VI.

This is one of the most disputed episodes in Napier's book. He is accused by Sir Charles Oman in his "History of the Peninsula War" of unfairness to Beresford and to the Spaniards, of much inaccuracy, and of mistakes as to the nature of the ground. On the other hand, his account is substantially borne out by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue in his "History of the British Army," Vol. VIII. (1917), Chapter VI., pp. 181 *seq.*

Albuera was a soldiers' battle. It was fought on May 16th, 1811, between Soult, the French general, and Beresford, in command of British, Spanish, and Portuguese troops. Beresford was barring the road from the south to the fortress of Badajos, held by him, against Soult, who wanted to drive him out of Spain into Portugal, and was advancing to the north from Seville with that purpose. Beresford, hearing that the French were near, ordered his forces to concentrate and planted himself across the main road at the village of Albuera. Soult was on him before his Spanish allies, under Blake, had marched into headquarters. They arrived, as Napier says, the night before the battle, and Beresford posted them on his right flank. Soult's plan was to make a feint against Beresford's centre near the village of Albuera, and then launch his main attack against the position only just occupied by Blake on Beresford's right, working round them so as to attack them in flank. When Beresford grasped this plan, he ordered Blake to drop back at right-angles to the main British line and sent reinforcements over to help him. Thus the British line became L-shaped. The bulk of the fighting, as will be seen,

took place on the new Spanish front, on the base of the L, where the French, after inflicting terrible slaughter on the British, were gradually driven back by sheer hard fighting.

DURING the night, Blake ¹ and Cole, as we have seen, arrived with above sixteen thousand men; but so defective was the occupation of the ground, that Soult had no change to make in his plans from this circumstance, and, a little before nine o'clock in the morning, Godinot's ² division issued from the woods in one heavy column of attack, preceded by ten guns. He was flanked by the light cavalry, and followed by Werlé's division of reserve, and, making straight towards the bridge, ³ commenced a sharp cannonade, attempting to force the passage; at the same time Briché, with two regiments of hussars, drew further down the river to observe colonel Otway's horse.

The allies' guns on the rising ground above the village answered the fire of the French, and ploughed through their columns, which were crowding without judgement towards the bridge, although the stream was passable above and below. But Beresford observing that Werlé's division did not follow closely, was soon convinced that the principal effort would be on the right, ⁴ and, therefore, sent Blake orders to form a part of the first and all the second line of the Spanish army, on the broad part of the hills, at right angles to their actual front. Then drawing the Portuguese infantry of the left wing to the centre, he sent one brigade down to support Alten, ⁵ and directed general Hamilton to hold the remainder in columns of battalions, ready to move to any part of the field. The thirteenth dragoons were posted near the edge of the river, above the bridge, and, meanwhile, the second division marched to support Blake. The horse-artillery, the heavy dragoons, and the fourth division also took ground to the right, and were posted; the cavalry and guns on a small

¹ The commanding officer of the Spanish contingent.

² One of the French brigade commanders.

³ Of Albuera.

⁴ *I.e.*, that the French would work round Beresford's right wing, which consisted of Blake's Spaniards.

⁵ Alten was opposing Godinot in the centre, near the village of Albuera.

plain behind the Aroya, and the fourth division in an oblique line about half musket shot behind them. This done, Beresford galloped to Blake, for that general had refused to change his front and, with great heat, told colonel Hardinge the bearer of the order, that the real attack was at the village and bridge.¹ Beresford had sent again to entreat that he would obey, but this message was as fruitless as the former, and, when the marshal² arrived, nothing had been done. The enemy's columns were, however, now beginning to appear on the right, and Blake, yielding to this evidence, proceeded to make the evolution, yet with such pedantic slowness, that Beresford, impatient of his folly, took the direction in person.

Great was the confusion and the delay thus occasioned, and ere the troops could be put in order the French were amongst them. For scarcely had Godinot engaged Alten's brigade, when Werlé, leaving only a battalion of grenadiers and some squadrons to watch the thirteenth dragoons and to connect the attacks, countermarched with the remainder of his division, and rapidly gained the rear of the fifth corps as it was mounting the hills on the right of the allies. At the same time the mass of light cavalry suddenly quitted Godinot's column, and crossing the river Albuera above the bridge, ascended the left bank at a gallop, and, sweeping round the rear of the fifth corps, joined Latour Maubourg, who was already in face of Lumley's squadrons. Thus half an hour had sufficed to render Beresford's position nearly desperate. Two-thirds of the French were in a compact order of battle on a line perpendicular to his right, and his army, disordered and composed of different nations, was still in the difficult act of changing its front. It was in vain that he endeavoured to form the Spanish line sufficiently in advance to give room for the second division to support it ; the French guns opened, their infantry threw out a heavy musketry, and their cavalry, outflanking the front and charg-

¹ *I.e.*, Blake denied that Soult's main attack was about to be launched at him, and maintained that Godinot's advance against Alten was the main attack.

² *The marshal* is Beresford,

ing here and there, put the Spaniards in disorder at all points; in a short time the latter gave way, and Soult, thinking the whole army was yielding, pushed forward his columns, while his reserves also mounted the hill, and general Rutý placed all the batteries in position.

At this critical moment general William Stewart arrived at the foot of the height with colonel Colborne's brigade, which formed the head of the second division.¹ The colonel, seeing the confusion above, desired to form in order of battle previous to mounting the ascent, but Stewart, whose boiling courage overlaid his judgement, led up without any delay in column of companies, and attempted to open out his line in succession as the battalions arrived at the summit. Being under a destructive fire the foremost charged to gain room, but a heavy rain prevented any object from being distinctly seen, and four regiments of hussars and lancers,² which had passed the right flank in the obscurity, came galloping in upon the rear of the line at the instant of its developement, and slew or took two-thirds of the brigade. One battalion only (the thirty-first) being still in column, escaped the storm and maintained its ground, while the French horsemen, riding violently over every thing else, penetrated to all parts. In the tumult, a lancer fell upon Beresford, but the marshal, a man of great strength, putting his spear aside cast him from his saddle, and a shift of wind blowing aside the mist and smoke, the mischief was perceived from the plains by general Lumley, who sent four squadrons out upon the lancers and cut many of them off.

During this first unhappy effort of the second division, so great was the confusion, that the Spanish line continued to fire without cessation, although the British were before them³; whereupon Beresford, finding his exhortations to advance fruitless, seized an ensign and bore him and his colours, by main force, to the front, yet the troops would not follow,

¹ Sent by Beresford to reinforce Blake.

² *I.e.*, part of the French cavalry, under Latour Maubourg, sweeping round Blake's right flank.

³ *I.e.*, the Spanish fired into their allies, the British. Oman disbelieves this, but Fortescue accepts it.

and the man went back again on being released. In this crisis, the weather, which had ruined Colborne's brigade, also prevented Soult from seeing the whole extent of the field of battle, and he still kept his heavy columns together. His cavalry, indeed, began to hem in that of the allies, but the fire of the horse-artillery enabled Lumley, covered as he was by the bed of the Aroya ¹ and supported by the fourth division, to check them on the plain, while Colborne still maintained the heights with the thirty-first regiment; the British artillery, under major Dickson, was likewise coming fast into action, and William Stewart, who had escaped the charge of the lancers, was again mounting the hill with general Houghton's brigade; which he brought on with the same vehemence, but, instructed by his previous misfortune, in a juster order of battle. The weather now cleared, and a dreadful fire poured into the thickest of the French columns convinced Soult that the day was yet to be won.

Houghton's regiments soon got footing on the summit, Dickson placed the artillery in line, the remaining brigade of the second division came up on the left, and two Spanish corps at last moved forward. The enemy's infantry then recoiled, yet soon recovering, renewed the fight with greater violence than before; the cannon on both sides discharged showers of grape at half range, and the peals of musketry were incessant and often within pistol shot; but the close formation of the French embarrassed their battle, and the British line would not yield them one inch of ground nor a moment of time to open their ranks. Their fighting was, however, fierce and dangerous. Stewart was twice wounded, colonel Duckworth, of the forty-eighth, was slain, and the gallant Houghton, who had received many wounds without shrinking, fell and died in the act of cheering his men. Still the struggle continued with unabated fury. Colonel Inglis and twenty-two officers, and more than four hundred men out of five hundred and seventy that had mounted the hill, fell in the fifty-seventh alone, and the other regiments were

¹ This is a shallow dip or bottom in the British position, wrongly described as a deep ravine by Napier. See Fortescue, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

scarcely better off ; not one-third were standing in any ; ammunition failed, and, as the English fire slackened, the enemy established a column in advance upon the right flank ; the play of Dickson's artillery indeed checked them a moment, but again the Polish lancers charging, captured six guns. In this desperate crisis, Beresford, who had already withdrawn the thirteenth dragoons from the banks of the river and brought Hamilton's Portuguese into a situation to cover a retrograde movement, wavered ! destruction stared him in the face, his personal resources were exhausted, and the unhappy thought of a retreat rose in his agitated mind. Yet no order to that effect was given, and it was urged by some about him that the day might still be redeemed with the fourth division. While he hesitated, colonel Hardinge boldly ordered general Cole to advance, and then riding to colonel Abercrombie, who commanded the remaining brigade of the second division, directed him also to push forward into the fight. The die being thus cast, Beresford acquiesced, and this terrible battle was continued.

The fourth division had only two brigades in the field ; the one Portuguese under general Harvey, the other British, commanded by sir W. Myers and composed of the seventh and twenty-third regiments, was called the fuzileer brigade. General Cole directed the Portuguese to move between Lumley's dragoons and the hill, where they were immediately charged by some of the French horsemen, but beat them off with great loss : meanwhile he led the fuzileers in person up the height.

At this time six guns were in the enemy's possession, the whole of Werlé's reserves were coming forward to reinforce the front column of the French, and the remnant of Houghton's brigade could no longer maintain its ground ; the field was heaped with carcasses, the lancers were riding furiously about the captured artillery on the upper part of the hill, and on the lower slopes, a Spanish and an English regiment in mutual error were exchanging volleys : behind all, general Hamilton's Portuguese, in withdrawing from the heights above the bridge, appeared to be in retreat. The conduct

of a few brave men soon changed this state of affairs. Colonel Robert Arbuthnot, pushing between the double fire of the mistaken troops, arrested that mischief, while Cole, with the fuzileers, flanked by a battalion of the Lusitanian legion under colonel Hawkshawe, mounted the hill, dispersed the lancers, recovered the captured guns, and appeared on the right of Houghton's brigade exactly as Abercrombie passed it on the left.

Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory: they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed; Cole and the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the fuzileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled, and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm, weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot and with a horrid carnage it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain

did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavour to sustain the fight ; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and fifteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill !

63. THE CRISIS OF WATERLOO

From 1815—*Waterloo*, by HENRY HOUSSAYE, Chapter V.

[HENRY HOUSSAYE (1848–1910).—Houssaye is one of that group of French historians who, after the defeat of 1870, were drawn to the past of their country for inspiration for the future. His grandfather had fought in the armies of Napoleon I., and in 1871, he himself, at the age of twenty-two, won the *croix de guerre* as brigade aide-de-camp in the defence of Paris, and wept with shame as he saw the Prussians march into the capital. After the war, however, he returned to work on Greek history, which interested him passionately, and it was not till 1885 that he was led almost by chance to the serious study of military history. Houssaye was a patriot, an enthusiast, and a master of style : no sooner had he begun to look at the manuscript materials for the history of Napoleon than he fell as completely under the fascination of the Emperor as if he had himself fought under him. He threw himself into the study of Napoleon's last campaign on French soil and in 1888 produced a volume called, simply, "1814." He had read everything that was to be read on the subject, the book was a monument of learning, but it was also a patriotic manifesto. Houssaye saw into the minds of the soldiers of Napoleon's last armies, for he had himself been through something like their experience : like them he had said "*Le sol est envahi. Allons nous battre.*" The book, in spite of its plans and footnotes and learned apparatus, was a great popular success, it ran rapidly through twenty editions and Houssaye was urged on all hands to continue the story. Between 1888 and 1903 he wrote three volumes on "1815"—"The Hundred Days." "Waterloo," and "The White Terror." He died in 1910 with a book on Jena half finished. He wanted, having described so many defeats of French

armies, to end with the great campaign where "Napoleon had but to whistle and Prussia ceased to exist."

Houssaye is a modern Michelet, more scientific and thorough in his methods of research, but like him a patriot and a visionary. Once he was lecturing on Napoleon at Metz, in the lost province of Lorraine: he held his audience of discontented Frenchmen spell-bound as he described how France looked to the Emperor to save her from her enemies, when suddenly outside the lecture-hall rang out on a German bugle the German "Last Post." Houssaye turned deadly pale, staggered, and ceased to speak: the reminder of his country's humiliation was too brutal for him to bear. From such men impartial history, if there be such a thing, cannot be expected; Houssaye could not help making a hero of Napoleon and hating his enemies and betrayers. But no man has done more to stir up interest in Napoleon and in the study of his period. He is one of the founders of the great modern French school: a most eager and loveable master of a body of wonderfully distinguished pupils.]

LE cri: "La garde recule!" retentit comme le glas de la Grande Armée. Chacun sent que tout est fini. L'infanterie de Reille, les cuirassiers, les escadrons de la garde, qui marchent enfin pour seconder l'attaque de Ney,¹ s'arrêtent paralysés. Les soldats de Donzelot et d'Allix, aux prises sur les crêtes, au-dessus de la Haye-Sainte,² avec les brigades Kruse, Lambert, Kempt, Pack, voient la garde plier. Ils cèdent aussi le terrain conquis et redescendent au pied du coteau, entraînant dans leur retraite la division Marcognet qui a abordé sur le prolongement de leur droite les positions ennemies. Le mouvement de recul gagne toute la ligne de bataille, de la gauche à la droite. En même temps, les fantassins de Durutte sont attaqués dans Papelotte et dans La Haye par les têtes de colonnes prussiennes débouchant du chemin d'Ohain. On crie: "Sauve qui peut! Nous sommes trahis!" Panique trop explicable, si l'on songe à l'état d'esprit des soldats, troublés, possédés depuis trois

¹ 1769-1815; the bravest of the French marshals, who commanded the Old Guard at Waterloo. He had five horses killed under him.

² The farmhouse in advance of the centre of Wellington's position. Papelotte is in front of Wellington's right; Ohain is to the east of the British position.

mois par des craintes de trahison. Tout paraît justifier leurs soupçons. Ils ont vu passer à l'ennemi un général, un colonel, des officiers de tout grade. Parmi leurs cartouches, ils en trouvent qui sont bourrées de son en place de poudre. Ils s'étonnent de tant de mouvements décousus, ils sont rebutés par tant d'assauts sans résultat. Enfin ils attendent le corps de Grouchy,¹ dont on leur a annoncé l'approche, et c'est le corps de Zieten² qui survient pour les écraser. La débandade commence, s'accroît. Les Prussiens se ruent à l'assaut, débloquent des fermes les quelques poignées de braves qui tiennent encore malgré la panique et les rejettent dans les ravins. Les débris des quatre divisions de d'Erlon refluent les uns sur les autres, se heurtent, se bousculent, se rompent mutuellement. A l'est de la grande route, dans les creux du vallon où se croisent les paquets de mitraille anglaise et les boulets prussiens, c'est la plus lamentable confusion.

Wellington veut achever cette armée blessée à mort. Il pousse son cheval jusque sur le bord du plateau, devant le front de bataille, se découvre et agite son chapeau en l'air. On comprend ce signal. Toutes les troupes se mettent instantanément en marche dans l'ordre où elles se trouvent. Sans prendre le temps de se rassembler, les bataillons, les batteries, les escadrons des différentes divisions s'élancent côte à côte, passant sur les morts, écrasant les blessés sous les pieds des chevaux et les roues des canons. Seules restent sur les positions les brigades Pack, Ompteda et Kielmansegge, et deux ou trois batteries qu'empêchent littéralement de démarrer les carcasses de chevaux et les cadavres amoncelés sur leur front. De la droite à la gauche, Anglais, Hanovriens, Belges, Brunswickois, cavaliers, fantassins, artilleurs, quarante mille hommes ! dévalent en torrents, au son des tambours, des bugles et des pibrochs, dans les premières ombres du crépuscule. A cette vue, effrayante même pour des braves, les derniers échelons d'infanterie font

¹ 1766-1847 ; French marshal, who beat the Prussians at Wavre on the morning of June 18th, but failed to join Napoleon or to prevent the Prussians from joining Wellington.

² Prussian general.

demi-tour et remontent précipitamment, avec presque toute la cavalerie, les coteaux à l'ouest de la Belle-Alliance¹; les bataillons de tête, plus immédiatement menacés d'être broyés par l'avalanche, se débandent et s'enfuient. On abandonne la Haye-Sainte, on abandonne le verger d'Hougoumont,² on abandonne le bois. Les hussards de Vivian et les dragons de Vandeleur, qui font trouée devant les masses anglaises, sabrent les fuyards au cri féroce : *No quarter ! No quarter !*

64. JEREMY BENTHAM

From *Law and Opinion in England*, by ALBERT DICEY, Lecture VI.

[ALBERT VENN DICEY (1835-1922).—Dicey was a lawyer of great learning and singular charm of character who spent nearly all of a very long life in Oxford. In 1882 he became Vinerian Professor of Civil Law and two years later published his great work on the "Law of the Constitution." In this he brought out with masterly clearness the underlying principles of British government by comparing them with those of the French and American Constitutions. The book from which we quote originated in a series of lectures given by Dicey when nearly seventy, and published in 1905. Our excerpt shows that he could be as clear and orderly in his analysis of character as in his exposition of legal principles. Dicey combined massive knowledge and singularly sound judgment with an eager and vivacious spirit : he was prevented by bad health, poor eyesight, and a weak voice from making a career at the Bar, but to read him is like listening to a good judge who knows how to use professional learning and experience to open up difficult and complicated questions to the minds of ordinary men.]

BOTH the date and the length of Bentham's life are important.

He was born in 1748, two years after the failure of the last attempt to restore the Stuarts ; he died immediately before the passing of the Reform Act, 1832. The eighty-four years

¹ The farm in the centre of the French position.

² The farm in advance of the British right, fiercely contested throughout the day.

of his life thus span over the period which divides the last endeavour to establish in England the real supremacy of the Crown from the commencement in England of modern democratic government. This era stretched indeed beyond the limits of the eighteenth century, but though Bentham lived till the first third of the nineteenth century had nearly come to an end, he was in spirit entirely a child of the eighteenth century, and in England was the best representative of the humanitarianism and enlightenment of that age. Length of days was no small aid in the performance of his life's work. Bentham, like Voltaire, ultimately owed much of his authority to the many years for which he was able to press his doctrines upon the world. Iteration and reiteration are a great force ; when employed by a teacher of genius they may become an irresistible power. For well nigh sixty years, that is to say to two generations, Bentham preached the necessity, and explained the principles, of law reform. He began his career as an unknown youth whose ideas were scouted by men of the world as dangerous paradoxes : he ended it as a revered teacher who numbered among his disciples lawyers and statesmen of eminence, and had won over to his leading ideas the most sensible and influential of English reformers.

Bentham was the son of a wealthy London attorney.

He thus formed one of that body of tradesmen, merchants, and professional men who, as the "middle class," had at the beginning of the nineteenth century long exercised great influence in public life, and at the moment of his death were about to become the true sovereign of England. And Bentham, though distinguished among his fellows by his genius, his enlightenment, and his zeal for the public good, belonged, to a far greater extent than he or his opponents perceived, in spirit no less than in position, to the middle classes. He shared their best ideals. When he taught that the aim of law as of life was to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number, he meant by happiness no far-fetched conception of well-being, but that combination of an honest and industrious life with the enjoyment of

modest wealth and material comfort, which is felt to be an object of desire by an ordinary Englishman. He spoke the language of his countrymen, and the men of the middle class whom he addressed understood his meaning. The character and the wealth of Bentham's father are circumstances not to be overlooked. The elder Bentham recognised his son's extraordinary gifts and set his heart on seeing him rise to the position of Mansfield or of Eldon. This commonplace ambition was the torment of Jeremy's youth, but it had one good effect. It induced or compelled Bentham to study with care the actual law of England; he was saved from being one of those jurists who know a little of every law but their own. His father's wealth even more profoundly affected Bentham's career. He never had to rely upon fees for his support. At his father's death he became possessed of ample means. Thus he was able to follow, as he did follow through life, the bent of his own genius.

His genius was of the rarest quality.

In Bentham's intellect were united talents seldom found in combination; a jurist's capacity for the grasp of general principles and the acumen of a natural born logician were blended with the resourcefulness of a mechanical inventor. In studying Bentham's intellectual character we are reminded that, if he was the follower of Hobbes and of Locke, he was the contemporary of Arkwright and of Watt. How near Bentham's turn of mind lay to that of men renowned for mechanical inventions may be seen from a transaction which has perplexed and sometimes amused his admirers. He devoted trouble, money, thought, and time to the creation of the "Panopticon" or "Inspection-house,"—that is, a model prison so planned that from one point in the building could be seen all that was going on in every other portion of the establishment. Of the mixed ingenuity and weakness of Bentham's plan nothing need here be said; the point to be noticed is the light which the scheme throws on the nature of Bentham's intellect. The Panopticon was a mechanical contrivance from which, if rightly used, he, after the manner of ingenious projectors, expected untold benefits for mankind;

"morals reformed, health preserved, industry invigorated, instruction diffused, public burdens lightened, economy seated as it were upon a rock, the Gordian knot of the poor-law not cut but untied—all by a simple idea in architecture!" He was in truth created to be the inventor and patentee of legal reforms. It is in this inventiveness that he differs from and excels his best known disciples. Austin ¹ may have equalled him in the capacity for analysing legal conceptions, James Mill ² may have surpassed him in metaphysical subtlety, John Mill ³ had acquired under a course of elaborate training a more complete philosophical equipment, and was endowed by nature with wider sympathies than Bentham; but neither Austin, nor James Mill, nor John Mill, possessed any touch of Bentham's inventive genius, nor in fact made any suggestion, which was at once original and valuable, for the amendment of the law of England.

The course of Bentham's life was, however, finally determined, neither by the opportuneness of circumstances, nor by the possession of wealth, nor even by the peculiarity of his intellectual gifts, but by the nature and the development of his moral character.

In early manhood he was "converted"—I use the term deliberately, as it better gives my meaning than does any other expression—to an unshakeable faith in that form of utilitarianism which places the object of life in the promotion of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." When about twenty years of age he found this formula in a pamphlet of Priestley's ⁴ and accepted it as the guide of his life.

This creed, however, which we should now term the

¹ 1790–1859; a lawyer whose theory of sovereignty is very clearly thought out.

² 1773–1836; philosopher and economist: lifelong friend and disciple of Bentham's.

³ 1806–1875; son of James Mill, philosopher and economist: one of the leaders of nineteenth century thought.

⁴ 1733–1804; theologian and man of science: the "father of modern chemistry"; attacked as an atheist and a supporter of the French Revolution.

enthusiasm of humanity, need not have impelled Bentham to labour at the reform of the law. That his passion for the furtherance of human happiness took this particular form, arose from his becoming possessed by the two convictions, that legislation was the most important of human pursuits, and that Jeremy Bentham was born with a genius for legislation.

“ ‘Have I,’ he asked, ‘a *genius* for anything? What can I *produce*?’ That was the first enquiry he made of himself. Then came another. ‘What of all earthly pursuits is the most important?’ ‘Legislation,’ was the answer Helvetius ¹ gave. ‘Have I a genius for legislation?’ Again and again was the question put to himself. He turned it over in his thoughts; he sought every symptom he could discover in his natural disposition or acquired habits. ‘And have I indeed a genius for legislation?’ ‘I gave myself the answer, fearfully and tremblingly, ‘Yes.’”

Of these convictions the first was shared by the best thinkers of the eighteenth century, and contained an immense amount of relative truth; the need of the time was the reform of the institutions of Europe. The second was absolutely true, and its truth has been recognised by the wisest men of the generations which have followed Bentham; he was in very truth the first and greatest of legal philosophers.

65. CANNING AND PEEL

From *Biographical Studies*, by WALTER BAGEHOT (Library Edition), Essay I. *The Character of Sir Robert Peel*.

[WALTER BAGEHOT (1826–1877).—Bagehot was more of a practical man than many writers of books. He said himself that “the reason why so few good books are written is that few people who can write know anything . . . an author has always lived in a room, has read books, has cultivated science, is acquainted with the style and sentiments of the best authors, but he is out of the

¹ 1715–1771; famous French philosopher, who argued that self-interest is the source of all virtue.

way of employing his own eyes and ears." Bagehot knew a great deal about such practical affairs as banking and politics : he had eyes and ears wide open to the world he lived in. So he wrote several good books, about economics, the British Constitution, statesmen and authors. They are all full of commonsense, of shrewdness, and of life and wit.

His father being a Unitarian, he did not go to Oxford, where religious tests were still in force in his youth, but he read mathematics, literature and philosophy at University College, London, and studied for the Bar. Eventually he settled down in his father's family shipowning business at Langport, in Somerset. When his father retired he became vice-chairman. He married in 1858 the daughter of James Wilson, the economist and statesman, and for the last seventeen years of his life he edited the *Economist*. He was consulted on financial affairs by the statesmen of both parties, and was one of the best talkers of his time.]

THE changes of opinion which Sir Robert Peel underwent are often cited as indications of a want of conscientiousness. They really . . . are proofs of his conscientiousness. We do not mean in the obvious sense of their being opposed to his visible interest, and having on two great occasions¹ destroyed the most serviceable party organisation ever ruled by a statesman in a political age ; but in a more refined sense, the timeliness of his transitions may, without overstraining, be thought a mark of their *bona fides*. He could not have changed with such felicitous exactness, if he had been guided by selfish calculation. The problems were too great and too wide. There have, of course, been a few men—Talleyrand² and Theramenes³ are instances—who have seemed to hit, as if by a political sense, the fitting moment to leave the side which was about to fall, and to join the side which was about to rise. But these will commonly be found to be men of a very different character from that of Peel. Minds are divided into open and close. Some men are so sensitive to extrinsic

¹ 1829, when Catholic emancipation was carried ; 1846, when the Corn Laws were repealed.

² 1754–1838 ; the great diplomatist, who perpetually changed sides between the outbreak of the French Revolution and the establishment of the Orleans monarchy.

³ Died 404 ; Athenian politician, who supported, and later opposed, the rule of the 400 and became one of the thirty tyrants.

impressions, pass so easily from one man to another, catch so well the tone of each man's thought, use so well the opportunities of society for the purposes of affairs, that they are, as it were, by habit and practice, metrical instruments of public opinion. Sir Robert was by character, both natural and acquired, the very reverse. He was a reserved, occupied man of business. In the arts of society, in the easy transition from person to person, from tone to tone, he was but little skilled. If he had been left to pick up his rules of conduct by mere social perception and observation, his life would have been a life of miscalculations ; instead of admiring the timeliness of his conversions, we should wonder at the perversity of his transitions. The case is not new. In ancient times, at a remarkable moment, in the persons of two selfish men of genius, the open mind was contrasted with the close. By a marvellous combination of successive manœuvres, Julius Cæsar rose from ruin to empire ; the spoiled child of society—sensitive to each breath of opinion—ever living, at least among the externals of enjoyment—always retaining, by a genial kindliness of manner, friends from each of the classes which he variously used. By what the vulgar might be pardoned for thinking a divine infatuation, Pompeius lost the best of political positions, threw away every recurring chance, and died a wandering exile. As a reserved, ungenial man, he never was able to estimate the feeling of the time. ‘ I have only to stamp with my foot when the occasion requires, to raise legions from the soil of Italy ! ’ were the words of one who could not, in his utmost need, raise a force to strike one blow for Italy itself. The fate of Pompeius would have been that of Peel, if he too had played the game of selfish calculation. His changes, as it has been explained, are to be otherwise accounted for. He was always anxious to do right. An occupied man of business, he was converted when other men of business in the nation were converted.

It is not, however, to be denied that a calm and bland nature like that of Peel is peculiarly prone to self-illusion. Many fancy that it is passionate, imaginative men who most deceive themselves ; and of course they are more tempted—

a more vivid fancy and a more powerful impulse hurry them away. But they know their own weakness. 'Do you believe in ghosts, Mr. Coleridge?' asked some lady. 'No, ma'am, I have seen too many,' was the answer. A quiet, calm nature, when it is tempted by its own wishes, is hardly conscious that it is tempted. These wishes are so gentle, quiet, as it would say, so 'reasonable,' that it does not conceive it possible to be hurried away into error by them. Nor is there any hurry. They operate quietly, gently, and constantly. Such a man will very much believe what he wishes. Many an imaginative outcast, whom no man would trust with sixpence, really forms his opinions on points which interest him by a much more intellectual process—at least has more purely intellectual opinions beaten and tortured into him—than the eminent and respected man of business, in whom every one confides, who is considered a model of dry judgment, of clear and passionless equanimity. Doubtless Sir Robert Peel went on believing in the corn-laws, when no one in the distrusted classes even fancied that they were credible.

It has been bitterly observed of Sir Robert Peel that he was 'a Radical at heart;' and, perhaps with a similar thought in his mind, Mr. Cobden said once, at a League meeting, 'I do not altogether like to give up Peel. You see he is a Lancashire man.' And it cannot be questioned that, strongly opposed as Sir Robert Peel was to the Reform Bill, he was really much more suited to the reformed than to the unreformed House of Commons. The style of debating in the latter was described by one who had much opportunity for observation, Sir James Mackintosh,¹ as 'continuous, animated, after-dinner discussion.' The House was composed mainly of men trained in two great schools, on a peculiar mode of education, with no great real knowledge of the classics, but with many lines of Virgil and Horace lingering in fading memories, contrasting oddly with the sums and business with which they were necessarily brought side by side. These gentlemen wanted not to be instructed, but to be amused; and hence arose what, from the circumstance of

¹ 1765-1832; author and philosopher.

their calling, may be called the class of conversationalist statesmen. Mr. Canning was the type of these. He was a man of elegant gifts, of easy fluency, capable of embellishing anything, with a nice wit, gliding swiftly over the most delicate topics ; passing from topic to topic like the *raconteur* of the dinner-table, touching easily on them all, letting them all go as easily ; confusing you as to whether he knows nothing, or knows everything. The peculiar irritation which Mr. Canning excited through life was, at least in part, owing to the natural wrath with which you hear the changing talk of the practised talker running away about all the universe ; never saying anything which indicates real knowledge, never saying anything which at the very moment can be shown to be a blunder ; ever on the surface, and ever ingratiating itself with the superficial. When Mr. Canning was alive, sound men of all political persuasions—the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey—ever disliked him. You may hear old Liberals to this day declaring he was the greatest charlatan who ever lived, angry to imagine that his very ghost exists ; and when you read his speeches yourself, you are at once conscious of a certain dexterous insincerity which seems to lurk in the very felicities of expression, and to be made finer with the very refinements of the phraseology. Like the professional converser, he seems so apt at the *finesse* of expression, so prone to modulate his words, that you cannot imagine him putting his fine mind to tough thinking, really working, actually grappling with the rough substance of a great subject. Of course, if this were the place for an estimate of Mr. Canning, there would be some limitation, and much excuse to be offered for all this. He was early thrown into what we may call an aristocratic debating society, accustomed to be charmed, delighting in classic gladiatorship. To expect a great speculator, or a principled statesman, from such a position, would be expecting German from a Parisian, or plainness from a diplomatist. He grew on the soil on which he had been cast ; and it is hard, perhaps impossible, to separate the faults which are due to it and to him. He and it have both passed away. The old delicate

parliament is gone, and the gladiatorship which it loved. The progress of things, and the Reform Bill which was the result of that progress, have taken, and are taking, the national representation away from the university classes, and conferring it on the practical classes. Exposition, arithmetic, detail, reforms—these are the staple of our modern eloquence. The old boroughs which introduced the young scholars are passed away ; and even if the young scholars were in parliament, the subjects do not need the classic tact of expression. Very plain speaking suits the ‘ passing tolls,’ ¹ ‘ registration of joint-stock companies,’ finance, the Post-office. The petty regulation of the details of civilisation, which happily is the daily task of our government, does not need, does not suit, a *recherché* taste or an ornate eloquence. As is the speech, so are the men. Sir Robert Peel was inferior to Canning in the old parliament ; he would have been infinitely superior to him in the new. The aristocratic refinement, the nice embellishment, of the old time, were as alien to him as the detail and dryness of the new era were suitable. He was admirably fitted to be where the Reform Bill placed him. He was fitted to work and explain ; he was not able to charm or to amuse.

In its exact form this kind of eloquence and statesmanship is peculiar to modern times, and even to this age. In ancient times the existence of slavery forbade the existence of a middle class eloquence. The Cleon ² who possessed the tone and the confidence of the people in trade was a man vulgar, coarse, speaking the sentiments of a class whose views were narrow and whose words were mean. So many occupations were confined to slaves, that there was scarcely an opening for the sensible, moderate, rational body whom we now see. It was, of course, always possible to express the sentiments and prejudices of people in trade. It is new to this era, it seems created for Sir Robert Peel to express those sentiments, in a style refined, but not too refined ; which will not jar people of high cultivation, which will seem suitable to men of common cares and important transactions.

¹ In 1845 Peel carried an Act to regulate railway tolls.

² The famous Athenian demagogue.

In another respect Sir Robert Peel was a fortunate man. The principal measures required in his age were 'repeals.' From changing circumstances, the old legislation would no longer suit a changed community ; and there was a clamour, first for the repeal of one important act, and then of another. This was suitable to the genius of Peel. He could hardly have created anything. His intellect, admirable in administrative routine, endlessly fertile in suggestions of detail, was not of the class which creates, or which readily even believes an absolutely new idea. As has been so often said, he typified the practical intelligence of his time. He was prone, as has been explained, to receive the daily deposits of insensibly-changing opinion ; but he could bear nothing startling ; nothing bold, original, single, is to be found in his acts or his words. Nothing could be so suitable to such a mind as a conviction that an existing law was wrong. The successive gradations of opinion pointed to a clear and absolute result. When it was a question, as in the case of the Reform Bill, not of simple abolition, but of extensive and difficult reconstruction, he 'could not see his way.' He could be convinced that the anti-Catholic laws were wrong, that the currency laws were wrong, that the commercial laws were wrong ; especially he could be convinced that the *laissez-faire* system was right, and the real thing was to do nothing ; but he was incapable of the larger and higher political construction. A more imaginative genius is necessary to deal with the consequences of new creations, and the structure of an unseen future.

66. O'CONNELL IN 1843

From *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, by WILLIAM LECKY (Library Edition), Vol. II., Part II.

IN order to devote himself exclusively to the repeal agitation, O'Connell,¹ in 1843, abstained altogether from parliamentary duties. During this year he occupied,

¹ 1775-1847 ; the Irish liberator. "Repeal" means the repeal of the Act of Union in 1800, which abolished the Irish Parliament.

perhaps, the pinnacle of his fame. There are three great instances on record of politicians, discouraged by overwhelming majorities, seceding from Parliament. Grattan gave up his seat and became utterly powerless in the country. Fox retired from the debates, though retaining his seat, and he too became for a time little more than a cipher. O'Connell followed the example of Fox, but he drew with him the attention of Europe. In no previous portion of his career, not even when he had gained emancipation¹ from the humbled ministry of Wellington, did he attract greater attention or admiration. Whoever turns over the magazines or newspapers of the period will easily perceive how grandly his figure dominated in politics, how completely he had dispelled the indifference that had so long prevailed on Irish questions, how clearly his agitation stands forth as the great fact of the time.

It would be difficult indeed to conceive more imposing demonstrations of public opinion than those vast assemblies which were held in every Catholic county, and attended by almost every adult male. They usually took place upon Sunday morning, in the open air, upon some hillside. At daybreak the mighty throng might be seen, broken into detached groups and kneeling on the greensward around their priests, while the incense rose from a hundred rude altars, and the solemn music of the mass floated upon the gale, and seemed to impart a consecration to the cause. O'Connell stood upon a platform, surrounded by the ecclesiastical dignitaries and by the more distinguished of his followers. Before him the immense assembly was ranged, without disorder or tumult or difficulty; organised with the most perfect skill and inspired with the most unanimous enthusiasm. There is, perhaps, no more impressive spectacle than such an assembly, pervaded by such a spirit, and moving under the control of a single mind. The silence that prevailed through its whole extent during some portions of

¹ In 1829, when Catholic emancipation (*i.e.*, the right of Catholics to a seat in Parliament) was forced on Parliament by O'Connell's election for county Clare.

his address ; the concordant cheer bursting from tens of thousands of voices ; the rapid transitions of feeling as the great magician struck alternately each chord of passion, and as the power of sympathy, acting and reacting, intensified the prevailing feeling, were sufficient to carry away the most callous, and to influence the most prejudiced ; the critic, in the contagious enthusiasm, almost forgot his art, and men of very calm and disciplined intellects experienced emotions the most stately eloquence of the Senate had failed to produce.

The greatest of all these meetings, perhaps the grandest display of the kind that has ever taken place, was held around the Hill of Tara.¹ According to very moderate computations, about a quarter of a million were assembled there to attest their sympathy with the movement. The spot was well chosen for the purpose. Tara of the Kings, the seat of the ancient royalty of Ireland, has ever been regarded by the Irish people with something of a superstitious awe. The vague legends that cluster around it, the poetry that has consecrated its past, and the massive relics of its ancient greatness that have been from time to time discovered, have invested it in Irish eyes with an ineffable and most fascinating grandeur. It was on this spot that O'Connell, standing by the stone where the kings of Ireland were once crowned, sketched the coming glories of his country. Beneath him, like a mighty sea, extended the throng of listeners. They were so numerous that thousands were unable to catch the faintest echo of the voice they loved so well ; yet all remained passive, tranquil, and decorous. In no instance did these meetings degenerate into mobs. They were assembled, and they were dispersed, without disorder or tumult ; they were disgraced by no drunkenness, by no crime, by no excess. When the Government, in the State trials, applied the most searching scrutiny, they could discover nothing worse than that on one occasion the retiring crowd trampled down the stall of an old woman who sold gingerbread.

¹ Twenty-seven miles north-west of Dublin.

67. THE HUNGRY 'FORTIES

From *A History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815*, by SPENCER WALPOLE, Vol. IV., Chapter XVII.

[*SIR SPENCER WALPOLE* (1839–1907).—Walpole was the grandson of the Prime Minister, Spencer Percival, and the son of the Conservative Home Secretary, Walpole. He began life as his father's private secretary and as the biographer of his grandfather. His experience of official life helped him considerably in his great task of writing the "History of England" and his "History of Twenty-Five Years," two works in which he eventually covered the whole period from 1815 to 1880. As our quotation shows, he had a great power of using masses of statistical and other information to give life and variety to his political survey. His volumes are marked by good judgment, occasionally affected by his strong Whig sympathies. He is the source of reliable information in convenient form rather than a sympathetic interpreter of the events which he chronicles.]

THERE are probably few persons, who have not had occasion to study the records of the time, who have any notion of the misery into which the poor had fallen. A long apprenticeship had indeed inured them to suffering; but the misery which they endured in 1816 and 1833 was as nothing compared with the protracted wretchedness which commenced in 1837 and continued to 1842. In 1839, 1,137,000 persons were in receipt of relief in England and Wales alone; in 1840 the pauper roll contained 1,199,000, in 1841 1,299,000, and in 1842 1,429,000 persons. The population of England and Wales amounted at that time to about 16,000,000: so that one person out of every eleven in the country was a pauper. The poor, moreover, lived under conditions which would have made life with high wages horrible, and which made life with low wages intolerable. Collected in the vast manufacturing towns, they were crowded in courts and alleys; they swarmed in cellars which were neither ventilated nor drained. It was stated in 1837, on the authority of the Statistical Society of Man-

chester, that one tenth of the population of Manchester and one seventh of the population of Liverpool lived in cellars. Horrible as these figures seem, there is reason to believe that the facts were understated. In the report on the condition of the handloom weavers, it was stated that 175,000 persons in Liverpool depended on labour ; 86,400 of them lived in courts, and 38,000 in cellars. Yet Liverpool, it was added, was better off than Glasgow. A Lancashire court was not a savoury habitation. Here is a description of one written by the wife of a Manchester clergyman :—‘ It was unpaved, and down the middle a gutter forced its way, every now and then forming pools in the holes with which the street abounded. Women from their doors tossed household slops of every description into the gutter ; they ran into the next pool, which overflowed and stagnated.’ Steps from this filthy court led down to a small area, ‘ where a person standing would have his head about one foot below the level of the street, and might at the same time, without the least motion of his body, touch the window of the cellar and the damp muddy wall right opposite. You went down one step even from this foul area into the cellar, in which a family of human beings lived. It was very dark inside. The window-panes, many of them, were broken and stuffed with rags, which was reason enough for the dusky light that pervaded the place even at midday. The smell was so foetid as almost to knock ’ the incomer down. The children lay on the ‘ damp, nay wet, brick floor, through which the stagnant moisture of the street oozed up.’ ‘ In the very centre of Glasgow,’ wrote another authority, ‘ there is an accumulated mass of squalid wretchedness which is probably unequalled in any other town in the British dominions. There is concentrated everything that is wretched, dissolute, loathsome, and pestilential. These places are filled by a population of many thousands of miserable creatures. The houses in which they live are unfit even for sties. . . . In many there is scarcely any ventilation ; dung-hills lie in the vicinity of the dwellings ; and, from the extremely defective sewerages, filth of every kind constantly accumulates.’

Distress, however, was not confined to the manufacturing districts. The conditions which were present in Liverpool and Glasgow were equally perceptible in the east-end of London. In Bethnal Green houses were built every day, yet there was not a single sewer in the district. 'A large portion of Bethnal Green,' so runs an official account of the matter, 'is a swamp, hardly any part of which is drained. In rainy weather some entire streets are under water, and large collections of standing water cover (winter and summer) considerable spaces of ground.' 'A miserable blind alley,' so a London clergyman described a place in London, 'where a dirty gas-lamp served to make darkness visible, and show the patched windows and rickety doorways of the crazy houses whose upper storeys were lost in a brooding cloud of fog; and the pools of stagnant water and the huge heaps of cinders which filled up the waste end of the alley—a dreary black formless mound, on which two or three spectral dogs prowled up and down after the offal, appearing and vanishing like dark imps in and out of the black misty chaos beyond. And what a room! A low lean-to, with wooden walls, without a single article of furniture; and, through the broad chinks of the floor, shone up, as it were, ugly glaring eyes, staring at us.' Occasionally miserable courts such as these, overcrowded with the living, were surrounded with graveyards overcrowded with the dead. Every sanitary law, every feeling of decency, was disregarded at the burials of the poor. On one occasion, in burying one dead body, the skulls of thirteen dead persons were turned up by the sexton.

Dead and living were crowded together in narrow areas. Dying and living were crowded together in miserable dwellings. It is on record that in one case seventeen persons were found living in a room five yards square; that in another case eight persons, two looms, and two beds were found in a cellar, six feet under ground, measuring four yards by five. An inquiry was made in 1841 into the condition of some 1,600 of the poor of Little Bolton. Out of the 1,600, twenty-three had no bed to sleep in; eight slept in the same bed; forty-

two slept, seven in a bed, in six beds ; seventy-eight slept, six in a bed, in thirteen beds ; 185 slept, five in a bed, in thirty-seven beds, and 432 slept, four in a bed, in 108 beds. In Rochdale, at the same time, five-sixths of the population had scarcely a blanket among them ; eighty-five families had no blanket, and forty-six families had chaff beds with no covering at all. In Paisley 15,000 persons were in a state of starvation, 'with little or no clothing, and no bedding on which to lie.' 'Chopped dirt,' wrote the author of the 'Poor Law Catechism,' 'the sweepings of a hen-house mingled with a proportion of sparrows' nests, would be the best representatives of what they (the poor of Bolton) huddle upon in corners.'

Overcrowding was not confined to the town poor. In many rural districts the landlords, frightened by the increase of the poor rates, refused to build new houses, and even pulled down their old cottages. The poor consequently swarmed in the remaining tenements in a manner which it is difficult to realise. In one parish in Dorsetshire, thirty-six persons dwelt on an average in each house. It was not uncommon for the occupants of adjacent houses to place all the males in one cottage and all the females in another. In another parish, a father, mother, a married daughter and her husband, a baby, a blind boy of sixteen, and two girls all occupied one room.

The miserable condition of the poor was, of course, due to their poverty ; and poverty was not partial, it was catholic. In Bolton, out of fifty mills, usually employing 8,126 men, thirty were either standing idle or working half time. The loss to the poor in wages amounted to 130,000*l.* a year. A succession of bad seasons, at the close of the reign of William IV., threw 160,000 persons in the western highlands and islands of Scotland out of work. In 1841, it was officially stated that there were 800,000 persons dependent for their daily bread on handloom weaving ; and it had been proved that the weaver had to exist upon 2½*d.* a day. Out of 10,000 persons in Manchester, whose circumstances were investigated in 1841, 2,000 had only 1*s.* 2¼*d.* a week for each individual,

4,000 had only 13½d. a week per head ; in Rochdale 508 persons were living on 1s. a week, 290 persons on 10d., and 136 persons on 6d., or on less than 1d. a day. In 1843, Carlyle wrote from Scotsbrig : ' Wages yesterday at Lockerbie Fair were lower than any man ever saw them. A harvestman, coming hither for five weeks, is to have one sovereign. A weaker individual works through the same period for 15s. or 12s. 6d. according as he proves.'

The story, so far as figures can tell it, is not yet complete. In 1835, the average price of wheat was only 1*l.* 19s. 4d. the imperial bushel ; it rose to 2*l.* 8s. 6d. in 1836, to 2*l.* 15s. 10d. in 1837, to 3*l.* 4s. 7d. in 1838, to 3*l.* 10s. 8d. in 1839, and it did not again fall below 3*l.* a bushel till after the change of Government in 1841. A quarter of wheat is the average annual consumption of each member of that portion of the population which lives upon bread. A labouring man with a wife and three children would probably require annually five quarters of wheat. To such a man, therefore, a rise of price of 30s. a quarter was equivalent to an increased expenditure of 7*l.* 10s. a year—or, if his wages were 1*l.* a week, to an income tax of 14 per cent ; if his wages were 10s. a week, to an income tax of 28 per cent. It need hardly, therefore, be added that the poor suffered as much from the increased price of bread as from the reduced value of their labour. ' Child, is thy father dead ? ' so ran the touching question of the poet of the poor—

Child, is thy father dead ?—

Father is gone :

Why did they tax his bread ?—

God's will be done.—

Mother has sold her bed,

Better to die than wed,

Where shall she lay her head ?

Home she has none.

The expedients to which the poor were reduced for the sake of food almost exceed belief. The author of the ' Poor Law Catechism ' said that ' Pennyworths of mutton and halfpennyworths of bread cut off the loaf are what the shop-

keepers of Bolton deal out to the inhabitants of their Jerusalem.' 'I could tell you,' so ran a letter from Johnstone, 'of mothers dividing a farthing herring and a halfpennyworth of potatoes among a family of seven.' Such expedients seemed tolerable compared with others which were resorted to at the same time. Children fought each other in the streets for the offal which rich men do not allow their dogs to touch. A gentleman saw a labourer standing over his swill-tub, voraciously devouring the wash intended for the pigs. Twenty women begged a farmer to allow them to disinter the body of a cow, which he had buried thirty-six hours before as unfit for human food. Starving men and women, or, worse still, men and women seeing their children starve before their eyes, readily seized the vilest substances which enabled them to protract for a few hours longer their miserable lives.

Disease was, of course, the inevitable result of dirt and hunger. Typhus continually decimated the poor. 'In many parts of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel, fever of a malignant and fatal character is almost always prevalent. In some streets it has recently prevailed in almost every house; in some courts in every house; and, in some few instances, in every room in every house.' 'The difference in salubrity between the London of the nineteenth century and the London of the seventeenth century,' wrote a great historian in the same decade in which this report occurred, 'is very far greater than the difference between London in an ordinary year and London in a year of cholera.' Macaulay was a Cabinet Minister at the time at which the Report on the Handloom Weavers was made; yet it does not seem to have occurred to him to extend his inquiries into the facts there disclosed. Had he done so, he would have found that the difference in salubrity between the London of the rich and the London of the poor, in his own time, was greater than the difference in salubrity between the London of the seventeenth century and the London of the nineteenth century. 'The first annual report of the Registrar-General showed for the year 1838 a variation of mortality in different districts of the

metropolis amounting to 100 per cent., nearly equal to that which exists between the most healthy and the least healthy portions of the world.'

The misery which the poor were everywhere enduring had undoubtedly been aggravated for the time by the Poor Law of 1834.¹ Up to the passage of that Act, the poor had almost universally relied on the doles which had been paid to them by the Poor Law authorities. They had been kept in a state of miserable dependence ; but they had, at any rate, avoided starvation. The termination of this system was necessary ; but the consequences of its sudden termination were disastrous. A million pensioners were suddenly deprived of their pensions, and forced to depend on their own labour for their support. It was inevitable that many of them should sink under the change. The three despots of Somerset House, as the Poor Law Commissioners were called, would not listen to any appeal for mercy in passing from one system to another. The growth of the poor rate had been traced to outdoor relief ; and they were determined that outdoor relief should cease in England. They made the common mistake of passing to one extreme in their anxiety to avoid another, and of precipitating a change for which the nation was hardly prepared.

Such was the condition of the poor in what was still called 'merry England.' But in parts of England special circumstances, still to be related, increased their unhappiness. Many manufacturers kept shops, and insisted on their workpeople dealing at their shops. The operative was required to spend a portion of his wages on the groceries or other articles which his master retailed to him. In some cases the workpeople were even compelled to receive their wages in the productions of the factory in which they were employed. A manufacturer was convicted in 1841 of paying wages in cloth, for which he wished to charge his workman 2*l.*, and for which he did charge him 1*l.* 15*s.* a yard, while his wretched workman was only able to sell it at 1*l.* a yard.

¹ By this Act no outdoor relief could be obtained by able-bodied paupers without becoming inmates of a workhouse.

It is probable that the system which had thus been introduced was originally suggested by philanthropic considerations. It might easily have occurred to benevolent individuals that they could eke out the scanty wages of their workpeople by establishing stores in the neighbourhood of a factory for the sale of the articles which the poor required at a lower price than that at which the local tradesman could sell them. The old name for barter was 'truck,' and these shops were commonly known as 'truck shops.' Long after truck had become illegal, and the term had fallen into disrepute, benevolent landlords, actuated by the kindest feelings, established truck shops in their own villages. So long as work was abundant, and the demand for labour was as great as the supply of it, the truck shops did no harm, and in many cases probably did much good. But in the terrible distress which succeeded the great war, which recurred after the crisis of 1825, and which again prevailed, in a prolonged and unprecedented degree, after the accession of the Queen, truck became a new source of oppression to the poor.

Truck, indeed, had been the subject of legislative interference. Parliament had, in theory, provided that every working man should receive his wages in the current coin of the realm. Such enactments were useless in a crisis in which the labour of an able-bodied man was a drug in the market. It was tacitly understood that the workman who stood out for his rights would be discharged from his employment. In defiance of the law, therefore, truck shops plied a profitable trade; and the noble remonstrance of Isaiah might have been applied to the British manufacturer: 'What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?'

Though, too, the efforts of Sadler¹ and Ashley² had introduced some decency into cotton factories, labour in many industries was still unregulated, and the child was at the mercy of its guardians or its master. The Act of 1833 had therefore produced only partial and imperfect results; and children were still employed on work which was beyond their

¹ 1780-1835; social reformer, though a Tory.

² 1801-1885; also a Tory philanthropist, afterwards Lord Shaftesbury; gave up his life to improving the conditions of the poor.

strength, and which was frequently protracted for ten or twelve hours a day. The kindly feelings, however, which were gradually being fostered in England were opposed to the harsh treatment of little children, and in 1840 the Government introduced, and Parliament passed, a bill to prevent their employment in sweeping chimneys. In the same year in which this humane measure received the sanction of the Legislature, Ashley obtained the appointment of a commission on the employment of children in mines. The chairmanship of the commission was entrusted to a gentleman who is now best known for his 'History of Prices.' The reader who is only acquainted with the dry statistics of that work would never imagine that its author was also responsible for the most sensational Blue-book of the century. Yet in the commencement of 1842 the Commission issued a report which converted thousands of readers to the necessity of immediate legislation. It proved that, in most of the mineral districts, children began work at seven, and that in many districts they were frequently employed at six, five, or even four years of age. Girls, as well as boys, women, as well as men, worked underground. The mines were usually ill-drained and ill-ventilated. The children had consequently often to work in the wet; they were kept at work in any atmosphere in which a candle would burn. The smallest children were employed as trappers, or in opening the traps in the seams through which the coal-laden carts passed. But women, boys, and girls were also engaged as hurriers, or in walking backwards and forwards pushing the carts themselves through the seams. Many of these seams were only 22 to 28 inches high, so that none but small children could pass through them. In some cases the child was made to push the car; in other cases children, and even women, were made to draw it by the girdle and chain. The girdle was a band placed round the waist of the hurrier. The chain passed between the drawer's legs, and chafed the wretched creature's thighs as he or she drew the load. Little children of seven worked for twelve hours a day, harnessed like beasts by the girdle and chain; but, unlike the happier beasts of burden,

subjected to the task before their growth was complete and their strength mature. Mothers worked at the same toil. They resumed their labours before their strength was restored, leaving their babies—if by some chance they were born alive—to die.

The things which were done in the pit were horrible. No constable dared to trust himself underground in the company of the miners ; and even criminals flying from justice, who had not offended against the public opinion of the workmen, were occasionally received in the mine, and thus sheltered securely from the officers of the law. Under such circumstances the lot of women working underground with men, the lot of children at the mercy of their masters or of the butties, hardly needs description. Boys and girls were kicked and beaten till the blood flowed from them, or till their ribs were broken or their eyes knocked out. No horse in an overloaded coach, no donkey in a costermonger's barrow, few slaves the property of a West Indian planter, experienced the treatment which was the lot of many children—hurriers in mines.

Children, worked from almost their earliest infancy for ten or twelve hours a day, necessarily grew up ignorant of good, and hardened to suffering. Women, leaving their cottages to earn a pittance in a colliery, were forced to neglect the domestic duties which it has ever been women's chief province to perform. The young were thus converted into dangerous citizens ; the women thus became bad mothers and bad wives ; and children, crippled by hard premature labour, grew up, if they lived, to marry other cripples, and imprint on posterity the marks of their own wrongs. The only knowledge which these wretched people possessed was an acquaintance with immorality and crime. They were profoundly ignorant of the commonest facts about their own country. Many of them had never heard of London, had never heard of Ireland, had never heard of Scotland, had never heard of America. Many of them had never heard the name of Christ. The horrible creed of Tummas in 'Sybil,'¹ which reads like a profane jest, is taken from the second

¹ Disraeli's famous novel in which "Tummas" is one of the characters.

Report of the Children's Employment Commission.¹ Many colliers had never heard the name of God except in an oath. Its use in this way was as meaningless as the use of the unhappily common 'bloody' is now to the gutter child. The most elementary knowledge was denied to these unfortunate people. Not one boy in ten, not one grown person in fifty, could read. In the populous districts, indeed, there was no provision for teaching a boy who desired to learn. In the district round Oldham, where there was a population of 105,000 people, 90,000 of whom were dependent on wages, there was not a single public day-school. It was calculated that in England and Wales 3,180,000 children required education; that 2,120,000 of them required education at the public expense; and that there were not 845,000 of these children receiving any sort of instruction. The vast proportion of the population was growing up to manhood or womanhood without even an opportunity of acquiring the commonest elementary knowledge. Poverty was so general, ignorance was so great, that many persons were inclined to fold their hands and regard the evils with which the country was afflicted as irremediable. They were tempted to imitate the cry of despair which had been raised 2,000 years before, and to say with the preacher, 'That which is crooked cannot be made straight.'

68. THE LIGHT BRIGADE LAUNCHED ON THEIR CHARGE

From *The Invasion of the Crimea*, by ALEXANDER KINGLAKE, Vol. IV., Chapter V.

[ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE (1809-1891).—Kinglake was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and became a friend of Thackeray and Tennyson as an undergraduate. He travelled in the East as a young man and described his adventures in his first book, "Eothen," a brilliant and imaginative piece of literature. He was much interested in military affairs and went to Algiers to watch General St. Arnaud's flying column at work there in 1845; when the Crimean War broke out, he followed the army to the Crimea, and saw the battle

¹ Tummas, a filer, believed in "our Lord and Saviour, Pontius Pilate, and in Moses, Goliath, and the rest of the Apostles." "Sybil," Book III., Chapter IV.

of Alma : he was asked by Lady Raglan, wife of the British commander-in-chief in the Crimea, to write the history of the war, and threw himself into the task with immense energy. He admired Lord Raglan as much as he hated Napoleon III., and is sometimes biassed by his strong feelings on these and other subjects, but his book, which appeared gradually in seven volumes between 1863 and 1887, is the most painstaking and elaborately accurate record of events and is written with consummate art. Kinglake showed himself a great stylist as well as a man of generous enthusiasm and sensitive honour, and he has left a splendid monument to the brave men whom he thoroughly understood. Even in the mutilated extracts, which are all that can be given of his work, there is enough to show that the book is a piece of literature of rare power and brilliance.

[The battle of Balaclava was fought on October 25th, 1854, at the beginning of the siege of Sebastopol. During its course the Light Brigade was ordered to charge the retreating Russians on their right front. Instead they were led straight ahead against massed artillery and overwhelming numbers.]

BEFORE Lord Cardigan had ridden a hundred paces in advance, he encountered a sight which filled him with anger. Right before him he saw Captain Nolan ¹ audaciously riding across his front from left to right ; but not content with a trespass which alone would have been shocking enough to Lord Cardigan's orderly mind, Captain Nolan, turning round in his saddle, was shouting, and waving his sword as though he would address the brigade. We now know that when Nolan thus strangely deported himself, he was riding in a direction which might well give significance to his shouts and gestures ; for, instead of choosing a line of advance like that pursued by Lord Cardigan, he rode crossing the front of the brigade, and bearing away to the right front of our advancing squadrons, as though he would go on to the spot on the Causeway Heights where the Odessa regiment stood posted. Regarded in connection with this significant fact, the anxious entreaties which he sought to express by voice and by signs would apparently mean something like

¹ The staff officer who brought from the commander-in-chief, Lord Raglan, the order to charge, which Lord Cardigan, commander of the Light Brigade, misunderstood.

this—‘ You are going quite wrong ! You are madly going down this North Valley between flanking fires, where you won’t have an enemy in your front for the next mile. This—the way you see me going—this is the direction to take for doing what Lord Raglan has ordered. Bring up the left shoulder, and incline to your right as you see me doing. This, this is the way to get at the enemy ! ’

But a Russian shell bursting on the right front of Lord Cardigan now threw out a fragment which met Nolan full on the chest, and tore a way into his heart. The sword dropt from his hand ; but the arm with which he was waving it the moment before still remained high uplifted in the air, and the grip of the practised horseman remaining as yet unrelaxed still held him firm in his saddle. Missing the perfect hand of his master, and finding the accustomed governance now succeeded by dangling reins, the horse all at once wheeled about, and began to gallop back upon the front of the advancing brigade. Then from what had been Nolan—and his form was still erect in the saddle, his sword-arm still high in the air—there burst forth a cry so strange and appalling that the hearer who rode the nearest to him has always called it ‘ unearthly.’ And in truth, I imagine, the sound resulted from no human will, but rather from those spasmodic forces which may act upon the bodily frame when life, as a power, has ceased. The firm-seated rider, with arm uplifted and stiff, could hardly be ranked with the living. The shriek men heard rending the air was scarce other than the shriek of a corpse. This dead horseman rode on till he had passed through the interval of the 13th Light Dragoons. Then at last he dropt out of the saddle.

69. THE LIGHT BRIGADE REACH THE GUNS

From *The Invasion of the Crimea*, by ALEXANDER KINGLAKE, Vol. IV., Chapter V.

LORD CARDIGAN and his first line, still descending at speed on their goal, had rived their way dimly through the outer folds of the cloud which lay piled up in front of the

battery ; but then there came the swift moment when, through what remained of the dimness, men at last saw the brass cannons gleaming with their muzzles towards the chests of our horses ; and visibly the Russian artillerymen—unappalled by the tramp and the aspect of squadrons driving down through the smoke—were as yet standing fast to their guns.

By the material obstacle which they offer to the onset of horsemen, field-pieces in action, with their attendant limber-carriages and tumbrils behind them, add so sure a cause of frustration to the peril that there is in riding at the mouths of the guns, that, upon the whole, the expedient of attacking a battery in front has been forbidden to cavalry leaders by a recognised maxim of war. But the huge misconception of orders which had sent the brigade down this valley was yet to be fulfilled to its utmost conclusion ; and the condition of things had now come to be such that, whatever might be the madness (in general) of charging a battery in front, there, by this time, was no choice of measures. By far the greater part of the harm which the guns could inflict had already been suffered ; and I believe that the idea of stopping short on the verge of the battery did not even present itself for a moment to the mind of the leader.

Lord Cardigan moved down at a pace which he has estimated at seventeen miles an hour, and already he had come to within some two or three horses' lengths of the mouth of one of the guns—a gun believed to have been a twelve-pounder ; but then the piece was discharged ; and its torrent of flame seemed to gush in the direction of his chestnut's off fore-arm. The horse was so governed by the impetus he had gathered, and by the hand and the heel of his rider, as to be able to shy only a little at the blaze and the roar of the gun ; but Lord Cardigan being presently enwrapped in the new column of smoke now all at once piled up around him, some imagined him slain. He had not been struck. In the next moment, and being still some two horses' lengths in advance of his squadrons, he attained to the long-sought battery, and shot in between two of its guns.

There was a portion of the 17th Lancers on our extreme

left which outflanked the line of the guns, but with this exception the whole of Lord Cardigan's first line descended on the front of the battery ; and as their leader had just done before them, so now our horsemen drove in between the guns ; and some then at the instant tore on to assail the grey squadrons drawn up in rear of the tumbrils. Others stopped to fight in the battery, and sought to make prize of the guns. After a long and disastrous advance against clouds and invisible foes, they grasped, as it were, at reality. What before had been engines of havoc dimly seen or only inferred from the jets of their fire and their smoke, were now burnished pieces of cannon with the brightness and the hue of red gold—cannon still in battery, still hot with the slaughter of their comrades. In defiance of our cavalry raging fiercely amongst them, the Russian artillerymen with exceeding tenacity still clung to their guns. Here and there indeed gunners were seen creeping under the wheels for safety, but in general they fought with rare devotion, striving all that men could, in such conditions of fight, against the sabres and lances of horsemen. They desired at all hazards to save their Czar's cannon from capture by removing them in haste from the front ; and apparently it was to cover this operation—an operation they had already begun to attempt—that the gunners, with small means of resistance, stood braving the assaults of dragoons.

70. THE CHARACTER OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

From *The Oxford Movement*, by RICHARD CHURCH, Chapter X.

MR. NEWMAN,¹ who lived in College ² in the ordinary way of a resident Fellow, met other university men, older or younger, on equal terms. As time went on, a certain wonder and awe gathered round him. People were a little

¹ 1801–1890 ; cardinal 1879.

² Oriel College, of which he became a Fellow in 1822.

afraid of him ; but the fear was in themselves, not created by any intentional stiffness or coldness on his part. He did not try to draw men to him, he was no proselytiser ; he shrank with fear and repugnance from the character—it was an invasion of the privileges of the heart. But if men came to him, he was accessible ; he allowed his friends to bring their friends to him, and met them more than half-way. He was impatient of mere idle worldliness, of conceit and impertinence, of men who gave themselves airs ; he was very impatient of pompous and solemn emptiness. But he was very patient with those whom he believed to sympathise with what was nearest his heart ; no one, probably, of his power and penetration and sense of the absurd, was ever so ready to comply with the two demands which a witty prelate proposed to put into the examination in the Consecration Service of Bishops : “ Wilt thou answer thy letters ? ” “ Wilt thou suffer fools gladly ? ” But courteous, affable, easy as he was, he was a keen trier of character ; he gauged, and men felt that he gauged, their motives, their reality and soundness of purpose ; he let them see, if they at all came into his intimacy, that if *they* were not, *he*, at any rate, was in the deepest earnest. And at an early period, in a memorable sermon, the vivid impression of which at the time still haunts the recollection of some who heard it, he gave warning to his friends and to those whom his influence touched, that no child’s play lay before them ; that they were making, it might be without knowing it, the “ Ventures of Faith.” But feeling that he had much to say, and that a university was a place for the circulation and discussion of ideas, he let himself be seen and known and felt, both publicly and in private. He had his breakfast parties and his evening gatherings. His conversation ranged widely, marked by its peculiar stamp—entire ease, unstudied perfection of apt and clean-cut words, unexpected glimpses of a sure and piercing judgment. At times, at more private meetings, the violin, which he knew how to touch, came into play.

He had great gifts for leadership. But as a party chief he was also deficient in some of the qualities which make a

successful one. His doctrine of the Church had the disadvantage of an apparently intermediate and ambiguous position, refusing the broad, intelligible watchwords and reasonings of popular religionism. It was not without clearness and strength ; but such a position naturally often leads to what seem over-subtle modes of argument, seemingly over-subtle because deeper and more original than the common ones ; and he seemed sometimes to want sobriety in his use of dialectic weapons, which he wielded with such force and effect. Over-subtlety in the leader of a party tends to perplex friends and give a handle to opponents. And with all his confidence in his cause, and also in his power and his call to use it, he had a curious shyness and self-distrust as to his own way of doing what he had to do ; he was afraid of " wilfulness," of too great reliance on intellect. He had long been accustomed to observe and judge himself, and while conscious of his force, he was fully alive to the drawbacks, moral and intellectual, which wait on the highest powers. When attacks were made on him by authorities, as in the case of the Tract No. 90,¹ his more eager friends thought him too submissive ; they would have liked a more combative temper and would not accept his view that confidence in him was lost, because it might be shaken. But if he bent before official authority the disapproval of friends was a severer trouble. Most tender in his affections, most trustful in his confidence, craving for sympathy, it came like a shock and chill when things did not go right between himself and his friends. He was too sensitive under such disapproval for a successful party chief. The true party leader takes these things as part of that tiresome human stupidity and perverseness with which he must make his account. Perhaps they sting for the moment, but he brushes them away and goes forward, soon forgetting them. But with Mr. Newman, his cause was identified with his friendships and even his family affections. And as a leader, he was embarrassed by the

¹ A pamphlet which Newman published in 1841, saying that the Articles of the Church of England were not opposed to Catholic teaching ; the indignation it caused led to his retirement from Oxford, and in 1845 he joined the Roman Church.

keenness with which he sympathised with the doubts and fears of friends ; want of sympathy and signs of distrust darkened the prospect of the future ; they fell like a blight on his stores of hope, never over-abundant ; they tempted him, not to assert himself, but to throw up the game as convicted of unfitness, and retire for good and all to his books and silence. " Let them," he seemed to say, " have their way, as they will not let me have mine ; they have the right to take theirs, only not to make me take it." In spite of his enthusiasm and energy, his unceasing work, his occasional bursts of severe punishment inflicted on those who provoked him, there was always present this keen sensitiveness, the source of so much joy and so much pain. He would not have been himself without it. But he would have been a much more powerful and much more formidable combatant if he had cared less for what his friends felt, and followed more unhesitatingly his own line and judgment. This keen sensitiveness made him more quickly alive than other people to all that lay round him and before ; it made him quicker to discern danger and disaster ; it led him to give up hope and to retire from the contest long before he had a right to do so. The experience of later years shows that he had despaired too soon. Such delicate sensitiveness, leading to impatience, was not capable of coping with the rough work involved in the task of reform, which he had undertaken.

71. GLADSTONE'S FIRST MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN

From *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone*, by LORD MORLEY, Vol. II., Book VII., Chapter VI.

[In 1874 Gladstone (1809–1898) had been defeated by Disraeli and the Conservative party had come into power ; in 1880 Gladstone turned out Disraeli, now Lord Beaconsfield, and became Prime Minister for the second time. His own seat was that of Midlothian, the Scottish country in which Edinburgh is situated ; this passage concerns his election campaign there. His chief arguments against Beaconsfield were based on the latter's support

of the Turks against the Russians ; he thought that instead of helping the Turks, who were attacked by Russia in 1877, we should have helped to drive the Turks " bag and baggage " out of Bulgaria. Gladstone stirred up public feeling by dwelling on the massacres with which the Turks had punished the revolt of Bulgaria from their rule in 1876, and by attacks on the Treaty of Berlin, 1878. By this Treaty the Russians and Bulgarians were prevented from making the most of their victory over the Turks, and England was given the island of Cyprus. Gladstone also attacked the Government for the policy of their Viceroy of India, Lord Lytton, who had made war on Afghanistan in 1879, and for the Zulu War in South Africa against Cetewayo, which broke out in the same year.]

IT was on November 24 that Mr. Gladstone soon after eight in the morning quitted Liverpool for Edinburgh, accompanied by his wife and Miss Gladstone. ' The journey from Liverpool,' he enters, ' was really more like a triumphal procession.' Nothing like it had ever been seen before in England. Statesmen had enjoyed great popular receptions before, and there had been plenty of cheering and bell-ringing and torchlight in individual places before. On this journey of a bleak winter day, it seemed as if the whole countryside were up. The stations where the train stopped were crowded, thousands flocked from neighbouring towns and villages to main centres on the line of route, and even at wayside spots hundreds assembled, merely to catch a glimpse of the express as it dashed through. At Carlisle they presented addresses, and the traveller made his first speech, declaring that never before in the eleven elections in which he had taken part, were the interests of the country so deeply at stake. He spoke again with the same moral at Hawick. At Galashiels he found a great multitude, with an address and a gift of the cloth they manufactured. With bare head in the raw air, he listened to their address, and made his speech ; he told them that he had come down expressly to raise effectually before the people of the country the question in what manner they wished to be governed ; it was not this measure or that, it was a system of government to be upheld or overthrown. When he reached Edinburgh after nine hours of it, the night had fallen upon the most picturesque street in all our island, but its whole length was crowded as it has

never been crowded before or since by a dense multitude, transported with delight that their hero was at last among them. Lord Rosebery,¹ who was to be his host, quickly drove with him amidst tumults of enthusiasm all along the road to the hospitable shades of Dalmeny. 'I have never,' Mr. Gladstone says in his diary, 'gone through a more extraordinary day.'

All that followed in a week of meetings and speeches was to match. People came from the Hebrides to hear Mr. Gladstone speak. Where there were six thousand seats, the applications were forty or fifty thousand. The weather was bitter and the hills were covered with snow, but this made no difference in cavalcades, processions, and the rest of the outdoor demonstrations. Over what a space had democracy travelled, and what a transition for its champion of the hour, since the days half a century back when the Christ Church undergraduate, the disciple of Burke and Canning, had ridden in anti-reform processions, been hustled by reform mobs, and had prayed for the blessing of heaven on the House of Lords for their honourable and manly decision in throwing out the bill. Yet the warmest opponent of popular government, even the Duke of Buccleuch² himself, might have found some balm for this extraordinary display of popular feeling, in the thought that it was a tribute to the most splendid political career of that generation; splendid in gifts and splendid in service, and that it was repaid, moreover, with none of the flattery associated with the name of demagogue. Mr. Gladstone's counsels may have been wise or unwise, but the only flattery in the Midlothian speeches was the manly flattery contained in the fact that he took care to address all these multitudes of weavers, farmers, villagers, artisans, just as he would have addressed the House of Commons,—with the same breadth and accuracy of knowledge, the same sincerity of interest, the same scruple in right reasoning, and the same appeal to the gravity and responsibility of public life. An aristocratic minister, speaking at Edinburgh soon

¹ Afterwards Liberal Prime Minister on Gladstone's retirement, 1894.

² 1806–1884; President of the Council, 1846.

after, estimated the number of words in Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches in 1879 at 85,840, and declared that his verbosity had become 'a positive danger to the commonwealth.' Tory critics solemnly declared that such performances were an innovation on the constitution, and aggravated the evil tendencies of democracy. Talk of this kind did not really impose for an instant on any man or woman of common sense.

Oratory ever since the days of Socrates, and perhaps long before, has been suspected as one of the black arts ; and both at the time and afterwards Mr. Gladstone's speeches in his first Midlothian campaign were disparaged, as I have just said, as sentiment rather than politics, as sophistry not sound reason, as illusory enchantment not solid and subsisting truth. We are challenged to show passages destined to immortality. With all admiration for the effulgent catalogue of British orators, and not forgetting Pitt on the slave trade, or Fox on the Westminster scrutiny,¹ or Sheridan on the begums of Oude,² or Plunket³ on the catholic question, or Grattan, or Canning, or Brougham,⁴ we may perhaps ask whether all the passages that have arrived at this degree of fame and grandeur, with the exception of Burke, may not be comprised in an extremely slender volume. The statesman who makes or dominates a crisis, who has to rouse and mould the mind of senate or nation, has something else to think about than the production of literary masterpieces. The great political speech, which for that matter is a sort of drama, is not made by passages for elegant extract or anthologies, but by personality, movement, climax, spectacle, and the action of the time. All these elements Midlothian witnessed to perfection.

¹ In June, 1784, when Fox's return to Parliament as member for Westminster was disputed by his opponent.

² During the impeachment of Warren Hastings, who was accused of oppressing the begums, or female rulers, of the province of Oude, in northern India.

³ 1765-1854 ; a famous Irish lawyer and orator ; the chief orator on behalf of Catholic emancipation 1820-1829 : Lord Chancellor of Ireland 1850.

⁴ 1778-1868 ; the Whig Lord Chancellor, a lawyer and politician of extraordinary energy and versatility.

It was my fortune to be present at one whole day of these performances. 'An overpowering day,' Mr. Gladstone calls it in his diary (December 5, 1879). 'After a breakfast-party,' he says, 'I put my notes in order for the afternoon. At twelve delivered the inaugural address as lord rector of the university' (Glasgow). This discourse lasted an hour and a half, and themes, familiar but never outworn nor extinct, were handled with vigour, energy, and onward flow that made them sound as good as novel, and even where they did not instruct or did not edify, the noble music pleased. The great salient feature of the age was described as on its material side the constant discovery of the secrets of nature, and the progressive subjugation of her forces to the purposes and will of man. On the moral side, if these conquests had done much for industry, they had done more for capital; if much for labour, more for luxury; they had variously and vastly multiplied the stimulants to gain, the avenues of excitement, the solicitations to pleasure. The universities were in some sort to check all this; the habits of mind formed by universities are founded in sobriety and tranquillity; they help to settle the spirit of a man firmly upon the centre of gravity; they tend to self-command, self-government, and that genuine self-respect which has in it nothing of mere self-worship, for it is the reverence which each man ought to feel for the nature that God has given him, and for the laws of that nature. Then came an appeal, into which the speaker's whole heart was thrown, for the intellectual dignity of the Christian ministry. If argument failed to the great Christian tradition, he would set small value on the multitude of uninstructed numerical adhesions, or upon the integrity of institutions and the unbroken continuity of rite. 'Thought,' he exclaimed,—'*thought is the citadel.*' There is a steeplechase philosophy in vogue—sometimes specialism making short cuts to the honours of universal knowledge; sometimes by the strangest of solecisms, the knowledge of external nature being thought to convey a supreme capacity for judging within the sphere of moral action and of moral needs. The thing to do is to put scepticism on its trial, and rigorously

to cross-examine it : allow none of its assumptions ; compel it to expound its formulæ ; do not let it move a step except with proof in its hand ; bring it front to front with history ; even demand that it shall show the positive elements with which it proposes to replace the mainstays it seems bent on withdrawing from the fabric of modern society. The present assault, far from being destined to final triumph, is a sign of a mental movement, unsteady, though of extreme rapidity, but destined, perhaps, to elevate and strengthen the religion that it sought to overthrow. *'In the meantime,'* he said, in closing this branch of his address, *'I would recommend to you as guides in this controversy, truth, charity, diligence, and reverence, which indeed may be called the four cardinal virtues of all controversies, be they what they may.'* This was followed by an ever-salutary reminder that man is the crown of the visible creation, and that studies upon man—studies in the largest sense of humanity, studies conversant with his nature, his works, his duties and his destinies—these are the highest of all studies. As the human form is the groundwork of the highest training in art, so those mental pursuits are the highest which have man, considered at large, for their object. Some excellent admonitions upon history and a simple, moving benediction, brought the oration to an end.

Blue caps as well as red cheered fervently at the close, and some even of those who had no direct interest in the main topics, and were not much or not at all refreshed by his treatment of them, yet confessed themselves sorry when the stream of fascinating melody ceased to flow. Then followed luncheon in the university hall, where the principal, in proposing the lord rector's health, expressed the hope that he had not grudged the time given to the serene, if dull, seclusion of academic things. *'I only quarrel with your word dull,'* said Mr. Gladstone in reply. *'Let me assure you, gentlemen, nothing is so dull as political agitation.'* By this time it was four o'clock. Before six he was at St. Andrew's Hall, confronting an audience of some six thousand persons, as eager to hear as he was eager to speak ; and not many minutes had

elapsed before they were as much aflame as he, with the enormities of the Anglo-Turkish convention, the spurious harbour in Cyprus, the wrongful laws about the press in India, the heavy and unjust charges thrown upon the peoples of India, the baseless quarrel picked with Shere Ali in Afghanistan, the record of ten thousand Zulus slain for no other offence than their attempt to defend against our artillery with their naked bodies their hearths and homes.

Once mentioning a well-known member of parliament who always showed fine mettle on the platform, Mr. Gladstone said of him in a homely image, that he never saw a man who could so quickly make the kettle boil. This was certainly his own art here. For an hour and a half thus he held them, with the irresistible spell of what is in truth the groundwork of every political orator's strongest appeal—from Athenians down to Girondins,¹ from Pericles to Webster,² from Cicero to Gambetta³—appeal to public law and civil right and the conscience of a free and high-minded people. This high-wrought achievement over, he was carried off to dine, and that same night he wound up what a man of seventy hard-spent years might well call 'an overpowering day,' by one more address to an immense audience assembled by the Glasgow corporation in the city hall, to whom he expressed his satisfaction at the proof given by his reception in Glasgow that day, that her citizens had seen no reason to repent the kindness which had conferred the freedom of their city upon him fourteen years before.

¹ The moderate Republican party, overthrown by the Jacobins at the crisis of the French Revolution in 1793.

² 1782–1852; a famous American lawyer and orator.

³ 1838–1882; French statesman, who tried to save Paris from the Germans in 1871.

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